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Delsarte Recitation Book

EDITED BY
Elsie M. Wilbor.

EDGAR S. WERNER, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

gift of

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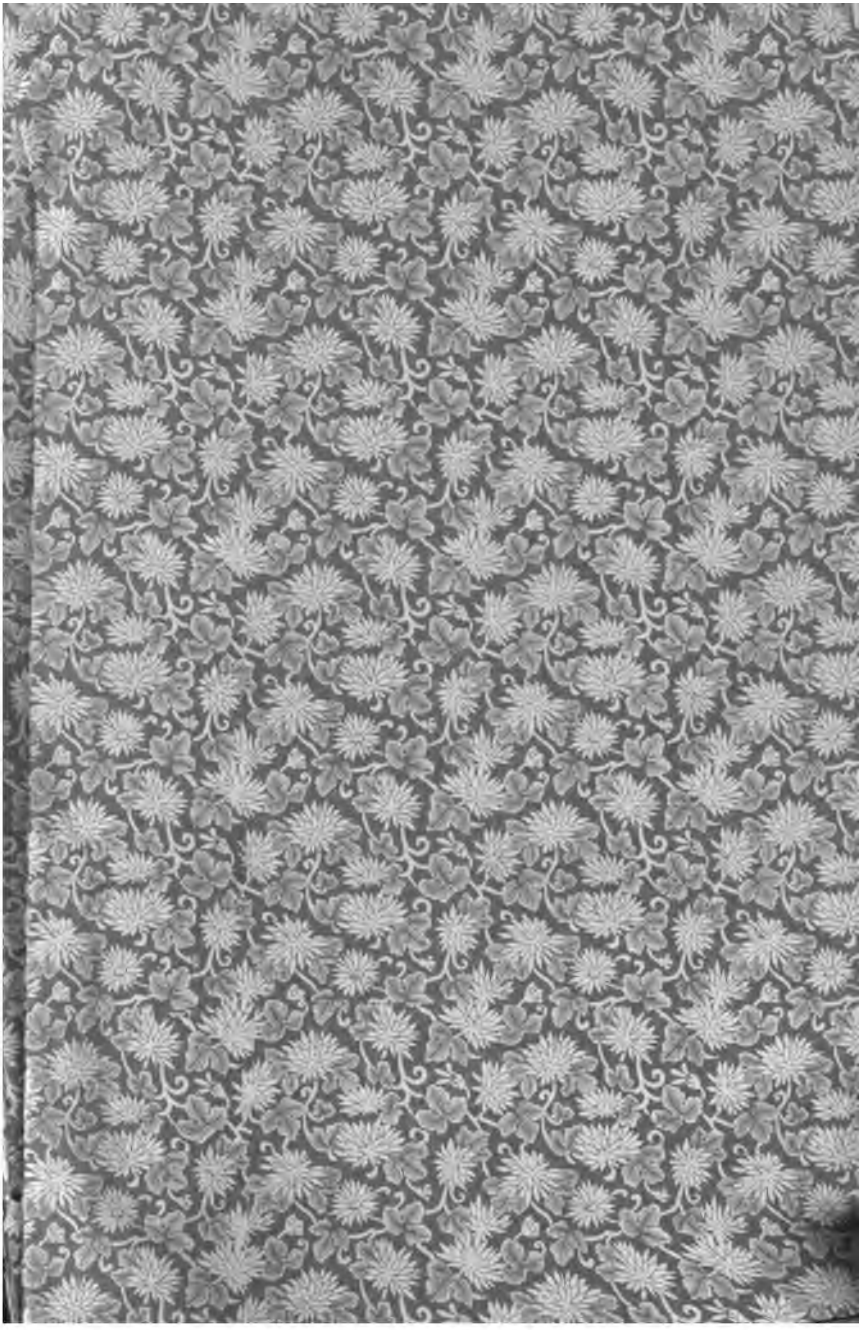

DELSARTE RECITATION BOOK

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

ELSIE M. WILBOR

Fourth Edition. Enlarged in Text and in Illustrations

EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY
NEW YORK

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FRANCOIS DELSARTE.

IN 1811, in Solesmes, France, was born a child who was destined to achieve the greatest triumphs in art, to contribute the deepest knowledge to science, and to command the most marvelous homage in society. This child was christened François Delsarte. When Delsarte was but six years of age his father died a bankrupt. His mother took him and his brother to Paris, hoping to earn there a livelihood. But disappointment, toil, poverty, and despair soon achieved their cruel work. The mother died suddenly, leaving her boys friendless waifs, to drift at the mercy of the fearful flood of Parisian life.

This was not the last blow that death was to deal to the tender heart of this desolate child. The winter of 1821 was unusually severe in Paris. One night, in a deserted loft, two little boys entwined in each other's arms lay fast asleep. The sleep of one of them was eternal; and when morning broke, François Delsarte was hugging to his heart the starved and frozen body of his brother.

Returning from the grave that December day, Delsarte experienced what might be called an inspiration. Passing alone across the plains of Père la Chaise, cold, weariness, hunger, and grief overcame him, and he fell

fainting in the snow [see page 71]. Reviving from the fit, his senses were suddenly entranced by a vision. Exquisite forms and colors floated before his eyes; a wondrous ecstasy filled his mind ; celestial music cried into his ears and flooded his soul with harmonies which he afterward said haunted him through life. There, prostrate on the earth, alone, helpless, and half dead, deserted by men, —thus did divine love seem to draw near to this rare soul ; heaven seemed to open before him, and its voices revived the artist-being in his shrunken frame. The mystic experience of that strange hour penetrated the inmost recesses of his soul, to fill him with a frantic but a divine passion for beauty and harmony of expression.

When the boy awoke from that entrancing vision to the diabolic realities of the world, he beheld bending above him the grotesque figure of a chiffonier, who, in seeking rags, had found a treasure among men, whose value to the world the poor wretch little suspected. This rag-picker, touched by the forlorn condition of the dying child, lifted his limp body from the rubbish, threw him in among the rags in his basket, and carried him to his den. Thus Delsarte, afterward publicly crowned by a monarch's hand, and called " the king of art," began his public career as a Parisian rag-picker!

Two years passed, during which the little chiffonier wandered through the streets in search of rags and music. He gathered more songs than rags, however, and was lured away from the most promising pile of rubbish by every band of strolling minstrels.

One summer afternoon in 1823 the band of the National Guard was discoursing airs in the garden of the Tuileries, and a poor, ragged boy sat on the ground near by, making strange signs in the sand. An eccentric old man, impressed by the youthful face, and puzzled by the odd actions of the little beggar, watched

him [see page]. When the band ceased playing the old man spoke:

"What are you doing there?" The boy drew back abashed and frightened. "Do not fear, my child," said the stranger, "I mean you no harm. Tell me the meaning of these signs in the sand. What have you been writing here?"

"Music," said the boy.

"Music? What do you mean by that, child?"

"I mean, monsieur, that I have written here the music of the soldiers."

"Oh, you call these musical signs!" said the old man with an incredulous smile.

"Yes, monsieur, they are signs of the song the band has just been playing."

The old man looked sharply at the sand and said: "I am a musician, yet I cannot read these signs. Can you read them?"

"Oh, easily, indeed!"

He began to suspect the sanity of the boy. "Let me hear you read them."

The poor child, touched by this unexpected interest, sang, with childlike simplicity and naivete, the melodies he had written in the sand, pointing out, as he did so, the queer, original signs denoting the musical sounds.

"Who taught you these extraordinary signs?" asked the old man in amazement.

"No one."

"How did you learn them?"

"Oh, monsieur, I dared to imagine them myself."

The undeveloped genius of this child, not yet twelve years of age, had responded to his burning passion for music, enabling him to devise an entirely new, though rough and imperfect, method of musical notation.

Thanks to his genius, his prospects in life were sud-

denly changed; and the boy who had entered the park a forlorn rag-picker, left it to become the adopted son of one of the most benevolent and remarkable musical men of that day, Père Bambini. In less than two years Delsarte was admitted to the Conservatoire. At eighteen he had a leading position upon the operatic boards of Paris. When he was twenty-one he had made quite a fortune, and had married the daughter of the director of the Grand Opera House.

When Delsarte had been a year at the Conservatoire, Père Bambini died. He was left in great poverty, and was obliged to go through the streets in a costume which ranked him among the lower classes. He was determined to get upon the stage. He had studied the leading rôles in opera, and persistently applied at the Grand Opera House for an opportunity to be heard. His persistence became a nuisance to the ogre in charge of the stage-door. He reported it to the director of the opera, who said: "Leave the fellow to me. I will teach him a lesson. The next time he applies show him to my room." The next time happened to be during the performance of an opera. He was shown to the director, a very stern, business-like man, who hated what he called artistic tramps, and regarded Delsarte as one of them. He saw the pitiable condition in which the man was clothed. He said: "What do you want?"

"I want an opportunity to be heard. I seek a position, and I should be glad to take any position which your estimate of my merits may think proper."

"Oh, you wish to be heard? All right. Are you ready to be heard now, at once?"

"Certainly, monsieur, at any time. I shall be only too glad and too grateful to be heard."

"Very well, wait here. I will let you know when I am ready." He went below and said to the curtain-

man: "When the curtain drops on the next act run on two flats in front, put on the piano, and let me know when you are ready."

When this was done he sent for Delsarte, and said: "Do you see that piano there, in front of those flats? You wish to be heard, you say. Have you the courage to go on there and show me before this public what you can do?"

The director little dreamed of the unconquerable courage in that noble heart, or he never would have dared to propose such a thing to this youth. Delsarte's first impulse was one of indignation. But this was succeeded by a sense of the fact that his future depended upon the grit which he showed at that moment, and turning, he said: "Yes, monsieur. You ask of me something that has never been asked before; if I cannot succeed with my public I have nothing to ask of you."

The curtain was rung up, and Delsarte in seedy clothes and with his stockings showing through the holes in his shoes, walked on. At first the people were puzzled, then amused, and saluted him with jeers and laughter. He turned and made a bow to them so princely and noble, that they were obliged to recognize the royalty of his soul. He passed to the piano, ran his fingers over it, and began to sing a song that held them spellbound. When he had finished, he was greeted with thrilling cheers from every part of the house. He was recalled again and again, and when at last he went behind the scenes it was to be greeted by the director with a contract for three years at 1000 francs a month.

After a few years of marvelous success, and when his artistic prospects were extraordinary, he lost his voice entirely for one year. He was obliged to abandon his career upon the stage, and forced to earn his living as a

private teacher instead of as a public performer. It was this calamity, or what appeared as such at that time, which led Delsarte to his grand and noble career; for it induced him to search after a natural and scientific basis for art, which eventually made him the greatest master of expression.

Delsarte became convinced that his loss of voice was owing to the pernicious methods of vocal training then in vogue at the Conservatoire. He had discovered by experience there that art was taught empirically and perniciously. He felt that there existed in nature a certain philosophy, a certain net-work of laws, which alone could decide what was right and what was wrong, and he determined to devote his life to the discovery of those laws.

He did so, and acquired a reputation so great that he attracted many pupils. Rachel, Duprez, Père Hyacinth, and many more of the greatest artists of France, serve as the best illustrations of his masterly method. Soon kings and princes, artists and authors, sculptors and singers, came to him. He was called the greatest of orators, and declared the monarch of art:

"*This master possesses a method so perfect, a style so pure, a passion so profound, that there is none in all art so noble or divine.*"

STEELE MACKAYE.

DELSARTE RECITATION BOOK.

THE HUNDRED LOUIS D'OR.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. SABRINA H. DOW.

[Mme. Arnaud, in her charming reminiscences of Delsarte, mentions particularly the reciting of the "Hundred Louis d'Or," by Darcier, one of the most distinguished pupils of the master, and says that it attracted great attention. The selection is a typical French one, even to the odd little anticlimax bringing in the, to the French, all-important dowry of the bride.—EDITOR.]

ONE evening, under the poplars' shade,
Along the shore of the river dark,
Near the mill where dwelt my miller maid,
There strode a tall man, stalwart and stark.
His mustache was gray, his mantle blue,
A queer, round hat half hid his face;
So strange he looked as near he drew—
"'Tis the Devil," I said, "or the Lord, by his grace."
Then his voice like trumpet of brass rang out
Through the still air, as he said to me:
"Follow me to the forest, nor doubt
A hundred louis I'll give to thee."

And his wizard eye, with fateful charm,
Drew me, helpless; I could not recede;
On, on to the wood, for good or harm,
I went, nor thought of the promised meed.

When the astonishment or the surprise is not intense enough to shake the frame, the head, wherein all the surprise is concentrated, is lifted and exalted.—DELSARTE.

He seemed not to run, though swift as deer
  Was his course, and I, with fright o'ercome
And fev'rish burning, thought death was near.
  To restore me, in that brazen tone,
Icy cold, he shouted once more:
  "To the depths of the wood but follow on
And I'll give thee a hundred louis d'or."

Into the thick of the wood we came;
  The night to Stygian darkness fell.
Upward each green tree shot a green flame;
  I knew by the din 'twas the gate to hell.
Then suddenly changed, his body bare,
  Stood my sorcerer. "Ho!" I said
To myself, as his eyes glittered red,
  "The Devil, no doubt, for I can tell
By his horned front, and tail, as well."
  He showed me then an open book,
With empty pages, and bade me look,
  While he asked, his harsh voice somewhat lower,
"Would you gain a hundred louis d'or?

"Then swear by your soul, swear by your life,
  Swear by the Devil and by the Lord,
Never to take to your arms a wife,
  Neither from hamlet, nor farm, nor town,
Until your fortieth year has flown.
  Let the world see you, day after day,
Your soul ne'er held to a single one,
  Flitting from folly to folly alway,
Like a gay butterfly under the sun."
  The page turned crimson beneath his claw,
While his brassy voice resounded cold:

Under the influence of passion, the voice rises with a brilliancy corresponding in proportion to the magnitude of the thing it would express, and becomes lowered to express smallness or meanness.—DELSARTE.

"Sign here and a hundred louis d'or
I'll give to thee in ringing gold."

Instead of signing upon the place
The Devil marked with his bloody grip,
"'Twere better," I thought, "a cross to trace,"
Which I did, a prayer upon my lip.
At this, his Majesty fled in smoke;
And quickly I was transported again
To the mill-chamber, and my dear maid,
Oh, never so dear to me as then.
"See here," she said, "I give all to thee—
My heart, my mill, my treasure-store."
Then in copper sous she gave to me,
In all, a hundred louis d'or!

SUGGESTIVE ANALYSIS.

GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

I should advise no one who has not acquired the dynamic voice—a voice with moving power back of it—to attempt this selection. The strongest use of psychic vision, a vivid imagination, is here necessary; to make an audience see and feel, the reciter himself must first be impressed with the reality of the scene. The contrast between the mystic voice of the narrator and the brazen resonance of that of the demon must be brought out, but not too abruptly. Horror combined with fascination should be expressed in the voice when the real character of the fiend is revealed; the man is tempted, and the struggle must be shown. The thought of the cross suggests the prayer, and the voice should express appeal, and then peace and calm. The maiden's voice should be that of love and tenderness.

In the first stanza, the action is outward, the gestures descriptive; the Devil beckons the man to follow.

Oratorical art is the means of expressing the emotions of the soul by the play of the organs. It is the sum total of rules and laws resulting from the reciprocal action of mind and body.—DELAUMOSNE.

In the second stanza, the action is that of following, with raised hands, bent knees, and eyes opened wide, as if charmed; the Devil turns his head over his shoulder to shout his temptation.

In the third stanza, the man sees each horror he describes, and shudders and recoils from it; but at the vision of the fiend revealed, he stands paralyzed with fear, arms thrown up over the head, knees bent and trembling, chest sunken. The Devil's action should be the opposite: bold and commanding, but the face concentrated with hate and the eyes pinched. When the sign of the cross is made, the attitude becomes one of exaltation, and the action and expression should be of calm and love.

OH, SIR!

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED BY ALFRED AYRES.

A YOUNG girl of sixteen, lithe, fair, and fresh, who has just laid aside her convent gown, and bidden good-by to her convent chums, is now at home and to remain.

Alone in the drawing-room, the door of which is closed, with an air in which there's something of reverie, yet more of vanity, she contemplates the effect of her transformation from school-girl to demoiselle.

She runs her tap'ring fingers through her curls, confines a refractory end of lace, gives a toss to her shapely head, and smiles. With sweet self she is content.

Suddenly the door is opened. She crimsons to the eyes thus to be surprised, surrounded on three sides as she is by Venetian mirrors.

"Ah, it's you, mamma!" she cries, and hastens to throw her arms around her mother's neck. These little

The shoulder, in every man who is agitated or moved, rises in exact proportion to the intensity of his emotion.—DELSARTE.

ways in daughters are ever pleasing to mammas. This mamma is most indulgent, still young, a widow, and a baroness.

"Daughter, dear, whence comes this emotion? You need have no fears I shall reproach you."

"But, mamma, I have great fears."

"Fears? You?—of what?"

"Of everything, mamma, of everything!"

"Of everything? That's vague."

"Of the world, mamma. For at the convent they told us of the world so much that's bad. They painted it in such colors that I shudder when I recall them. They haunt me often in my dreams. Yesterday I was but a school-girl; to-day I am a demoiselle. Childlike prattle no longer becomes me; now, all must be studied, dignified, imposing. Why, mamma, I am timid, ill at ease even with my cousin Charles, a simple student. Suppose a young man, a stranger, were to speak to me—what should my answer be? Should it be always 'Yes?'"

"Not for the world, my daughter!"

"Well, then, I'll answer, 'No!'"

"That, too, is seldom prudent."

"But, mamma—"

"'No' and 'yes' from maiden lips have oft been known to compromise."

"What shall I answer, then?"

"A word that says nothing. 'Oh, sir!' for example. Of 'Oh, sir!' can come no harm; and said in fitting tone, 'Oh, sir!' does very well. 'Oh, sir!' now in this tone, 'Oh, sir!' now in that, with a graceful salutation—how many in high places are puzzled to answer more!"

The theories of Delsarte, far from hampering the free expansion of art, do but enlarge its horizon, and prepare a broader field for its harmonies.
—ARNAUD.

"Thank you, mamma. I'm already reassured. I shall answer always 'Oh, sir!' with studious care."

And now the baroness withdraws, as to herself she says: "From these two words there's surely naught to fear."

A few minutes have elapsed, when again the door is opened. A footman, who, thinking the baroness still in the drawing-room, with a wooden mien and in sonorous tones announces: "Viscount Albert de Monsablon." The viscount is charming: in bearing, all he should be —young, tall, graceful, a very man of fashion. On seeing Bertha alone, her big, blue eyes timidly cast down, for a moment he puts on the air of one embarrassed, though in truth the traitor is delighted with the misadventure.

"Miss Bertha! in Paris! Accident provides for me a charming surprise. With the convent now you're done forever, let us hope. Now the paternal fireside will be light and bright as ne'er before. May I be permitted to share its warmth?"

"Oh, sir!"

"I stood before you last autumn dumb with amazement. You had grown so stately, so beautiful—"

"Oh, sir!"

"How stupid I did appear!"

"Oh, sir!"

"But that should not surprise you. When last I had seen you, you were deeply absorbed in robing in satin a pair of Christmas doll-babies. Now, you will dress *doll*-babies no more."

"Oh, sir!"

"What a long way off are those days now! Now

The arm should move gently toward the object it wishes to caress. Under the rapid action of surprise, therefore, it could only injure or repel that object.—DELSARTE.

your dolls lie neglected in odd corners. You have other pastimes, other joys. Do you like to dance?"

"Oh, sir!"

"Nothing more natural. You are at that age when balls possess their greatest charm. For a month one dreams of one's attire. At first, of a flounce or two of airy tulle or of a cloud of discreet gauze. Then, of a rose, coquette, fast knotted in the hair; of pearls in graceful coils; of an aigret of sparkling gems; of necklaces of rubies, sapphires, diamonds—"

"Oh, sir!"

"When you are older, you will have a husband to provide you with jewels. It is a privilege that custom accords us men. But now you are so young!"

"Oh, sir!"

"It was just at this season that we played together under the park trees. Do you remember?"

"Oh, sir!"

"I see you now—such a little thing!—your luxuriant curls too heavy for their silken netting—running here and there under the big trees, ankle-deep in the daisies and buttercups. And then we played at mimic war. Your big brother organized the combats. He was the general, we the soldiers."

"Oh, sir!"

"What happy days were those—days of joy, of rapture; of projects wild, of vows half foolish! Even now my heart leaps as I recall them!"

"Oh, sir!"

"Will they ever have a morrow? Are they not to you a memory, vague, uncertain, intangible, like a phantasm seen by moonlight in some deserted churchyard?"

There are three forms of expression by which man outwardly reveals his inward experiences. The first is pantomimic; the second is vocal; the last is verbal.—STEELE MACKAYE.

"Oh, sir!"

"But how I hope you'll comprehend me, as I stand before you, gazing in your eyes, when in my rapturous delirium I tell you—I am most unhappy!"

"Oh, sir!"

"You are kind, you are good. I see it in your eyes. You pity me. Yet my distress surprises you."

"Oh, sir!"

"Do I see aright, or is't a dream? I do see aright; you do comprehend me! Ah, it's in bliss like this that one might wish to die!"

"Oh, sir!"

"Ah, heaven, for me, opens wide its gates! All is joyous in my heart; there, all is melody—the melody of the spheres! Bear with me; I thought myself far stronger. Your accents fill my soul with bliss ecstatic. Speak I must, else I perish. Bertha, will you be mine, forever mine?"

"Oh, sir!"

"I know I follow not the form; but could I wait a little week?—could I wait e'en till to-morrow? I ask but only you!"

"Oh, sir!"

"Will you love me as I love you? No, no, that were too much; but I await my doom. Bertha, will you love me just a little?"

"Oh, sir!"

At this juncture, wide open swings the parlor-door, and with an austere mien the baroness appears upon the scene.

"Ah, madame, you see in me a man beside himself with joy! Give me Bertha!"

Under the influence of sentiment, the smallest and most insignificant things that we may wish to represent proportion themselves to the degree of acuteness of the sounds, which become softened in proportion as they rise.—DELSARTE.

"Heh! What do I hear?"

"I love her, and—"

"Sir! sir! not before her!"

"But she loves me too!"

"What!"

"Mamma, dear, don't be cruel!"

"Bertha, have you—"

"No, mamma, no! I've followed your instructions to the letter; and I will follow them always, I promise you. But it's very strange; I hardly dare to think of it. To say that one loves, two words suffice. Indeed, I begin to think, mamma, that even fewer than two would suffice!"

HER ANSWER.

"YOUNG man proposed to me last night."
"You can't mean that?" "Indeed, it's true;
Asked me to be his wife outright."
"Good gracious, dear! What did you do?"

"Poor boy! He looked so handsome, Nell."
"Handsome! A clerk on weekly pay
Asks you—a beauty and a belle!
But tell me what he dared to say."

"Well—first, he loved me!" "Oh, that part
Of course! What else?" "And that he thought
I was the sort of girl whose heart
Would never let itself be bought.

"He said he was a man—that I
Was just a woman, equal so

A perfect reproduction of the outer manifestation of some passion, the giving of the outer sign, will cause a reflex feeling within.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

In youth, health, brain we stood, and—why,
You'd think he never dreamed of no.

"That he was poor need be no bar—"
"Well! what an attitude to take!"
"For love would prove the guiding star
To fame and fortune, for my sake.

"And then he begged my heart and hand."
"Such impudence! who'd ever guess?—
I hope you made him understand
His place?" "I did—I told him 'Yes!'"

A DUTCH LULLABY.

EUGENE FIELD.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe;
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Given a rising form, such as the ascending scale, there will be intensitive progression when this form should express passion (whether impulse, excitement, or vehemence). There will be, on the other hand, a diminution of intensity where this same form should express sentiment.—DELSARTE.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
  As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
  Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
  That lived in the beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
  But never a-feared are we,"
  So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
  For the fish in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
  Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
  As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they dreamed,
  Of sailing that beautiful sea;
  But I shall name you the fishermen three—
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
  And Nod is a little head;
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
  Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
  Of wonderful sights that be,

Certain attitudes, by extending or contracting the muscles, by compelling the breath to come and go more rapidly, by increasing the heart-beats, cause physical interior sensations which are the correspondences of emotion.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

AT THE TUNNEL'S MOUTH.

FRED LYSTER.

WE was workin' at the tunnel's mouth,
Joe, Bob, and Jim, and I,
A-pilin' up the blocks of stone,
A-pilin' of 'em high.
For the frost had been tremenjous hard,
An' the facing had given away,
An' we was workin' with a will
To fix up all that day.

For next day would be Sunday,
An' jist a year agone
Jim an' my sister Mary
Had turned two into one.
An' then, last Wednesday was a week,
A baby Jim was born,
An' he a Christian should be made
Upon Jim's weddin' morn.

So Jim, old Jim, had axed his mates—
Joe, Bob, and Bill—that's me—

Sentiment and passion proceed in an inverse way. Passion strengthens the voice in proportion as it rises, and sentiment, on the contrary, softens it in due ratio to its intensity.—DELSARTE.

To stand by while the job was done,
  An' wind up with a spree—
A modest one, a glass or two,
  A pipe, a yarn, a song,
Jist to cheer the young un's entrance
  In this here world of sin an' wrong,

As some folks calls it,—though I thinks
  We make ourselves the curse,
And, as the proverb says, "we might
  Go farther an' fare worse."
Jim, he was Butty o' the gang,
  An' up or down the line
A finer fellow never stepped,
  No, nor yet half so fine.

He'd share his last crust with a friend;
  And as for child or wife—
Why, there ain't no use a-talkin'—
  He'd jist lay down his life
For one sweet smile from Mary,
  Or a kiss from Baby Jim,
Or a good square hug from either,—
  'Twas all the same to him.

Well, we kep' chattin' o' the fun
  We'd have to-morrow's day,
An' layin' out what songs we'd sing
  An' what fine games we'd play,
When, jist as we had hysted up
  The last block on the bank,
It pitched away, and thundered down
  The steep an' slipp'ry plank;

The full, vital resurrection of the regenerated æsthetic man must be preceded by the unifying or blending of his inheritances from objective nature, and of his mental, subjective acquirements.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

An' there upon the line it lay,
  Right slap acrost the rail.
What sound is that as makes us start,
  An' tremble, an' turn pale?
A stifled shriek—a louder—
  A rumbling deep an' low.
'Tis the "Flying Dutchman's" signal:
  She's in the tunnel now!

An' there upon the line—the stone,
  Full in our awestruck view,
An' in another minute now
  The lightning-train is due.
Jim stopped for neither look nor word;
  With face stern set an' pale,
An' steadfast eyes, he made no move,
  But leaped down on the rail.

He seized the massy block of stone,
  An' shoved it clear aside;
But, e'er his feet he could regain,
  Came, with remorseless glide,
The murd'rous engine, an' we heard
  One heart-appalling scream,
We saw a ghastly face turn up
  Through mists of hissing steam!

An' seven hundred souls was saved;
  But Jim had given his life
As ransom for them all. No thought
  Of child, nor friend, nor wife;
But, seeing what there was to do,
  He did it—there an end.

We move away from the thing which we contemplate, to prove to it, doubtless, the respect and veneration that it inspires.—DELSARTE.

No; I'm not cryin', mate, although
  If you had lost a friend

So kind, so honest, an' so true
  As dear old Jim, no fear,
No blame, if you should feel
  Sometimes a trifle queer
About the eyes, an' if your heart
  Against your ribs should thump,
An' in your throat should sometimes rise
  A nasty, choking lump.

But with no pride or pomp of rank,
  Nor hope of laurel wreath,
He leaped from off that grassy bank
  Into the jaws of death.

MOLLY.

ANITA M. KELLOGG.

WHEN folks grow old I wonder why
  They seem to forget their youth gone by,
And whatever we do are so prone to say,
"It wasn't so in my young day!"
I think it's hard I should be chid
For things I'm sure my parents did.
For how did my father get him a wife,
If he never went courting in his life?

Always retain a gesture as long as the same thought or emotion is retained, or as long as you remain in the same mood.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

And how did my mother know it, pray,
If she didn't listen when he said his say?
Now, they forget all this, and I
Must do my courting on the sly.
Whenever they see me, by night or day,
Walking and talking—you know the way,—
One or the other always calls me,
But listen,—this is what befalls me.

Every morning at early dawn,
When the dew shines bright on field and lawn,
And the birds are singing sweet and clear,
I must drive the cows to the pasture near.
Now, as it happens, quite frequently,
Robin More by the bars will be;
But if I stop to say, "Good-morrow!"
I am reminded to my sorrow.
A voice rings out on the morning air:

[*Calling.*]

"Molly! Molly! don't idle there!
There's work to do, and you have your share!"

Down by the wood is a mossy stile—
The nicest place to chat awhile;
But sure's I sit there with Robin More,
A voice is heard from our kitchen door

[*Calling.*]

"Molly! Molly! see those cows!"
I look around, and there they browse:
Dapple, Peachblow, Bose and Rover,
Knee-deep in the rich, red clover,

A salutation without moving shows but little reverence, and should only occur in the case of an equal or an inferior.—DELSARTE.

Whisking their tails impatiently,
As that shrill voice floats out to me:

[*Calling.*]

"Molly! Molly! Where are you?
Don't you know there's work to do?
Molly! Molly! Drive those cows
Down into the milking-shed!"

At twilight, when the quiet air
Is trembling with the sheen of stars,
I sometimes meet with Robin there,
And he lets down the bars.
Then, should we linger side by side,
Or stroll along the dusky lane,
Through the tender hush of the even-tide,
That voice rings out again:

[*Calling.*]

"Molly! Molly! Come right in!
You're twice as long as you should have been;
The cows are straying,—close that gate!
Don't mind Robin,—he can wait."

Now, Robin loves me, this I know;
But he doesn't get a chance to tell me so!
He looks it, and acts it, and once, last night,
As we sat on the porch in the soft starlight,
He took my hand and held it tight;
But just as he opened his mouth to speak,
(For the thousandth time within this week,)
We heard that voice in the self-same shriek:

There should be but one strong climax in a perfect work of art. The artist should work steadily toward that climax.—MOSES TRUE BROWN.

[*Calling.*]

"Molly! The cows are in the clover!
Go right down and drive them over,
Be quick about it. Don't you wait,—
Just let Robin fasten that gate!"

It's always so, and if old folks have their way
I never shall know to my dying day
What it was Robin was about to say.

THE OPAL RING.

GOTTLIEB LESSING. ARRANGED BY SARA S. RICE.

[This sketch is in regard to the true religion. Nathan says, "I am a Jew," and Saladin, "I am a Mussulman," and between them is the Christian. But one of these religions is true; which one is it? Nathan, not wishing to make a direct reply, relates the following story.]

IN gray antiquity there lived a man
In Eastern lands, who had received a ring
Of priceless worth from a beloved hand.
Its stone, an opal, flashed a hundred colors,
And had the secret power of giving favor,
In sight of God and man, to him who wore it
With a believing heart. What wonder, then,
This Eastern man would never put the ring
From off his finger, and should so provide
That to his house it should be preserved forever?
Such was the case. Unto the best beloved
Among his sons he left the ring, enjoining

The profound obscurity into which light plunges us does not prevent the light from being; and the chaos of ideas which, most generally, results from our examination of things, proves nothing against the harmonies of their constitution.—DELSARTE.

That he, in turn, bequeath it to the son
Who should be dearest; and the dearest ever,
In virtue of the ring, without regard
To birth, be of the house the prince and head.

From son to son the ring, descending, came
To one, the sire of three; of whom all three
Were equally obedient; whom all three
He, therefore, must with equal love regard.
And yet, from time to time, now this, now that,
And now the third, as each alone, by
The others not dividing his fond heart,
Appears to him the worthiest of the ring;
Which, then, with loving weakness he would promise
To each in turn. Thus it continued long.
But he must die; and the loving father
Was sore perplexed. It grieved him thus to wound
The faithful sons who trusted in his word.

But what to do? In secrecy he calls
An artist to him, and commands of him
Two other rings, the pattern of his own;
And bids him neither cost nor pains to spare
To make them alike, precisely like to his.
The artist's skill succeeds. He brings the rings,
And e'en the father cannot tell his own.
Relieved and joyful, summons he his sons,
Each by himself; to each one by himself
He gives his blessing and his ring—and dies.
The father was scarce dead, when each brings forth his ring,
And claims the headship. Questioning ensues,

In proportion to the depth and majesty of the emotion is the deliberation and slowness of the motion; and, vice versa, in proportion to the superficiality and explosiveness of the emotion, will be the velocity of its expression in motion.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

Strife and appeals to law, but all in vain;
The genuine ring was not to be distinguished.
The sons appealed to law, and each took oath
Before the judge that from his father's hand
He had the ring,—as was indeed the case.
His father could not have been false to him,
Each one maintained; and rather than allow
Upon the name of so dear a father
Such stain to rest, he must against his brothers
(Though gladly he would nothing but the best
Believe of them) bring charge of treachery;
Means he would find the traitors to expose,
And be revenged on them.

Thus spoke the judge: "Produce your father
At once before me, else from my tribunal
Do I dismiss you. Think you I am here
To guess riddles? Either would you wait
Until the genuine ring shall speak? But hold!
A magic power in the true ring resides,
As I am told, to make its wearer loved,
Pleasing to God, to man. Let that decide.
Which one among you, then, do two love best?
Speak! Are you silent? Work the rings but backward,
Not outward? Loves each one himself the best?
Then cheated cheats are all of you! The rings
All are false. The genuine ring was lost,
And to conceal, supply, the loss, the father
Made three in place of one.

"Go, therefore," said the judge, "unless my counsel
You'd have in place of sentence. It were this:
Accept the case exactly as it stands.

Caressing, tender, and gentle emotions find their normal expression in high notes.—DELSARTE.

Each had his ring directly from his father;
Let each believe his own is genuine.
'Tis possible your father would no longer
His house to one ring's tyranny subject;
And certain that all three of you he loved,
Loved equally, since two he would not humble
That one might be exalted. Let each one
To his unbought, impartial love aspire;
Each with the others vie to bring to light
The virtue of the stone within the ring;
Let gentleness, a hearty love of peace,
Beneficence, and perfect trust in God,
Come to its help. Then, if the jewel's power
Among your children's children be revealed,
I bid you in a thousand thousand years
Again before this bar. A wiser man than I
Shall occupy this seat and speak.
Go!" Thus the modest judge dismissed them.

THE FIRST BANJO.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

GO way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squeakin',
Keep silence fur yo' betters—don't you heah de banjo speakin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin'.

Just in proportion to our insight and apprehension of all truth do we attain to a comprehension of a particular truth.—MRS. FRANK STUART PARKER.

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
For Noah tuk de "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to work a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steameh "Natchez."

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em—knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen;
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob eb'ry sort o' beas'es,
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt, an' seb'ral head o' Jarsey cattle,
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin', an' a-sailin', an' a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed, de painters yelled—tell, whut wid all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' couldn't stan' de racket;

The voice decreases in intensity in proportion as it rises higher; and, on the other hand, it increases in intensity in proportion as it sinks lower.—DELSARTE.

An' so, for to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge, an' screws, an' apron;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz, how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'rs so long, an' thick, an' strong,—des fit for banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, from little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz "Nebber min' de Wedder"—
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin', some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers—
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin'.

The walk is temperamental, as much an indicator of the habits, character, and emotions as is the voice.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

THE GOVERNMENT SPY.

W. W. Story. Arranged by Elsie M. Wilbor.

TAKE a cigar—draw up your chair,
There's at least a good half-hour to spare.
And now, as that friend of yours has gone,
There's a word I must whisper to you, alone.
That fellow's only a Government Spy!
Of course you're surprised—there's nothing on earth
So base in your eyes as a Government Spy;
But listen. I'll spin a yarn for you,
And every thread of it's simply true.

'Tis years ago I knew Giannone,
A capital fellow with great black eyes,
And a pleasant smile of frank surprise,
And as gentle a pace as a lady's pony.
Giannone had but an empty head—
But then the worst of him is said:
A better heart, or a readier hand,
You never would see in our English land.

Well, it happened that Hycombe Wycombe Brown,
Of the Sussex Wycombes, a man about town,
Was owing Giannone a kind of debt
For buying some horses, or some such work.
He sent him a card of defiance one day
To meet him at point of the knife—and fork,
And settle the matter without delay.
Giannone accepted, of course, and then,
He invited a few of us resident men;

Nature, by a thousand irrefutable examples, prescribes a decrease of intensity (in music decrescendo) proportionate to the ascensional force of the sounds.
—Delsarte.

Wake! For the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heaven.

"Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore."

And among them, slim and sleek and sly,
Was your pious friend with his balking eye.
The dinner was good and all were merry,
And plenty there was of champagne and sherry ;
And the toasts were brisk and the wine was good,
And we all took quite as much as we should.

Then we went to cards ; but, I'm sorry to say,
Brandy was ordered to whet the play ;
And Giannone drank till his tongue lost its rein,
And the fire had all gone into his brain.
And names he called, and his voice was high
As he talked of Italian liberty !
And cursed the priests as the root of all evil,
And sent the cardinals all to the devil.
" Better dig with the bayonet's point our graves,
And die to be freemen, than live to be slaves !"

But all the while that Giannone let fly
These arrows of his, with a dead-cold eye
Your friend sat playing, and now and then
Gleamed up with a glance as sharp as a pen
That seemed to write down every word,
And then looked away as he had not heard ;
And whenever he opened his lips, he said
Something about the game,—" You've played
A heart to my club ; we're one to six ;
Yours are the honors and ours the tricks."

I watched him well, and at last said I
To myself, " The rascal must be a spy."
So " Zitto ! Zitto ! don't be so rash,

The soul in its highest moods translates itself by poising its agents. Poise the soul, and the whole muscular system is in action to poise the body.—MOSES TRUE BROWN.

Giannone," I cried ; "who knows what ear
May be listening at the door to hear?"
And then with a laugh, and looking straight
At this *friend* of yours, with his face sedate,
I added, "Who knows but there may be
A spy even here in this company?"

If I doubted before the trade of your friend,
My doubts in a moment had their end ;
For a glance came straight up into my eyes
From under his lids, half fear, half surprise.
Then turning back with a look demure,
And a deprecating, pious air,
As much as to say, "We must not care,
Knowing the means are justified
By the noble end,"—he slowly said,
Speaking, of course, about the game,
"The trick is mine—'twas the knave I played."

No sooner the dread word "spy" I spoke,
Than Giannone's discourse like a pipe-stem broke ;
"Ah !" he cried, "there's a dirty trick
In the very word that makes me sick ;
You English don't know as well as I
The slobber and slime of a Government Spy.

"Ser Serpente, permit me now
To introduce him—a friend of mine—
Smooth, pale, bloodless lips and brow—
A long black coat, whose rubbed seams shine—
Spots on his waistcoat of grease and wine—

The thumb is the thermometer of life in its extending progression, as it is of the in its contracting progression.—DELSARTE.

A tri-cornered hat all rusty with use—
Long, black, coarse stockings and buckled shoes;
Ah! so polite with his bows and smiles,
And his sickening compliments and wiles,
He dares not look you straight in the eyes,
But, sidling and simpering, askance alway,
He oils you over with wheedling lies,
As the boa slimes ere he swallows his prey.
Many a fellow owes him his death
Just for a strong word, spoken may be
When the blood was hot and the tongue too free.
But one morning they found him taking his rest
In the street, with a dagger stuck in his breast.
And served him right, say you and I,
It was only too easy a death for a spy."

At this your *friend* threw down his card,
Saying, "You've won to-night, 'tis true,
But to-morrow I'll have my revenge on you."
And though these words to his friend he spoke,
He looked at Giannone so sharp and hard,
With such a sinister, evil look,
That a dark suspicion in me awoke.

Two days after I went to see
Whether Giannone would walk with me.
Two sharp bell-pulls at his door;
No answer—gone out; then one pull more.
Then slipped a slide back cautiously
From a little grated hole—"Chi è?"
"And where is the Signor Padrone?" I cried.

In all the normal attitudes of the legs, the weight is borne equally on both.
—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

"Ah!" with a sort of convulsive groan,
The poor old servant, sighing, replied,
"Doesn't your Signoria know—
The sbirri came here yesterday,
And carried the caro padrone away;
And they've rifled his desk of letters and all,
And taken the pistols and swords from the wall,
And locked up the room with a great red seal
Put over the door; and they scared me so
With threats, if I dared in the chamber to go,
That I'm all of a tremble from head to heel;
And oh, I fear, Signore dear,
There's some dreadful political business here."

The servant's story was all too true;
From that night I never saw him again.
Worse, neither I nor his family knew,
And Giannone himself is as ignorant too—
What was his crime—what done—what said,
That drew this punishment down on his head.
This one fact alone we know,
That since the speech of that famous night
Giannone has vanished out of sight,
And has gone to pass a year or more,
In a building where the Government pay
His lodging and board in the kindest way.
I cannot help wishing the end would come
Of this public hospitality,
And that poor Giannone was free to go home.
But when will that be? you ask me—Ah!
That is the question; chi lo sa?
Next month—next year—next century!

The spirit of God is inherent in all things; and this spirit should, at a given moment, flash its splendors in the eyes of an intellect alike submissive, attentive, patient, and suppliant.—DELSARTE.

WHAT AILED THE PUDDING.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"WHAT shall we have for dinner, to-day?"
Said Mrs. Dobbs, in her pleasant way;
"For Sally has much to do, and would wish
That we'd get along with an easy dish—
Something that wouldn't take long to prepare,
Or really require much extra care."
Said Mrs. Dobbs: "There isn't a doubt
But what we'd all fancy a stirabout!"

"A hasty pudding! Hurrah! that's nice!"
Exclaimed the girls and boys in a trice.
Then Sally put on the biggest pot,
And soon the water was boiling hot,
And Mrs. Dobbs mixed together some flour
And water, and in less than half an hour
The pudding began to bubble up thick
And dance about with the pudding-stick.

Said Mr. Dobbs, as he made a halt:
"Our Sally is apt to forget the salt,
So I'll put in a pinch ere I leave the house."
And he went on tip-toe, as still as a mouse,
And, dropping a handful in very quick,
Stirred it well about with the pudding-stick,
And said to himself: "Now, isn't this clever!"
At which the pudding laughed louder than ever.

Then Mrs. Dobbs came after a while,
And looked in the pot with a cheery smile,

Man can only judge of what is by what he can experience, and by the use he is enabled to make of that experience, through the action of the faculties.—MRS. FRANK STUART PARKER.

And thought how much she'd enjoy the treat,
And how much the children would want to eat;
Then said: "Our Sally has one great fault—
She is very apt to forget the salt!"
And into the hasty pudding was sent
A handful of this ingredient.

John, George, and Jennie, and Bess, in turn,
Gave the stick a twist, lest the pudding burn;
For oh! how empty and wretched they'd feel
If anything ruined their noonday meal!
And each in turn began to reflect,
And make amends for Sally's neglect,
For the girl was good, but she had one fault—
She was very apt to forget the salt!

But Sally herself, it is strange to say,
Was not remiss in her usual way;
But before she went to her up-stairs work
She threw in a handful of salt with a jerk,
And stirred the pudding, and stirred the fire,
Which made the bubbles leap higher and higher.
And as soon as the clock struck twelve she took
The great big pot off the great big hook.

It wasn't scorched! Ah! that was nice!
And one little dish would not suffice
Mr. or Mrs. Dobbs, I guess,
John, or George, or Jennie, or Bess;
And as for Sally, I couldn't say
How much of the pudding she'd stow away,
For she was tired and hungry, no doubt,
And very fond of this stirabout.

Vulgar and uncultured people, as well as children, seem to act in regard to an ascensional vocal progression in an inverse sense to well-educated, or, at any rate, affectionate persons, such as mothers and fond nurses.—DELSARTE.

A happier group you'd ne'er be able
To find than sat at the Dobbses' table,
With plates and spoons and a hungry wish
To eat their fill of the central dish.
But as Mr. Dobbs began to taste
The pudding, he dropped his spoon in haste;
And of all the children did likewise,—
As big as saucers their staring eyes.

Said Mrs. Dobbs, in a voice not sweet:
"Why, it isn't fit for the pigs to eat!"
And I doubt if an artist would e'er be able
To depict their looks as they left the table.
Said Sally: "I thought it would be so nice!
But I must have salted that pudding twice!"
And none of the family mentioned that they
Had a hand in boiling the dinner that day.

LOST.

THE chill November day was done,
The dry old leaves were flying;
When, mingled with the roaring wind,
I heard a small voice crying.
And shivering at the corner stood
A child of four or over;
No cloak nor hat her small, soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover.

With one wee hand she pushed them back,
She slipped in mine the other;

Pantomimic expression, like every other expression of man, is a manifestation of the activity of the being, soul, ego, or animating principle, by the activity of the body.—FRANK STUART PARKER.

Half scared, half trustingly, she said,
  "Oh, please, I want my mother!"
"Tell me your street and number, pet;
  Don't cry, I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered: "I forget;
  The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Miller's steps,
  The monkey took the money;
And so I followed down the street,
  That monkey was *so* funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours,
  From one street to another;
The monkey's gone, I've lost my flowers—
  Oh, please, I want my mother!"

The sky grew stormy; people passed,
  All muffled, homeward faring;
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
  I said, at last, despairing.
I tied her kerchief round her neck—
  "What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling asked,
  And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name:
  My eyes, astonished, met it;
"For," said the little one, "you see
  I might sometimes forget it.
And so I wear a little thing
  That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
  I would get lost without it."

When the head moves in an inverse direction from the object that it examines, it is from a selfish standpoint; and when the examiner bends toward the object, it is in contempt of self that the object is viewed.—DELSARTE.

THE MINUET.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced—long ago;
How she held her pretty head—
How her dainty skirt she spread—
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose—long ago.

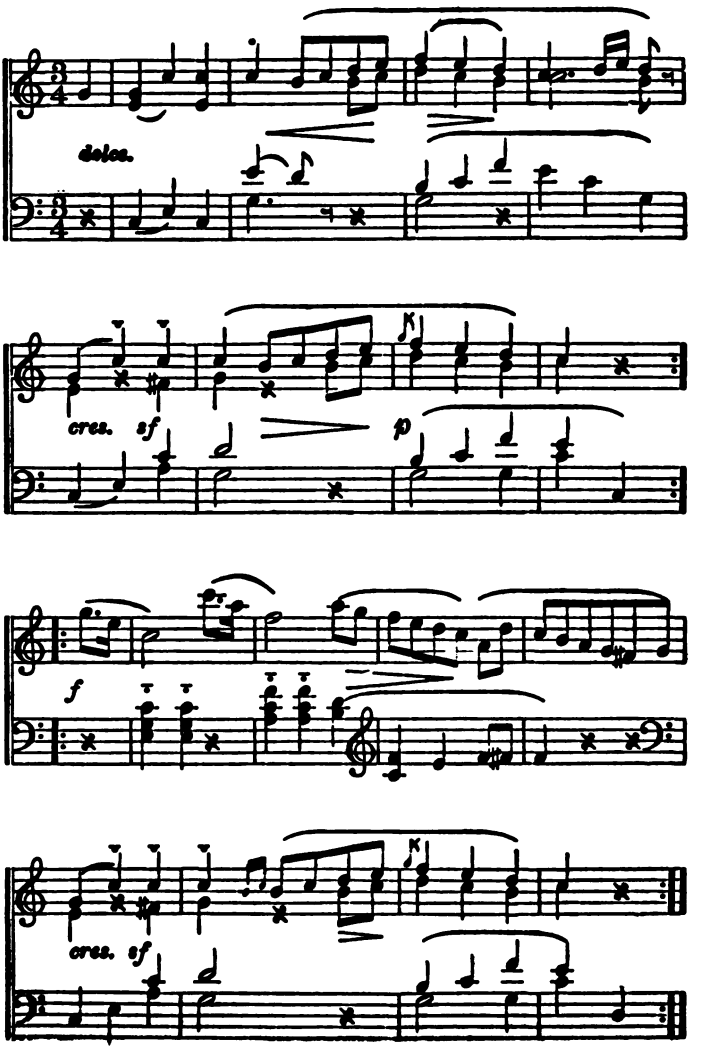
Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl—long ago!
Bless her! why she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet—long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking
(Every girl was taught to knit—long ago);
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow—long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk—long ago.
No; they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place;

If we desire that a thing be always remembered, we must not say it in words; we must let it be divined, revealed by gesture. Wherever there is an ellipse in a discourse, gesture must intervene to explain this ellipse.—DELAUMOSNE.

J. N. HUMMEL.



Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again—long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys I mean, of course—long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy,
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet—long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore—long ago.
In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of *our* dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way—long ago."

[The reader is to dance at the end of each stanza. The music is for the dancing only, and is not to be played during the reciting. If recited in the costume of a last century belle, with powdered hair, the effect will be heightened.]

DIRECTIONS FOR DANCING THE MINUET.

JAMES BROOKS.

Arranged for four couples in a column, or as many columns of four couples each as there is room for, formed thus:

FRONT.

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X——O   X——O
X——O   X——O
X——O   X——O
X——O   X——O
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The artist should aim to manifest human nature in its three modalities, in its three phases which the master named life, soul, and mind. In other words, the beings physical, moral, and mental.—ARNAUD.

All courtesies are begun by ladies sliding the right foot to the side.

All bows, after the first, are begun by gentlemen sliding the left foot to the side.

All other movements are begun by both gentlemen and ladies with the right foot, unless otherwise directed.

Gentlemen will always place right hand on their hearts when bowing to partners.

During the introduction, gentlemen will give right hands to ladies' left, and hold the hands well up in front, ready to begin.

Walk six steps forward (closing the left foot up to the right, in first position for sixth count).

Salute to the front.

Walk six steps back (turning to face partner, give left hand to ladies' left, looking at partners over arms, gentlemen close left up to right for the sixth count, and at the same time face partners; ladies step with left foot for the sixth count, and at the same time close right up to left to face partner).

Salute partners.

Walk six steps forward.

Walk six steps back (face partners and step back with left foot on the sixth count, swaying the body backward on the left foot so as to form an attitude, right toe pointed in fourth position in front).

Turn partners with the right hand.

Salute partners.

Chassé to the left (face the front and cross hands with partners, right hand uppermost; step with left foot to the side (count one); right in front of the left (count two); left to side (count three); right in front of left (count four); left to the side (count five); face partners, gentlemen transferring the weight of the body to the left foot, ladies carrying the right foot forward, right toe pointed in fourth position (count six).

Turn partners half around (with right hand).

The shoulder generally rises less when the head retroacts than when it advances toward the object of its contemplation.—DELSARTE.

Chassé to the right (face partners at the fifth count and close left foot up to the right in first position for six).

Salute partners.

Turn partners half around (with right hand).

Reverse the half turn (without disengaging the right hands, the lady passing under the upraised right arms, turning to the right and stepping back for five and six, steps to face partner).

Turn partners half around (with left hand).

Salute partners.

Walk past partners six steps (facing partners, walk past partners, gentlemen passing in front of the ladies four steps; step with right foot to second position, five; close left foot up to right, six).

Salute in the direction you are facing.

All turn to the right and walk back to place (ladies passing in front, finish facing partners).

Salute partners.

Walk six steps forward (at the fifth count face partners and step back with left foot to fourth position, right toe pointed in front for six).

Turn partners (with right hand).

Walk back to places six steps (gentleman giving left hand to lady's right).

Salute partners.

Turn partners half around (with right hand).

Salute partners.

Turn partners to places (with left hand).

Salute partners.

Moulinet (cross right hands—the first and second, and the third and fourth couples cross right hands around to the left (counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11), disengage hands and step back with left foot, leaving right foot pointed in the centre—count 12).

Moulinet back (cross left hands and salute to the front).

A perfected voice can reveal almost everything which human nature is capable of thinking or feeling or being, and not only reveal it, but also wield it as an instrument of influence to awaken in the auditor correspondent experiences.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

SNOW-FLAKES AND SNOW-DRIFTS.

A STUDY IN ALLITERATION.

MARTHA TYLER GALE.

Asking approval of alliteration
Before we begin, we beg benediction,
Caution, and candor from critics who censure
This daring description of delicate snow-drifts.

ANGELIC aëronaut, airy and active,
Aërial avalanche, alpine and awful,
Beating men, buffeting, blinding, and burying,
Bountifully broadcast, brilliant in beauty,
Bird-like and buoyant, yet bringing a blessing,
Coming so constantly, crowding and chasing,
Cov'ring all closely with cerements.

Carving such curious conceits on the casements,
Crystals, once clear-cut, now crushed by collision,
Coronets, crested and cast from cloud-ceilings,
Can still be so cold, calm, chilling, and cheerless,
Driving its drifts down destructively, drearily,
Dismally direful, dreadfully deadly,
Daintily draping and decking dull deserts,
Elfish, erratic, empyreal!

Elegant, exquisite, endlessly eddying,
Frosting the farms, and the firs, and the fences,
Fringing the forests with fantastic fern-fronds,
Flying all feathery, fleecy, and foamy,
Flinging its flakes forward, faultless as flowers,

Art, notwithstanding the antiquity of its origin, is still, from a didactical point of view, unknown even to those who profess it.—DELSARTE.

Falling from far, from full-fed frosty fountains,
Glittering, glistening, gossamer, gauzy,
    Gems that are God-given, gracefully.

Hastening from heaven's brow, hurrying headlong,
Hiding the heads of the hills all so hoary,
Heaving its heaps up higher and huger,
Icily idling in isolate islands,
Jauntily joining in jollity joyous,
Kissing the kings, the kittens, and king-birds;
Lasses and lads love to laugh at its lightness,
    Lily-like, lovely, yet lawless.

Loitering lazily, lingering lovingly
In myriad mazes or in mountainous masses,
Noiselessly nestling 'neath the nooks of nature,
Omniform opulent,—only observe it!
Perfectly pure, so pale, pearly, and peerless,
Poising on pinnacles, perched picturesquely,
Playing with plumage and pinions on pine peaks,
    Quelling by quantity, quietly.

Roving round restlessly, rioting ruthlessly,
Sweeping on swiftly and surging on sea-like,
Scattered so spray-like, sailing so swan-like,
Stealing in stillness, slow, solemn, and shroud-like.
Softly and silently shed by sweet seraphim,
Showered so strangely, shining and star-like.
Towering and tipping the turrets of temples,
    Tossing in tempests terrific.

Toying tenderly with tracery tasteful,
Transiently trimming the twigs and the tree-tops,

Here is the grand law of organic gymnastics: The triple movement, the triple language of the organs is eccentric, concentric, or normal, according as it is the expression of life, soul, or spirit.—DELAUMOSNE.

Unwearied, unsullied, unspotted, unearthly,
Volatile visitant,—volley of vapor;
Voyaging vaguely, all visible veiling,
Waving white wings, and wrathfully warning,
Whirled by wild winds the world wrapping so whitely,
Youthfully yielding, sent yearly for yule-time,
From the zone of the zenith blown zigzag by zephyrs.

PLAYING SCHOOL.

LIDA P. CASKIN.

TWO little tots on the carpet at play,
Tired of their usual games, one day,
Said one to the other: "Let's play stool;
I'll be teacher, and don't you fool,
But sit up nice, like a sure 'nough stolar;
You'll miss your lesson, I bet you a dollar."
Casting about for a word to spell,
Blue eyes on puss and her kitten fell;
As an object lesson they pose with grace,
The mamma washing her baby's face.
"Spell Tat," the teacher grandly gives out;
"Quick, now; mind what you're about."
The "scholar," failing with ignominy,
Is sorely shaken and dubbed a ninny.
The word repeated again, she fails,
When the scene on the rug again avails,
And the teacher relents, conscience-smitten:
"If you tan't spell Tat, then spell Titten!"

The powers of art are the wings of the soul.—DELSARTE.

ATALANTA'S RACE

DANCE (CAPOLLO'S MUSES)

ATALANTA'S RACE

MELPOMENE

"THE FATES"

PUDICITIA

DISCOBOLUS

CERES

GLADIATOR

THE JOKER'S MISTAKE.

AN ENCORE PANTOMIME.

LEMUEL B. C. JOSEPHS.

[The pantomimist is supposed to have played a joke and is at first so overcome with the ridiculous side of it that he is unable to see just how the victim has taken it. Gradually it dawns upon him that the joke has been resented, and from surprise his feeling changes to entreaty for forgiveness, instead of which is visited upon him the wrath of the victim. It is recommended that this description be printed on the program when the pantomime is given.—EDITOR.]

ENTER at right of stage as if followed by Mr. Blank, at whom you are laughing heartily. All the pantomime of laughter is to be given without the sound: mouth open wide; eyes nearly closed; head thrown slightly back; shoulders raised; body shaking with uncontrolled laughter (same action as in continued coughing, except that the mouth is open wide, lips drawn back, showing teeth); arms hanging relaxed.

Stopping in walk near the middle front of stage, turn slowly toward Blank, taking attitude of base with feet wide apart, weight on both, right arm rising to point at him, while the head, in opposition, is moving slightly forward, so that the forehead is farther front than the chin, eyes wide open directed to Blank, eyebrows raised. Hold attitude.

Now change expression of face to pain mingled with laughter; mouth still laughing; rest of face contracted as in pain. Left hand then presses side of torso, elbow out. A moment later bring right hand also to side, head falling back over left shoulder. Hold attitude.

Right hand now seeks side of forehead; head falling

Concentrated passion tends to explosion; explosion to prostration. Thus the only emotion which does not tend to its own destruction is that which is perfectly poised.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

back over right shoulder; left hand reaching out for support on back of chair, making several efforts to reach it and at last grasping it. Then body totters, falling toward chair; head dropping farther back, right hand catching it at back, face completely abandoned to laughter. Hold attitude.

Still holding chair, knees and waist relaxed, stagger weakly around to front of chair and drop helplessly into it, head falling back, arms dropping lifelessly anywhere they will. Still keep amused expression of face, but breathe as if out of breath, interrupting the evenness of the respiration now and then by shaking with spasmodic laughter. [*Back of chair toward right of stage.*] Hold attitude.

Now roll the head on back of chair, and look up toward Blank with mouth slightly open, corners drawn down. Just for an instant hold this, and then, dropping head forward on chest, shake torso and head violently with laughter, shoulders up, arms rising as if to drop over back of chair, and then thrown forcibly down to hang loosely at sides. While the arms are going down, the head rises and falls back helplessly, eyes almost closed in strongest laughter. Hold attitude.

Now, with serious look on face, suddenly lift head from support and hold it still to listen. Turn to look with questioning at Blank. The eyes move first, then the head follows, and, hands holding on sides of chair, the torso turns as far around as it can. Hold this attitude while eyes alone move to look at left into space. Hold attitude.

Now lean back, still turned toward Blank, and reach

The shoulder is the thermometer of passion as well as of sensibility; it is the measure of vehemence; it determines the degree of heat and intensity.—DELSARTE.

out right hand as to receive pardon from him, eyes looking earnestly into his face, lips pouted. Then head drops forward slightly as in shame, while the right hand changes its attitude to that of protest, palm out and fingers up. Left hand now placed upon heart, elbow out, followed by head moving over right shoulder, rotating to bring face again to Blank with eyes expressing surprise, lips loosely parted. Hold attitude.

Now sit up defiantly, head thrown back away from Blank, both hands coming emphatically to upper (mental) zone of torso, elbows raised. Left foot moves farther back; head drops forward toward left, right hand rising as if to ward off something that threatens. Drop from sitting position to kneeling upon left knee, both arms rising to seek forbearance, head thrown up in entreaty. Hands then clasp suddenly and are brought near to torso, elbows still raised in front. Head now drops on chest, followed by clasped hands dropping upon right knee. Hold attitude.

Torso turning to left is prevented from falling by the left arm reaching the floor and making a support; face meanwhile turns toward Blank, head hanging back, suffering and entreaty expressed, right hand repelling his words (arm straight). Hold attitude.

Now swing body from last attitude so as to fall to floor, forearms crossed to form cushion for head.

To rise easily from this position to quit the stage, raise head and release right arm; draw left hand nearer to brace body up until your weight is on left knee; move right foot, knee having risen, forward; free left hand, and, changing weight to right foot, rise as from kneeling.

Every man has his favorite gesture; and were it possible to surprise him, and to delineate him while using this gesture, it would furnish the key to his whole character.—LAVATER.

SUGGESTION.

In the practice of this pantomime, subtle changes of expression and enlargement of the scene by the introduction of other attitudes will suggest themselves to the student. The writer has endeavored merely to outline the work, knowing that if each attitude were described in all its details these dangers might arise: either the explanation might be confusing, or it would make the student merely mechanical, or it would not be read at all. The most important thing to be remembered is that the situation must be realized by the student; that is, he must feel that certain things called up to his imagination are *real*, and let his well-trained body be free to obey his inner states. Each expression of face, body, and limb continues until contradicted.

THE MASQUE OF THE NEW YEAR.

ARRANGED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

I.

OUT from tower and from steeple rang the sudden New Year bells,
Like the chorusing of genii in aërial citadels;
And, as they chimed and echoed overthwart the gulfs of gloom,
Lo, a brilliance burst upon me, and a masque went through the room.

First, the young New Year came forward like a little dancing child,
And his hair was as a glory, and his eyes were bright and wild,

It is clearly easier to translate a language than to write it; and just as we learn to translate before we can learn to compose, so we must become thoroughly familiar with semeiotics before trying to work at æsthetics.—DEL-

And he shook an odorous torch, and he laughed but did
not speak,
And his smile went softly rippling through the roses of
his cheek.

'Round he looked across his shoulder—and the Spirit
of the Spring
Entered slowly, moved before me, paused and lingered
on the wing;
And she smiled and wept together, with a dalliance
quaint and sweet,
And her tear-drops changed to flowers underneath her
gliding feet.

Then a landscape opened outward; broad, brown wood-
lands stretched away
In the luminous blue distance of a windy, clear March
day;
Birds flashed about the copses, striking sharp notes
through the air;
Danced the lambs within the meadows; crept the snake
from out his lair.

Soft as shadows sprang the violets, thousands seeming
but as one;
Flamed the crocuses beside them, like gold droppings
of the sun;
And the Goddess of the Spring faded where the leaves
were piled;
And the New Year had grown older, and no longer was
a child.

When a pupil is able at will instantly to summon the distinct and vivid picture on his face of whatever state of feeling calls for expression, he is so far forth ready for entrance on his professional career.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

II.

Summer, shaking languid roses from his dew-bedabbled hair,
Summer, in a robe of green, and with his arms and shoulders bare,
Next came forward, flowers bowed beneath a crowd of armored bees;
Long grass swaying in the playing of the almost wearied breeze.

Rapid, rosy-tinted lightnings, where the rocky clouds are riven,
Like the lifting of a veil before the inner courts of heaven;
Silver stars in azure evenings, slowly climbing up the steep;
Cornfields ripening to the harvest, and the wide seas smooth with sleep.

Circled with those living splendors, Summer passed from out my sight
Like a dream that filled with beauty all the caverns of the night!
And the vision and the presence into empty nothing ran—
And the New Year was still older, and seemed now a youthful man.

III.

Autumn! Forth from glowing orchards stepped he gayly in a gown
Of warm russet, freaked with gold, and with a vision sunny brown;

The characteristic of beauty is to be amiable; consequently, a thing is ugly only in view of the amiable things which we seek in beauty.—DELSARTE.

On his head a rural chaplet, wreathed with heavily drooping grapes,
And broad shadow-casting vine leaves like the Bacchanalian shapes.

Fruits and berries rolled before him from the year's exhausted horn;
Jets of wine went spinning upward, and he held a sheaf of corn;
And he laughed for very joy, and he danced from too much pleasure,
And he sang old songs of harvest, and he quaffed a mighty measure.

But I saw the woods consuming in a many-colored death—
Streaks of yellow flame down-deepening through the green that lingereth.
Sanguine flashes, like a sunset, and austerely shadowing brown;
And I heard within the silence the nuts sharply rattling down.

And I saw the long, dark hedges all alight with scarlet fire,
Where the berries, pulpy-ripe, had spread their bird-feasts on the brier.
All too soon waned Autumn, vanished over misty heath and meres—
And the New Year stood beside me like a man of fifty years.

Continued indulgence in any one form of feeling will make that feeling the predominant trait.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

IV.

In a foggy cloud obscurely entered Winter, ashy pale,
And his step was hard and heavy, and he wore an icy mail;
Blasting all the path before him, leapt a black wind from the North,
And from stinging drifts of sleet he forged the arrows of his wrath.

Yet some beauty still was found; for when the fogs had passed away,
The wide lands came glittering forward in a fresh and strange array;
Naked trees had got snow foliage, soft, and feathery, and bright,
And the earth looked dressed for heaven in its spiritual white.

But the face of Winter softened, and his lips broke into smiles,
And his heart was filled with radiance as from far-enchanted isles;
For across the long horizon came a light upon the way—
The light of Christmas fires, and the dawning of new day.

And Winter moved not onward like the rest, but made a stand,
And took the spirit of Christmas, as a brother, by the hand;
And together toward the heavens a great cry of joy they sent—
And the New Year was the Old Year, and his head was gray and bent.

Æsthetics determines the inherent forms of sentiment in view of the effects whose truth of relation it estimates.—DELSARTE.

Then another New Year entered, like another dancing child,
With his tresses as a glory, and his glances bright and wild;
And he flashed his odorous torch, and he laughed out in the place,
And his soul looked forth in joy and made a sunshine on his face.

Out from spire, and from turret, pealed the sudden New Year bells,
Like the distant songs of angels in their fields of asphodels;
And that lustrous child went sparkling to his aged father's side,
And the New Year kissed the Old Year, and the Old Year gently died.

AN INCIDENT OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

MONNIE MOORE.

[During that awful night of horror a woman upon a frail raft, borne along by the angry waters, was heard singing this old-time hymn.]

"*JESUS, lover of my soul,*
Let me to Thy bosom fly."
Hark! above the angry tempest,
And the waves that beat the shore,
Comes the sound of some one singing,
Sounds a voice above the roar.

Art is expression, involving something to be expressed, and a proper form as the medium of expression.—T. M. BALLIET.

And the watchers, filled with horror,
  Mingled with a breathless awe,
Heard the sweet and old-time music,
  Though the singer no one saw.
Nearer, nearer, now 'tis plainer;
  List! the words are borne along,
As a soul that's fast departing
  Seeks her Maker with a song.
And her gentle spirit passing
  From its home of earthly clay,
Soon will find that blessed refuge,
  Soon will tread the shining way.

"*Other refuge have I none,*
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."
Helpless? no, thy faith will strengthen
  Thee, and banish every fear,
And the storm that beats above thee
  Brings thee heaven still more near.
Oh! the anguish; oh! the weeping
  Of that awful, dreary time;
But like oil upon the waters,
  Came the words of that old hymn,
Though they knew no more, forever,
  Would the singer sweetly tell
Of the refuge from all sorrow,
  Of the way that leads from hell.

"*Leave, oh! leave me not alone,*
Still support and comfort me."
Not alone upon the waters,
  Still thy soul thy Lord will keep;

Art is an act whose semeiotics characterizes the forms produced by the action of powers, which action is determined by æsthetics, and the causes of which are sought out by ontology.—DELSARTE.

And His hand will still support thee,
Though the waves toss wild and steep.
Frail thy bark, but great His mercy;
And thy loved ones gone before
Will behold thy face in rapture,
Ere this long, dark night is o'er.
Onward, still, the singer floating,
Swirling, changing with the tide,
Weak and frail, alone and dying,
Where is he who made her bride?
Where the strong arms that would shield her?
Where the broad and manly form
That would brook no ill or danger,
So that she should meet no harm?

Tell the story, oh, ye billows!
That with fury round her play,
Tell how battling bravely, grandly,
Did he give his life away.
Tell the story of his daring,
How he sternly baffled death,
As he strove to save his dear ones
With his latest fleeting breath;
How the shining baby ringlets
That were pillowed on his breast,
Lie there still in death's grim silence,
That together now they rest.
While the gentle little mother
Floats away, alone, away,
Through the storm and through the darkness
To the golden endless day.

All gestures may be divided into two classes: Gestures which make reference to objects; gestures which express the states or conditions of the being.—MOSES TRUE BROWN.

And adown the shore the watchers
  Greet the singer and her song,
Which no tempest sound can deaden.
  As the years shall pass, how long
Will that singer be remembered,
  Telling from the gates of death
Of the old-time faith and duty
  That makes calm the latest breath.
And the sneers that men may offer,
  With the scholar's logic deep,
Must be laid aside forever
  When we reach our final sleep;
And the faith that Jesus taught us,
  In the words of that old hymn,
Is the faith that's surest, safest,
  When the tempest shuts us in.

While the refuge that would shelter
  Every proud and wilful head,
Was the refuge of the singer,
  And her soul was free from dread,
As above the tempest sang she,
  Sheltered by an angel's wing;
While her last words, faintly spoken
  "*Simply to Thy cross I cling,*
Simply to Thy cross, oh, Saviour!"
  Seemed they all to hear her say,
As the dark waves closed above her,
  As they bore her form away.
And through all that time of sorrow,
  Through the days of gloom and woe,

The Beautiful is an absolute principle; it is the essence of beings, the life of their functions. Beauty is a consequence, an effect, a form of the Beautiful.—DELSARTE.

Seemed they still to hear that singer
Singing softly, sweet and low:
"*Nothing in my hand I bring,*
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

PERDITA.

A COSTUME STATUE RECITATION.

MRS. W. R. JONES.

I BREATHE, I move, I live!
My pulses throb, my heart begins to beat!
I feel the hot blood mounting to my cheeks!
My nerves awake with strange electric thrill!
My limbs succumb to this new power,
And bend obedient to my will!
Oh, this is life! my wild desire, my bitter-sweet;
Oh, mad delight! I kneel to welcome thee;
I clasp thee to my passionate heart;
I laugh to hear the echoes of my voice;
I weep to feel the hot tears on my cheek,
I move and turn to know that I am free!

A sudden mem'ry flashes through my brain
And checks my gladness at its birth.
Oh! once before I lived in this glad world,
As glad as now. Perdita was my name,
Perdita—lost? Aye, lost! Well named was I,
Since lost I am to all I knew and loved!
I loved Justitia—loved him? Love him still!
Moons waxed and waned above our happy heads,
Till June breathed over us her am'rous sighs,
And roses blushed to greet her; then we made ready

The coming reaction from the modern scientific era must be steadily toward a time when there will be a better care for our bodies and vital needs, and truer appreciation of the arts.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

For the marriage rites. The light-winged hours flew by
Until the strange, glad evening came.
Crowned with pale roses, 'mid the happy guests
I stood, trembling, expectant, awaiting my lord.
"He comes," they cried, and parted to make room.

Into my glad eyes some one was looking.
It was not he, but Vindex, rejected suitor, spurned long since!
"What dost thou here?"
"Justitia is false to thee; this hour is wedded to another,"
He whispered low into my dull ear.
"Justitia false to me! this hour is wedded to another!
Impossible!" "The trailing fire of their mad revelry
See thou here! Justitia forgets Perdita in the merry dance,
Or in the soft caresses of his love,
Or remembers but to scorn. He mocks thee waiting.
Though spurned by thee, I come to shield thee
From the jeering crowd. Let Vindex share thy shame,
Or interpose his ready arm 'twixt thee
And mocking insult. Let Hymen's altar not be decked in vain.
To shield and save thy honor, that is all I ask.
When thou shalt bear my name, swift as a falling star
I'll quit thy sight; can love do more?"

Stung into madness by the treachery of him I loved
Oh! better than the red blood of my heart,
Better—hear it, ye gods!—than all my hopes of bliss—
"'Tis well!" I cried; "let the procession move!

Beauty is that reason itself which presides at the creation of things.—DELSARTE.

Justitia, let him not once be named among us.
Once lord of my heart, henceforth accursed!
Vindex, whom you all know has loved me long,
The noble scion of a noble house, does me the honor
To make me his bride. Let the procession move!"

But when the merry wedding guests had gone,
And echoes of the dance and jest had died away,
I stood alone within my bridal chamber,
Decked with white roses for my recreant love,
Sadder than death. The midnight bell was tolling.
Shrouded by curtains of the night, Vindex stole to my side.
"What dost thou here? Thy promise! Go!"
"Thou art my wife!" He was my husband,
I, his frightened, shrinking wife!
"My soul's sweet purity denies the bond.
Betrayed by him I loved, oh, better than my life,
I have no tongue to tell the madness that drove me
To be thy wife. Oh! I beseech thee, go!
I do not love thee! Some law shall make
This hateful marriage null. This chamber
With white roses decked to celebrate our love
Is but the symbol of the death of joy, of hope, of love, to me.
I beseech thee, leave me to my madness, my despair!"

"I am thy husband, lord of thy house, lord of thy life.
Perdita, listen. Once at thy feet I lay,
Imploring but a word, a smile.
What didst thou? Spurned me from thy sight
As thou wouldst spurn a worm.

Wherever beauty is found there must be the two factors—the idea and the form, so united that the latter is the expression of the former.—T. M. BALLIET.

I swore eternal vengeance that thou should'st be my bride;
I have performed the vow. As fair as false
And false as hell, thou'rt mine by means as false as thou.
Justitia lies in chains, entrapped by servitors of mine.
He writhes, and prays to die; calls on thy name;
Curses thy Vindex, ha-ha! while I—feast on thy lips,
Sweet lips, still sweeter since unwilling."

"Oh! no, no! traitor! fiend! Justitia! Justitia!"
Madly I fled away through hall and corridor,
Flying as flies the hunted doe by blood-hounds tracked;
Crushing the roses 'neath my heedless feet;
Tearing my costly, pearl-set bridal robes;
Hiding in ghostly shadows dim;
Holding my panting breath with close-clinched teeth;
Doubling upon my track, by terror urged,
Pursued, o'ertaken, breathless, exhausted,
At his feet I fell with one imploring cry:
"Oh, Vindex, pity me!" "Thou'rt mine," he hissed,
And stooped to kiss me. Away I sprang again,
New nerved by touch so foul.
"Oh, heaven!" I cried, "make me unfeeling marble,
Insensate to his loathsome kiss!"

'Twas done! rigid as death I stood.
Marble cold my cheek and lip,
Marble my heart, nor hate, nor love could know.
Unmoved I saw the frightened Vindex stand aghast;
Unmoved I heard Justitia come and fall and weep.

The shoulder, in every man who is moved or agitated, rises sensibly, his will playing no part in the ascension; the successive developments of this involuntary act are in absolute proportion to the passional intensity whose numeric measure they form; the shoulder may, therefore, be fitly called the thermometer of sensibility.—DELSARTE.

JEWEL SCENE IN "FAUST."

PRAYING HANDS.

By Albrecht Dürer.

In a fair niche in Art's great temple placed
I saw men's faces come and go,
Like shadows of a long-forgotten dream.
Wrapped in an ecstacy of bliss I stood,
Indifferent how the hours sped by.
My soul seemed trembling in an upper world,
Twin sister to the beams of stars,
Wooed by the chaste moon's silvery light,
Or hushed to rest by southern winds
That, murm'ring in the dusky pines,
Sang low. Secrets I heard of upper air,
Secrets of stars and planets there;
Secrets of songs that wild birds sing,
And why the nightingale complains.

But to-night a white star has leaned out of heaven;
It has beckoned to me, is beckoning still.
With grief, or with joy, or with love overburdened,
It is breaking its heart its secret to tell.
Hush thy babble, oh, fountain! let me listen, let me listen.
Be still, oh, night-winds! in thy dusky pines;
Beat not so loud and so fast, my poor heart!
Some one is coming; this white star is his message.

Justitia! Justitia! my lover! my lover!
Far off now, now nearer thy footstep I hear.
Come quicker! White star, give him these kisses,
And tell him I live and I love him!
Oh! weave me a veil of the mists of the morning
To hide these hot blushes. Stay still on my forehead
Marble whiteness and peace, that there he may kiss me
And call me his angel, his bride as pure as the snow!

In proportion to the depth and majesty of the emotion will be the deliberateness and slowness of the motion. In proportion to the superficiality and explosiveness of the emotion will be the velocity of the motion. The longer an agent of expression is held at rest, the greater will be its motion when released.—MOSES TRUE BROWN.

Justitia! oh, my beloved!
The winds have sighed themselves to rest,
The moon has kissed the sea,
As I shall sigh upon thy breast
And lose myself in thee!

WHY MY FATHER LEFT THE ARMY.

CHARLES LEVER. ARRANGED BY JOHN A. MACCABE.

"BUT by the piper that played before Moses, it's more whipping nor gingerbread is going on amongst sodgers, av ye knew but all, and heard the misfortune that happened to my father."

"And was he a sodger?" inquired one.

"Troth was he, more sorrow to him, and wasn't he almost whipped, one day, for doing what he was bid. Maybe ye might like to hear the story, and there's instruction in it for yes, too.

"Well, it's a good many years ago my father listed in the North Cork, just to oblige Mr. Barry; 'for,' says he, 'Phil,' says he, 'it's not a sodger ye'll be at all, but my own man, to brush my clothes and go errands, and the like o' that. Well, my father agreed, and Mr. Barry was as good as his word.

"Well, for three years this went on as I'm telling, when one evening there was a night party patrolling, with Captain Barry, for six hours in the rain, and the captain, God be marciful to him, tuk cowld and died:

When a man says to you in interjective form, "I love, I suffer, I am delighted," etc., do not believe him if his shoulder remains in a normal attitude.—DELSARTE.

more betoken, they said it was drink, but my father says it wasn't; 'for,' says he, 'after he tuk eight tumblers comfortable, I mixed the ninth, and the captain waved his hand this way, as much as to say he'd have no more. Is it that ye mean,' says my father, and the captain nodded. 'Musha, but it's sorry I am,' says my father, 'to see you this way, for ye must be bad entirely to leave off in the beginning of the evening.' And thrue for him, the captain was dead in the morning.

"A sorrowful day it was for my father, when he died; it was the finest place in the world; little to do; plenty of divarsion; and a kind man he was. Well, when the captain was buried, my father hoped they'd be for letting him away; but they ordered him into the ranks to be drilled just like the recruits they took the day before.

"'Musha, isn't this hard,' says my father; 'here I am an ould vitrin that ought to be discharged on a pension, obliged to go capering about practicing the goose step, or some other nonsense not becoming my age nor my habits;' but so it was. Well, this went on for some time, and, sure, if they were hard on my father, hadn't he his revenge? for he nigh broke their hearts with his stupidity; oh! nothing in life could equal him; devil a thing, no matter how easy, he could learn at all, and, so far from caring for being in confinement, it was that he liked best. Every sergeant in the regiment had a trial of him, but all to no good, and he seemed striving so hard to learn all the while, that they were loath to punish him, the ould rogue!

"Well, one day news came that a body of the rebels, as they called them, was coming down to storm the

The artistic idea within must form the outward expression, but that idea seems in genius to be unconscious; you cannot mentally plan it at the moment of its execution.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

town. The whole regiment was, of course, under arms, and great preparations were made for a battle; patrols were ordered to scour the roads, and sentries posted everywhere, to give warning when the boys came in sight, and my father was placed at the bridge of Drumsnag, in the wildest and bleakest part of the whole country.

"'This is pleasant,' says my father, as soon as they left him there alone by himself, with no human crayture to speak to, nor refreshment within ten miles of him; 'cowld comfort,' says he, 'on a winter's day, and faix but I've a mind to give ye the slip.'

"Well, he put his gun down, and he lit his pipe, and he sat down under an ould tree and began to ruminate upon his affairs.

"'Oh, then, it's wishing it well I am,' says he, 'for sodgering; and, bad luck to the hammer that struck the shilling that listed me, that's all,' for he was mighty low in his heart.

"Just then a noise came rattling down near him; and before he could get on his legs, down came the general, ould Cohoon, with an orderly after him.

"'Who goes there?' says my father.

"'The round,' says the general, looking about to see where was the sentry, for my father was snug under the tree.

"'What round?' says my father.

"'The grand round,' says the general, more puzzled than afore.

"'Pass on, grand round, and God save you kindly,' says my father, putting his pipe in his mouth again, for he thought all was over.

Æsthetics is the science of the sensitive and passional manifestations which are the object of art, and whose psychic form it constitutes.—DELSARTE.

"'Where are you?' says the general; for sorra bit of my father could he see yet.

"'It's here I am,' says he, 'and a cowld place I have of it; and av it wasn't for the pipe I'd be lost entirely.'

"The words wasn't well out of his mouth, when the general began laughing till ye'd think he'd fall off his horse.

"'Yer a droll sentry,' says the general as soon he could speak.

"'Be gorra, it's little fun there's left in me,' says my father, 'with this drilling, and parading, and blagaarding about the roads all night.'

"'And is this the way you salute your officer?' says the general.

"'Just so,' says my father; 'devil a more politeness ever they taught me.'

"'What regiment do you belong to?' says the general.

"'The North Cork, bad luck to them,' says my father, with a sigh.

"'They ought to be proud of ye,' says the general.

"'I'm sorry for it,' says my father, sorrowfully, 'for maybe they'll keep me the longer.'

"'Well, my good fellow,' says the general, 'let me teach you something before I go. Whenever your officer passes, it's your duty to present arms to him.'

"'Arrah, it's jokin' ye are,' says my father.

"'No, I'm in earnest,' says he, 'as ye might learn to your cost, if I brought you to a court-martial.'

"'Well, there's no knowing,' says my father, 'what they'd be up to; but sure if that's all, I'll do it with all

Delsarte achieved perfect triumph by abolishing self, and always resuscitating alive in its pure integrity the very truth of the characters he essayed.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

"the veins of my heart" whenever yer coming this way again.'

"The general began to laugh again here, but said:

"'I'm coming back in the evening,' says he, 'and mind you don't forget your respect to your officer.'

"'Never fear, sir,' says my father; 'and many thanks to you for telling me.'

"The night was falling fast, and my father began to think they were forgetting him entirely. He looked one way, and he looked another, but sorra bit of a sergeant's guard was coming to relieve him. 'I'll give you a quarter of an hour more,' says my father, 'till the light leaves that rock up there; after that,' says he, 'by the mass! I'll be off, cost me what it may.'

"Well, his courage was not needed this time; for what did he see at the same moment but a shadow of something coming down the road; he looked again, and made out the general followed by the orderly. My father immediately took up his musket off the wall, settled his belts, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and put it into his pocket, making himself as smart and neat-looking as he could be, determining, when ould Cohoon came up, to ask him for leave to go home, at least for the night. So he up with his musket to his shoulder, and presented it straight at the general. It wasn't well there, when the officer pulled up his horse quite short, and shouted out, 'Sentry—sentry!'

"'Anan!' says my father, still covering him.

"'Down with your musket, you rascal; don't you see it's the grand round.'

"'To be sure I do,' says my father, never changing for a minute.

Nothing is so unfamiliar to man as himself.—DELSARTE.

"'The ruffian will shoot me,' says the general.

"'Devil a fear,' says my father, 'av it doesn't go off of itself.'

"'What do you mean by that, you villain?' says the general, scarce able to speak with fright, for every turn he gave on his horse my father followed with the gun—'What do you mean?'

"'Sure, aint I presenting,' says my father; 'blood an' ages, do you want me to fire next?'

"With that the general drew a pistol from his holster, and took deliberate aim at my father; and there they both stood for five minutes, looking at each other, the orderly, all the while, breaking his heart laughing behind a rock; for, ye see, the general knew av he retreated that my father might fire on purpose, and av he came on that he might fire by chance; and sorra bit he knew what was best to be done.

"'Are ye going to pass the evening up there, grand round?' says my father, 'for it's tired I'm getting houldin' this so long.'

"'Port arms,' shouts the general, as if on parade.

"'Sure, I can't, till yer passed,' says my father, angrily, 'and my hand's trembling already.'

"'By heavens! I shall be shot,' says the general.

"'Be gorra, it's what I'm afraid of,' says my father; and the words wasn't out of his mouth before off went the musket bang, and down fell the general smack on the ground, senseless. Well, the orderly ran out at this, and took him up and examined his wound; but it wasn't a wound at all, only the wadding of the gun, for my father—God be kind to him—ye see, could do nothing right, and so he bit off the wrong end of

The affect precedes and determines the effect.—MOSES TRUE BROWN.

the cartridge when he put it in the gun, and by reason there was no bullet in it! Well, from that day after they never got sight of him, for the instant the general dropped, he ran away; and what between living in a lime-kiln for two months, eating nothing but blackberries and sloes, and other disguises, he never returned to the army, but ever after tuk to a civil situation, and driv a hearse for many years."

VOICES OF THE WILDWOOD.

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

[To recite this poem well a certain airiness, lightness, and spontaneity is required. There must be no conventional "ha! ha!" in the laughter, but rather a gleeful, childish chuckle. The "voices" are half sung, half spoken. The first one, the meadow-lark, is especially queer in its notes, being sort of slurred into each other. For this reason, it is a little difficult; and yet, because of its originality and simplicity of sentiment, very taking with an audience.]

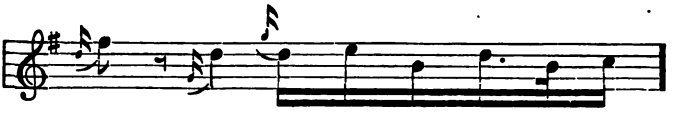
AS I was wandering through a wood,
All dark and dense and wild,
I came upon a palace wall,
And found myself beguiled
By the bubbling notes of innocence—
The laughter of a child.

Safe was she within her world,
And I was just outside;
To me she seemed a fairy child,
It cannot be denied,
For she was calling flocks of birds
That came from far and wide.

One can only appreciate the importance of an act when he takes into account the nature of its agents.—DELSARTE.

A merry, trilling cry
  Came o'er the palace wall;
"Ah! ha! ha! here am I!
  Why, don't you hear me call?
Come froggy, birdlings, squirrel, too!
Don't you hear me calling you?

"Ah! ha! ha! come this way,
  You darlings, every one,
I'm broken-hearted quite to-day,
  The clouds are o'er the sun."
Then rose a sudden sound of glee,



"Sweet? Well! what do you think of me?
[*Imitation of meadow-lark, half spoken, half sung.*]

"Oh! meadow-lark, you darling dear!
  You're always first to speak;
Come rest upon my shoulder, here,
  And press against my cheek."
And then she sang most merrily,
"*Sweet? Well! what do you think of me?*"
[*Same notes as before.*]

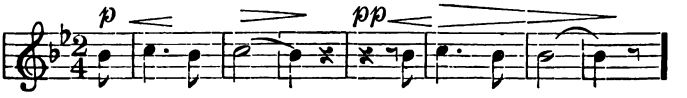
"Old froggy, down there wet and cool,
  Now what have you to say?
Are you happy in your pool,
  And how do you feel to-day?"
The frog his sweetest tune now tried,
But "*Ugly! ugly! ugly!*" hoarse he cried.

What we produce is merely the form of what exists in our minds.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

"I'm sorry!" then responded she,
Yet laughing at the jest,
"Oh! faithful wood-dove, answer me!
Whom do you love the best?"
The bird puffed out his purple sheen,
And cooed, "*My que-en! my que-en! my que-en!*"

"You frisky squirrel on the wall,
Have you no message, say?
Some message from the tree-tops tall,
To lonesome Deirdrè?"
The squirrel sat with tail upcurled,
"*Come up! come up! come up and see the world!*"

"Oh! tiny bird* with nodding head,
What fate is waiting me?
Shall my true love and I be wed?
Oh! what is fate's decree?"
The brown bird moaned as he sang above,



"*Farewell, my love, --- Farewell, my love ---*"

I turned away, I had no choice;
For I could not bear to stay
And hear the sobs of that childish voice,
The child in her sad dismay.
And the brown bird moaned in the tree above,
"*Farewell, my love! Farewell, my love!*"
[*Same notes as before.*]

* A tiny species of fly-catcher found in the Sierras.

Semeiotics is the science of the organic signs by which æsthetics must study inherent fitness.—DELSARTE.

TEN ROBBER TOES.

LILLIE E. BARR.

THERE is a story that I have been told,
And it's just as old as babies are old,
For sweet Mother Eve, as everyone knows,
Told her babies the tale of the toes.

Told to her babies how ten little toes,
Each one as pink as the pinkest pink rose,
Once on a time were naughty and bad;
And sorrow and trouble in consequence had.

How this big toe wanted butter and bread,
After his mamma had put him to bed;
And this lying next said: "S'posen we go
Down to the pantry and get it, you know."

And this wicked toe cried, "Come along, quick;
Let's sugar the butter ever so thick."
And this naughty toe cried: "Jelly for me
Top of the butter and bread, you see."

And this little toe cried: "Goody, let's go,
We'll slip down the stairs so quiet and slow."
So ten robber toes, all tipped with red,
Stole silently out of their snowy white bed.

While this wicked toe, so jolly and fat,
Helped nine naughty toes to pitty-pat-pat
Along the big hall, with pillars of white,
And down the back stairs devoid of light.

By gesture, play of countenance, and tone of voice, we can tell what a man thinks, feels, or wills; but by his physiognomy and the automatic movements of his body, we can tell what he is.—T. M. BALLIET.

Then this little toe got a terrible scare,
For he thought in the dark of a grizzly bear.
And this little toe said: "Nurse must be right
That goblins and witches are living at night."

And this little toe said: "A fox may be hid
In the hat-rack box right under the lid."
And this little toe cried: "Dearie me, oh!
Lions and tigers is coming, I know."

Then mamma came out with the beautiful light.
Caught ten robber toes all ready for flight,
Yes, she caught and she kissed those ten robber toes,
Till redder they were than any red rose.

HER LOVERS.

MY first, my very first, his name was Will—
A handsome fellow, fair, with curly hair
And lovely eyes; I have his locket still.
He went to Galveston and settled there,
Or so I heard; oh, dear me! dear me!
How terribly in love he used to be.

My second, Robert Hill, he told his love
The first time that we met—'twas at a ball;
A foolish fellow—he carried off my glove.
We sat out half the dances in the hall,

The artist, deprived of the knowledge of a criterion which governs his art, and to which he should submit all his work, can never be more than the servile and blind copyist of works produced in a former and more enlightened epoch.—DELSARTE.

And flirted in a most outrageous way.
Ah me! how mother scolded all next day.

The third woke up my heart. From night till morn
  And morn till night I dreamed alone of him.
I treasured up a rosebud he had worn,
  And my tears and kisses made his picture dim.
Strange that I can feel that old, old pain,
When I remember Paul,—that was his name.

My fourth and fifth were brothers, twins at that.
  Good fellows, kind and clever, too.
It was rather shabby to refuse them flat,
  Both in one day, but what else could I do?
My heart was still with Paul, and he had gone
Yacht-sailing with the Misses Garretson.

He never cared for me, I found that out,
  Despite the foolish clinging of my hope;
'Twas proved to me, ere long, beyond a doubt.
  I steeled my heart. I would not fret nor mope,
But masked myself in gayety and went
To grace his wedding when the cards were sent.

So these were all my loves. My husband? Oh,
  I met him down in Florida, one fall,
Rich, middle-aged, and prosy, as you know.
  He proposed, and I accepted; that was all.
A kind, good soul, he worships me; but, then,
I never count him in with the other men.

Gesture is not the accompaniment of speech. It must express the idea better and in another way, else it will be only a pleonasm, an after conception of bad taste, a hindrance rather than an aid to intelligible expression.—DELAUMOSNE.

STANZAS TO ETERNITY.

TRANSLATED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

[The following poem is really intended for a song, and Delsarte composed a quaint melody for it. It is republished for the first time here, and is suitable for a recitation. Mme. Arnaud speaks of the attention attracted by Darcier by his rendering of these "Stanzas to Eternity." The picture accompanying this poem is a fac-simile of the engraving on the title-page of the music, and represents the scene in Delsarte's life where he had just buried his brother, and was overcome by cold and hunger. While in this fainting condition he had a dream in which angels revealed to him his life-work.—EDITOR.]

O MAN who art nursed by blind fortune,
And thinkest forever its joys to possess!
The cries of the wretched importune,
Thy heart is close shut to their tales of distress.

CHORUS.

Rich, heedless one, go; for thy heart is of stone;
Sweet charity's promptings thou never hast known.
But pause and reflect—all on earth fades away,
Eternity comes; oh, think well whilst thou may.

When gayly thou'rt dancing, look yonder;
For stealing away in the lamps' brilliant light
A man old and ragged—oh, ponder,—
Is starving and cold, a most pitiful sight!

That child o'er his mother's grave bending,
And off'ring all shiv'ring his thin hands for alms,
At dawn will to heaven be ascending,
Thy fingers drop naught in his cold, trembling palms.

Art is not, as is said, an imitation of nature. It elevates in idealizing her; it is the synthetic rapport of the scattered beauties of nature to a superior and definite type.—DELSARTE.

Like him from great Nature proceeding
All naked, in spite of thy poor, foolish pride;
The tomb, toward which all life is leading,
Will gather thy dust to his now despised side.

The shade, that exquisite portion of art which is rather felt than expressed, is the characteristic sign of the perfection of talent; it forms a part of the personality of the artist.—ARNAUD.

ABSOLUTION.

E. NESBIT. ARRANGED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

THREE months had passed since she had knelt before
  The grate of the confessional, and he,
The priest, had wondered why she came no more
  To tell her sinless sins—the vanity
Whose valid reason graced her simple dress,
  The prayers forgotten, or the untold beads—
  The little thoughtless words, the slight misdeeds,
Which made the sum of her unrighteousness.

She was the fairest maiden in his fold,
  With her sweet mouth and musical pure voice,
Her deep gray eyes, her hair's tempestuous gold,
  Her gracious, graceful figure's perfect poise.
Her happy laugh, her wild, unconscious grace,
  Her gentle ways to old, or sick, or sad,
  The comprehending sympathy she had,
Had made of her the idol of the place.

And when she grew so silent and so sad,
  So thin and quiet, pale and hollow-eyed,
And cared no more to laugh and to be glad
  With other maidens by the waterside,
All wondered; kindly grieved the elders were,
  And some few girls went whispering about,
  "She loves—who is it? Let us find it out!"
But never dared to speak of it to her.

Science elevates man by subjecting to him the things of this world. Art supernaturalizes those things by identifying him with them.—DELSARTE.

AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS.

ACHILLES ROBBED OF BRISEIS.

But the priest's duty bade him seek her out
  And say, "My child, why dost thou sit apart?
Hast thou some grief? Hast thou some secret doubt?
  Come and unfold to me thine inmost heart.
God's absolution can assuage all grief
  And all remorse and woe beneath the sun.
  Whatever thou hast said, or thought, or done,
The holy church can give thy soul relief."

He stood beside her, young and strong, and swayed
  With pity for the sorrow in her eyes,
Which, as she raised them to his own, conveyed
  Into his soul a sort of sad surprise.
She answered, "I will come;" and so at last
  Out of the summer evening's crimson glow,
  With heart reluctant and with footsteps slow,
Into the cool, great, empty church she passed.

"By my own fault, my own most grievous fault,
  I cannot say, for it is not," she said,
Kneeling within the gray stone chapel's vault,
  And on the ledge her golden hair was spread.
"Love broke upon me in a dream; it came
  Without beginning, for to me it seemed
  That never otherwise than as I dreamed
Through all my life this thing had been the same.

"I only knew my heart, entire, complete,
  Was given to my other self, my love;
That I through all the world would gladly move
  So I might follow his adorèd feet.
I dreamed I had all earth, all time, all space,

Almost all sinuousness depends on the easy control of the muscles at the waist.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

And every blessing, human and divine;
But hated the possessions that were mine,
And only cared for his belovèd face.

"I never knew I loved him till that dream
Drew from my eyes the veil, and left me wise.
What I had thought was reverence grew to seem
Only my lifelong love in thin disguise.
And in my dream it looked so sinless, too,
So beautiful, harmonious, and right;
The vision faded with the morning light,
The love will last as long as I shall do."

"Child, have you prayed against it?" "Have I prayed?
Have I not clogged my very soul with prayer;
Stopped up my ears with sound of praying; made
My very body faint with kneeling there
Before the sculptured Christ, and all for this,
That when my lips can pray no more, and sleep
Shuts my unwilling eyes, my love will leap
To dreamland's bounds, to meet me with his kiss!

"Avoid him? Ay, in dewy garden walk
How often have I strayed, avoiding him,
And heard his voice mix with the common talk,
Yet never turned his way. My eyes grow dim
With weeping over what I lose by day
And find by night, yet never have to call
My own. O God! is there no help at all—
No hope, no chance, and no escapeful way?"

"And who is he to whom thy love is given?"
"What? Holy church demands to know his name?

It is by means of art that the artist transforms and animates inorganic bodies, in stamping upon them the character of his life, his soul, and his mind.—DELSARTE.

No rest for me on earth, no hope of heaven
  Unless I tell it? Ah, for very shame
I cannot—yet why not?—I will—I can!
  I have grown mad with brooding on my curse.
  Here! Take the name; no better and no worse
My case will be. Father, thou art the man!"

An icy shock shivered through all his frame—
  An overwhelming, cold astonishment;
But on the instant the revulsion came,
  His blood felt what her revelation meant.
"Lord Christ," his soul cried, while his heart beat fast,
  "Give strength in this, my hour of utmost need;"
  And with the prayer strength came to him indeed,
And with calm voice he answered her at last:

"Child, go in peace! Wrestle and watch and pray,
  And I will spend this night in prayer for thee,
That God will take thy strange great grief away.
  Thou hast confessed thy sin. *Absolvo te.*"
Silence most absolute a little while,
  Then passed the whisper of her trailing gown
  Over the knee-wòrn stones, and soft died down
The dim, deserted, incense-memoried aisle.

All night he lay upon the chancel floor,
  And coined his heart in tears and prayers, and new,
Strange longings he had never known before,
  Her very memory so thrilled him through.
He lay so tempest-tossed, 'twas still without,
  And moaned: "Oh, God! I love her, love her so!
  Oh, for one spark of heaven's fire to show
Some way to cast this devil's passion out!

It is no longer man as type of a class or member of a monarchy, but man as an independent individual, whose art is in process of conception.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

"Christ, by Thy passion, by Thy death for men,
  Oh, save me from myself, save her from me!"
And at the word the moon came out again
  From her cloud-palace, and threw suddenly
A shadow from the great cross overhead
  Upon the priest; and with it came a sense
  Of strength renewed, of perfect confidence
In Him who on that cross for men hung dead.

But as the ghostly moon began to fade,
  And moonlight glimmered into ghostlier dawn,
The shadow that the crucifix had made
  With twilight mixed; and with it seemed withdrawn
The peace that with its shadowy shape began,
  And as the dim east brightened, slowly ceased
  The wild devotion that had filled the priest—
And with full sunlight he sprang up—a man!

He strode straight down the church and passed along
  The grave-set garden's dewy grass-grown slope;
The woods about were musical with song,
  The world was bright with youth, and love, and hope.
Soon would he see her—cry, "I am thine own,
  As thou art mine, now, and forevermore!"
  And at her worshipped feet would kneel before,
And she should kiss the lips that had not known

The kiss of love in any vanished year.
  And as he dreamed of his secured delight,
A mourning band, and in their midst a bier,
  Round the curved road came slowly into sight.
He hastened to pass on; a covering-fold
  Veiled the dead, quiet face—and yet—and yet—

One of two things is necessary in art: either that the divine work to be contemplated shall be abased to the level of man; or that he elevate himself to its height.—DELSARTE.

Did he not know that hand, so white and wet?
Did he not know those dripping curls of gold?

"We came to you to know what we should do,
Father: we found her body in the stream,
And how it happed, God knows!" One other knew—
Knew that of him had been her last wild dream—
Knew the full reason of that life-disdain—
Knew how the shame of hopeless love confessed
And unreturned had seemed to stain her breast,
Till only death should make her clean again.

They left her in the church where sunbeams bright
Gilded the wreathèd oak and carven stone
With golden floods of consecrating light;
And here at last, together and alone,
The lovers met, and here upon her hair
He set his lips, and, dry-eyed, kissed her face,
And in the stillness of the holy place
He spoke in tones of bitter, blank despair:

"Oh, lips so quiet, eyes that will not see!
Oh, clinging hands that not again will cling!
This last poor sin may well be pardoned thee,
Since for the right's sake thou hast done this thing.
Oh, poor weak heart, forever laid to rest,
That could no longer strive against its fate,
For thee high heaven will unbar its gate,
And thou shalt enter in and shalt be blessed.

"The chances were the same for us," he said,
"Yet thou hast won, and I have lost, the whole;
Thou would'st not live in sin, and thou art dead—

When the being contemplates, or is filled with the majesty and power of a great cause, as a love of liberty, or of loyalty to conscience and duty, or of obedience to God, all the agents of expression stand in poise or equilibrium.—
MOSES TRUE BROWN.

But I—against thee I have weighed my soul,
And, losing thee, have lost my soul as well.
I have cursed God, and trampled on His cross;
Earth has no measurement for all my loss,
But I shall learn to measure it in hell!"

LADIES OF ATHENS.

MRS. M. A. LIPSCOMB.

SCENE.—*Home of Xanthippe, wife of Socrates.*

CHARACTERS.

Xanthippe.....Wife of Socrates.
Aspasia.....Wife of Pericles.
Sappho.....Poetess.
Philesia.....Wife of Xenophon.
Pythias.....Wife of Aristotle.
Cleobula.....Sister of Demosthenes.
Damophila.....Wife of Damophilus and rival of Sappho.
Nicostrata.....Wife of Sophocles.

COSTUMES.

[The costumes are all Greek, with variations of draping and color. Xanthippe's dress should be slightly shabby. Statuary against a crimson curtain forms the background of the scene. Young ladies and children draped and mounted on pedestals, singly or in groups, for the statues.]

XANTHIPPE. Life is an absolute burden, and I am wearied with it. Here I am shut up within these four walls, robbed of the luxuries that my friends enjoy, with barely enough comforts to keep body and soul together, while Socrates, my husband, shiftless wretch that he is, wanders about the streets of Athens prating of justice and injustice, truth and falsehood, poverty and wealth, and so long as he can find listeners to his wild philosophies he cares not how fares it with me at

The artist should first know what he ought to seek in the subject; and, secondly, know where to find what he seeks. He must have, in the first place, the faithful signal of the sought-for thing; in the second place, the means of surely finding it.—DELSARTE.

home. For months I haven't had a single drachma of his earnings; and for a whole year one mina is all that he has given to our support, and that was not the fruit of his own labor, but sent him by a generous friend! And yet we must be fed. "Not live to eat," he would say, but "eat to live." To-day he will come home and expect to find the pot boiling and enjoy his savory soup and well-cooked barley bread; and if I perchance utter a single word of complaint, I am called a scold, a termagant, and told that Socrates married Xanthippe in order that she might discipline his temper! Oh, if I could only make him angry for once, how happy, how supremely happy I should be!

[*Enter* ASPASIA.]

XAN. Why, good-morrow! you are most welcome. How fares it with you and your lord to-day, and wherefore this pleasure you have bestowed on me?

ASPASIA. I have come to praise your husband. Know you not that while you sit quietly here at home, Athens is fairly wild about him? As I passed by the market-place I beheld a vast concourse of people. Men were fairly pushing each other aside in their eagerness to hear. I asked what had brought the people together, and was told more than once that it was to listen to Socrates's teachings. As for Pericles, my husband, I but rarely see him now. Once I could interest him on the subject of oratory, and we often read and studied together; but now he thinks there is no wisdom except what proceeds from the mind of Socrates.

XAN. Oh, Aspasia, it frets me to hear of this. If Pericles would only teach Socrates that women and

True passion, which never errs, has no need of recurring to the study of what function nature has assigned to the eye, the nose, the mouth, in the expression of certain emotions of the soul; but they are indispensable to the feigned passion of the actor.—A. GUEROULT.

children cannot dine or sup off philosophy, he would prove himself a benefactor as well as a teacher.

ASP. But, Xanthippe, are you not proud of his fame? Plato fairly worships him. He likens him to the masks of Silenus which may be seen sitting in the statuaries and shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; but they are made to open, and inside of them are images of gods.

XAN. Aspasia, no; I am not proud of a husband who goes about the market-place in one garment, barefooted and bareheaded; who teaches that self-denial is the sublimest virtue, and that poverty is the greatest blessing. If you would be happy, keep Pericles away from him.

ASP. Plato thinks him a more wonderful flute-player than Marsyas; for Socrates, he says, moves the souls of men simply with his voice without the aid of instrument, and he swears that he could grow old sitting at your husband's feet. He says, too, that Socrates is the only man that he ever envied, and who has ever made him ashamed of himself.

XAN. Plato knows not whereof he speaks. Would to Zeus he were a woman and had married Socrates! But here comes Sappho. [*Enter* SAPPHO.] Welcome, sweet poetess! Violets crown Sappho! Your presence always gladdens my heart and brings sunshine to my home.

ASP. Good-morrow, friend; I find Xanthippe in too practical a mood to-day to enjoy hearing her husband praised. She thinks she would love him better if he had a little less wisdom and philosophy and a little more fish and fowl for dinner.

SAPPHO. Fie, Xanthippe! Would you have your

As a knowledge of the parts of speech is not enough to make a writer, so exercises practiced mechanically with a view to the management of sound can never produce artists.—DELSARTE.

husband a fishmonger, a butcher, or a baker? He who feeds the body is no more than these. He who feeds the mind is best worthy of our thanks. Your husband is something above the common herd. "He walks in air and contemplates the sun."

XAN. Sweet, smiling Sappho, that will not do for a man of earth. High-soaring thoughts and words of wisdom will never be taken in exchange for bakers' and butchers' bills. Sappho, never marry a philosopher.

SAP. Xanthippe, you do not value your husband as you should. Philosophers are kings, and should have crowns and be enthroned. The only hope that we have for our state is to encourage learning and crush out ignorance. Let Socrates teach the people, for wisdom hangs upon his lips, the light of knowledge is in his eye, and he alone is able to draw all men after him.

ASP. Well spoken, pure Sappho, for none can be compared to the noble Socrates. He has learned the greatest, the hardest lesson of life—how to rule himself. Had he given to Athenian youths but one precept, that of "Know thyself," he would be as immortal as the gods themselves.

XAN. Will you ladies dine with me? Perhaps you will change your views to-morrow. But pardon, I see yonder Damophila and Nicostrata. [*Enter* DAMOPHILA *and* NICOSTRATA.] Welcome, fair ladies; Xanthippe can offer but small cheer to her friends, but always a most gracious welcome. You know these friends? [*introduces them*] Aspasia, the wife of our noble Pericles, and Sappho, our violet-crowned poetess.

[DAMOPHILA *sees* SAPPHO *and shows evident signs of jealousy.*]

The body is but the manifestation of the soul. It is the form under which the soul projects itself, as it were, into space and time, the medium through which it communicates with the material world and with other souls like itself.—T. M. BALLIET.

DAMOPHILA. Our visit to-day was to Xanthippe, wife of the illustrious Socrates. Damophilus, my husband, bade me tell you that his, nay, all philosophy, is but vain when compared to what is taught by the noble Socrates.

NICOSTRATA. Xanthippe, how blessed you are in being the wife of such a man. I would give half my life to enjoy the honor that is yours to-day.

DAM. You do give voice to my own thoughts, Nicostrata. Damophilus and Sophocles say they feel they are but babes in knowledge when they contemplate all that your husband has accomplished; and as for myself, I am filled with contempt for my own weak verses and think them but the product of inanity.

SAP. [*aside with sarcasm*]. True sentences and well pronounced.

DAM. Madam, your opinion was not asked. Vouchsafe to give it when it is wanted. It ill becomes one who writes no better than a rhymester to speak in criticising terms of others.

SAP. I but re-echoed your own sentiments. You gave birth to the thought, not I.

DAM. Madam, you were only too glad of an opportunity to insult me; and were it not for the respect I hold for Xanthippe, our hostess, with a woman's weapon I would lash you until you were sorry that you had spoken.

NIC. Sweet ladies, I beg, I entreat that you do curb these wild passions. Xanthippe will be sorry that we have come if we make her house a scene of loud talking and jealous brawl.

DAM. I had forgot. Pardon me, Xanthippe; passion

is like a stagnant pool—only stir it up and it gives forth odors vile and dank. Nicostrata and I came hither to-day expecting to find no one but yourself (the gentle Aspasia is always welcome). We have come to praise your husband and hear him praised. We have brought with us, too, the wonderful riddle of the Sphinx that is now puzzling the minds of all wise Athenians.

XAN. Tell it me, for Socrates tells me nothing. He says that husbands should instruct their wives in all they wish them to know; he gives me no instruction, and, therefore, he wishes me to know nothing.

NIC. Sophocles, my husband, bade me give the riddle to you, Xanthippe, and ask that Socrates would find the answer. He has made King Œdipus, in his wonderful tragedy, give an answer both proper and true; but he wishes to have Socrates find a solution, which Sophocles knows will be fraught with cleverness and wisdom.

DAM. Nicostrata, Socrates has said that the talent of women is quite equal to that of men; that there is no inequality except the inequality of strength. Suppose, then, you give the riddle to us; and should any of us solve it, you can take our answer back to Sophocles, so that he may know that Socrates is right when he says that the "ladies of Athens have brain as well as beauty."

NIC. Well, as you will; it may serve for entertainment to Xanthippe and her friends. Listen: "There lives upon the earth a being, two-footed; yea, and with four feet; yea, and with three feet, too, yet his voice continues unchanging. And lo! of all things that move in earth, in heaven, or in ocean, he only changes his nature, and yet when on most feet he walketh, then is

Gesture is the direct agent of the heart, the interpreter of speech. It is elliptical discourse.—DELAUMOSNE.

the speed of his limbs most weak and utterly powerless."

[*All assume a thoughtful attitude; finally* ASPASIA *speaks.*]

ASP. I never solved a riddle in all my life; they make my head ache.

SAP. Methinks this wonderful creature must be our neighbor dog, for he once walked upon four feet, now walks upon three, and daytime and night-time his voice is ever unchanging.

XAN. Well answered, Sappho; you must be sleepless o' nights, and doubtless think the bark of a dog more terrific than his bite.

SAP. In truth I do. Xanthippe, that dog has well nigh crushed all the poetry out of my nature, and made me half wish that I had been born deaf.

NIC. Come, ladies, the riddle is yet unsolved. "There lives upon the earth a being, two-footed; yea, and with four feet; yea, and with three feet, too, yet his voice continues unchanging. And lo! of all things that move in earth, in heaven, or in ocean, he only changes his nature, and yet when on most feet he walketh, then is the speed of his limbs most weak and utterly powerless."

DAM. I have it: Man it is thou hast described, who, when on earth he appeareth, first as a babe on hands and knees, four-footed, creeps on his way; then when old age cometh on and the burden of years weighs full heavy, bending his shoulders and neck, as a third foot uses his staff.

[*All clap hands and cry "Bravo! bravo!" except* SAPPHO.]

SAP. Her answer is a man, of course.

Gesture is parallel to the impression received; it is therefore always anterior to speech, which is but a reflected and subordinate expression.—DELSARTE.

NIC. Damophila, you have solved the Sphinx's riddle. When I take your answer home, Socrates will be compelled to own that the wife of one of Athens' wisest philosophers is wiser than her husband. Know you not, ladies, that yesterday at a symposium at our house Sophocles gave the Sphinx riddle to a party of friends, and not one of them could divine a meaning in it?

DAM. Had the answer been a woman they had not been so dull. But, Xanthippe, when your husband returns give it him. His thoughts travel beyond other men's thoughts, and he may find a deeper meaning than I have given to the riddle.

XAN. Here comes Philesia. She too, perhaps, comes to tell me of some new trick of my husband whereby he may catch the people. [*Enter* PHILESIA.] Good-morrow, Philesia.

PHILESIA. Good-morrow, ladies all. You wonder, Xanthippe, what has brought me hither at this hour of the day. My dinner is cooked to a crisp, and I am as hungry as a wolf. I was wearied with watching and waiting for my husband, and I wandered out on the street to know wherefore he did not come. As I passed the market-place I beheld a vast concourse of people, and I knew my husband, must be there. I concealed myself as near the people as I dared, where I could see and be unseen, and this is what I saw and what I heard. Socrates, your husband, bareheaded, barefooted, was mounted on a rude platform in earnest discourse; the people were so eager to drink in what he said, that they did not note anything that was passing in the street. I saw Xenophon seated at the feet of Socrates, busily writing all that he said. I was afraid to linger, but I

The essential point is to get back to the truth, to express the passions and emotions as nature manifests them, and not to repeat mechanically a series of conventional proceedings which are violations of the natural law.—ARNAUD.

heard Socrates say: "We have two ears and one mouth, that we may hear much and talk little."

XAN. Oh, would that he practiced all of his precepts! Philesia, if Xenophon would only encourage Socrates to go back to his trade and give up preaching and teaching, he should have Xanthippe's heart's best blessing.

PHIL. But, Xanthippe, your husband's talent lies not in sculpture. He was born a philosopher; and would you cheat the age of his golden thoughts for the few paltry drachmas that he might earn by following his trade?

XAN. Philesia, golden thoughts do not satisfy hunger.

SAP. Come, come, Xanthippe, you should be proud to feed the philosopher who feeds the world.

XAN. A man's home should be his world. He who provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel.

ASP. Tut, tut, Xanthippe; it grieves me to hear you talk thus. Come and dine with us to-morrow and hear your husband praised. These ladies, too, I hope will honor me. Plato, Pericles, and Xenophon shall all be there; and when you shall have heard them extol your husband's virtues, you will feel proud to be called wife by the foremost man in all Greece. Will you come?

XAN. I cannot; it shames me to say that I have no gown other than the one I wear.

ASP. Then Socrates will honor us by his presence?

XAN. He shall not; his clothing is no better than a beggar's.

[*Enter* PYTHIAS, *wife of Aristotle.*]

XAN. Why, here comes Pythias! She, too, has brought me tidings of my crazy husband.

The artist should have three objects: To move, to interest, to persuade. He interests by language; he moves by thought; he moves, interests, and persuades by gesture.—DELSARTE.

PYTHIAS. Not crazy, Xanthippe, but absolutely unlike any other human being that is or ever has been. You may imagine Brasidas to have been like Achilles, but to your strange husband you will never be able to find any likeness, however remote, either among men who now are or who have ever been. I heard my husband, Aristotle, say of him, and he is no mean philosopher himself, that the words of Socrates seem ridiculous when you first hear them, for he clothes himself in language that is as the wanton satyr. He talks of smiths, cobblers, and curriers, and he is always repeating the same things in the same words, so that an ignorant man who did not know him might be disposed to laugh at him.

XAN. Pythias, Socrates *is* crazy; and when you go home, tell Aristotle that Xanthippe, his wife, says she wishes he would blister Socrates' head !

PY. Fie, fie, Xanthippe! how wrong you are. You are out of patience with your husband, and, like the garbling multitude, see only the outer man. Plato says he who pierces the mask and sees what lies within will find that Socrates' words are the only ones which have any meaning in them; that his wisdom is divine.

XAN. O, Pythias ! if Socrates would think less and work more I should like him far better as a husband. Do you ladies know that he has not been home since yester morn at breakfast? I am told that he stood all night on the market-place thinking over some problem concerning the life of the soul after the death of the body; and to-day he is still standing there prating his wild theories to a crowd of listening fools.

You cannot in an instant prepare the human body for the translation, through that grand interpreter, art, of the best possibilities of the soul. There is too much imperfection in our nature.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

[*Enter* CLEOBULA, *the sister of Demosthenes, bearing a beautiful basket of fruit.*]

CLEOBULA. Good-morrow, Xanthippe. Demosthenes, my brother, has just returned from the market-place, where he has stood all night watching your husband, deep in thought, waiting to hear him speak. He says that the streets were filled with people all night long; that they brought their mats and rugs and spread them upon the ground, and that not an eye was closed or an ear deaf during the whole night. Socrates stood silent, deep in thought. To-day light seems to have come to him, and he has been talking for hours. He has told such a beautiful story about a life beyond the grave; of this spirit, this soul that is within us, that shall never die. Demosthenes says that Athens has gone mad over Socrates; that his doctrines are so new, so beautiful, so comforting, that if he but command the people, they would fall down and worship him as a god.

XAN. Tell Demosthenes Xanthippe says, make Socrates go to work. This is the message from his starving wife.

CLE. I dare not go home with such a message. See here, he has sent this basket of fruit. When he gave it me he said: "Take you this to Xanthippe; hasten, sister mine, to bear my gratulations to the wisest man in all of Greece." Will you have it?

XAN. Cleobula, I do not take it because I am proud of being the wife of Socrates, but because I am starving and crave the food. Tell him that Demosthenes is a greater benefactor than Socrates, for he feeds the wife whom Socrates would starve in order that Socrates might feed the world.

Form is the garb of substance. It is the expressive symbol of a mysterious truth. It is the trademark of a hidden virtue. It is the actuality of the being. In a word, form is the plastic art of the ideal.—DELSARTE.

CLE. It will not be long, I ween, before your husband will return. The crowd had nearly all dispersed as I passed the market-place. I had one glimpse of Socrates, and he looked worn and famished. He will need refreshment when he returns, and will, no doubt, enjoy some of the fruit I have brought.

XAN. Not a morsel of it shall he have. I will give him broth and barley bread, for that is better than he deserves. Look you, ladies, is not this fruit beautiful and tempting? Methinks if I could only be well fed off cooling fruits like these, I should not have such a hot and hasty temper.

[*Socrates is heard calling out, "Xanthippe! Xanthippe! Xanthippe!"*]

XAN. Hark, was that not my husband's voice?

ASP. His call is weak and faint; answer him, Xanthippe. A good wife regardeth the call of her husband.

[*Socrates calls, "Xanthippe! Xanthippe! Xanthippe!"*]

SAP. Xanthippe, I pray you heed your husband's call.

PHIL. Were it my husband, I should hasten to meet him.

[*Socrates calls, "Xanthippe! Xanthippe! Xanthippe!"*]

PY. I have no husband; but methinks that if I did have one, I should run to meet him before he had occasion to call.

[*Socrates calls, "Xanthippe! Xanthippe! Xanthippe!"*]

ASP. Woman, I pray you go to your husband.

SAP. You are unworthy of such a husband, and the gods should curse you for it.

XAN. Sappho, she who comes between husband and wife treads upon a dangerous sea. I know my duty.

The followers of art should be able, before and above all, to portray humanity in its essential truth, and according to the original tendency of each type. Mannerism and affectation should forever be proscribed—unless they are imitated as an exercise.—ARNAUD.

PHIL. I pray you do it, then.

[*Socrates calls, "Xanthippe! Xanthippe! Xanthippe!"*]

PY. By all that is holy, I pray you answer your husband.

CLE. Go get him food and drink.

[*Socrates calls, "Xanthippe! Xanthippe! Xanthippe!"*]

DAM. Xanthippe, if you are human, go to your husband. Were he a dog and did bark in a piteous way, I should give him food and drink. You are no more than an ingrate to scorn a man whom all Athens is ready to fall down and worship as a god. Were I Socrates, I should never call you wife, for you are a libel on such a sacred name. Woman, go to your husband.

XAN. Who commands Xanthippe? Damophila, you are a guest beneath my roof, or else that speech had been your last.

DAM. Pardon me again, Xanthippe. I, like you, have too hot and hasty a temper. I should have entreated, not commanded. Socrates is your husband; you are bound to him by ties the strongest and holiest; he is weary and sick, and needs your service; I pray you go to him.

[*Socrates calls, "Xanthippe! Xanthippe! Xanthippe!"*]

NIC. Xanthippe, all men are human. Socrates is a man, and therefore he is human. I beg you go to him and minister unto him.

[*Socrates calls, "Xanthippe! Xanthippe! Xanthippe!"*]

XAN. Sir, did you call?

SOCRATES [*behind the scenes, in a weak voice*]. Dearest mine, I am sick and weak; a little soup and barley bread, if you please.

XAN. A little soup and barley bread! I would you

Gesture is the direct agent of the heart. It is the fit manifestation of feeling. It is the revealer of thought, and the commentator upon speech. It is the adjectival expression of speech. It is the justification of the additional meanings of speech. In a word, it is the spirit of which speech is merely the
—DELSARTE.

were not so easily contented. You wretched man of dreams, if you would but turn your thoughts from heaven to earth, your table might be fit for kings. Yes, I'll come. I'll feed you until you are well satisfied and ready to go again to the market-place to spend the night in thinking, thinking, thinking.

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE DOLL DRILL.

ADELAIDE NORRIS.

FOR the best effect in this charming drill, the girls should be chosen of different heights, the tallest pair in the centre, and the tiny ones at both ends. Their ages range between 8 and 12 years. They are dressed in black paper cambric dresses, made plain, with full skirts reaching to within three inches of the floor. The white nurse-apron should be at the same distance from the bottom of the dresses, and tie with strings of the same width. White mull kerchiefs around the shoulders, and white caps, complete the costumes. The dolls wear "baby dresses" of muslin, six inches below their feet. I find this a convenient length for handling; besides, it looks well.

They have no captain, and no one counts for them or calls the changes. A very slow march is best. When all have marked time, the signal is given, and they come out in pairs, the tallest leading. The dolls are carried on the left arm, with the right arm placed over them. The eyes of the nurses rest on the dolls until they face the audience.

Conscious mental states are manifested by the play of the countenance, by the tones of the voice, and by gesture. Unconscious mental states, such as fixed forms or types of character, whether of thought, emotion, or will, manifest themselves in physiognomy and the automatic movements of the body.—T. M. BALLIET.

1. March to centre, turn square corner, step to the front of stage; line divide in two divisions, march to right and left, turn, march half-way to the back, turn toward centre of stage, meet, march in pairs to the back. Then separate, march along the back to the outer sides of stage, then across the end nearly to the front.

2. March toward each other, but pass by. At the edge turn and march back as if to meet, but pass and turn once more. Then meet, and face the audience without signal.

The music, in quadruple time, should be rather slow. My pupils took their signal from the fourth note of the first measure, and were ready for the first *full* measure. I found the most difficulty in getting the faces expressive and keeping the eyes of the nurses on the infants.

MOVEMENTS.

Dolls on Arms as in March.

I. PRESENT. Clasp dolls with both hands, at the waist; on 1 hold at arm's length till 3; then bring back to chin. Repeat three times. Bring doll back to position on shoulder on third beat of fourth measure. (Repeat I.)

II. SUPPORT. Hold dolls at arm's length like a young baby, lying down on the left hand and forearm. On 3 swing back to left hip. Repeat three times. On 3 of fourth measure bring to position at the shoulder. (Repeat II.)

III. Toss. Toss dolls four times, two beats; rest four beats. Repeat three times. The left hand should support the doll, the right hand in front at the waist. This movement is very pretty if the nurses look animated. (Repeat III.)

IV. AFFECTION. Hold dolls at the front, two counts, bring back and kiss, two counts. Repeat, filling four measures. (Repeat IV.)

Lack of elasticity in a body is disagreeable from the fact that, lacking suppleness, it seems as if it must, in falling, be broken, flattened, or injured: in a word, must lose something of the integrality of its form.—DELSARTE.

V. OBEDIENCE. Hold doll in left hand at the waist straight out in front; with the forefinger of the right hand make the gesture to indicate that doll must obey. Make eight movements; return doll to position; rest two measures. Faces of nurses expressive. (Repeat V.)

VI. Bows. Dolls face audience and bow, four counts for each bow, four times. Position at shoulder, no rest. Nurses' heads tipped to one side as if looking to see the "pretty bows." (Repeat VI.)

VII. CHARGE. Take doll in hands, the right hand over and the left hand under the doll, the feet on the nurse's left hip, the head pointing out a little obliquely like a "bayonet charge." Stamp heavily with left foot, eight counts. Rest in position at shoulder, eight counts. (Repeat VII.)

VIII. COMPARE. Nurses tip heads together, two by two; place dolls side by side for comparison, with pleased expression. On ninth count, back in position. Rest two measures. (Repeat VIII.)

IX. DISPLEASURE. Hold dolls at arm's length, with expression of displeasure, eight counts. Back in position, eight counts. (Repeat IX.)

X. FORGIVENESS. Hold dolls at arm's length, eight counts; hug during eight counts, with dolls' heads over left shoulder. (Repeat X.)

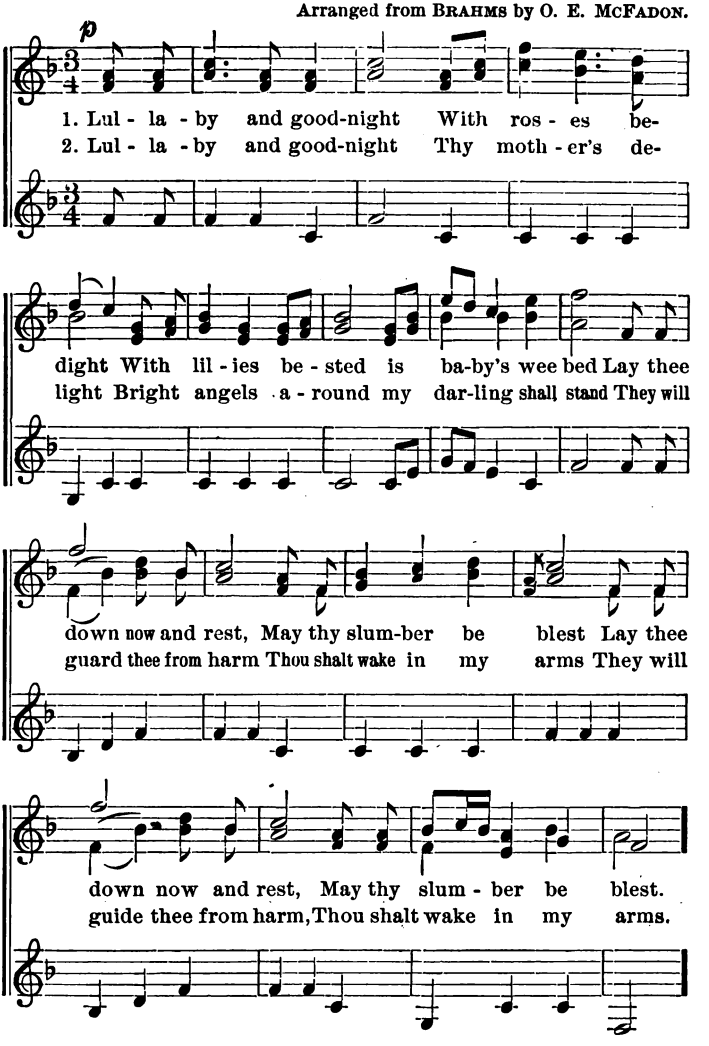
Each movement requires 32 counts to make the music come out right. After a few rehearsals the children associate the movements with the music and need no "calls."

After Movement X., the dolls are dropped to the position of Movement II., and swung gently, while the nurses sing one verse of Brahm's "Lullaby," following it with the chorus of the Lullaby, from "Erminie." [The words and music for these are on pages 94, 95.] In this they are joined by an invisible chorus, singing the undertone "bye-bye." On commencing this latter selection, the house is gradually darkened, and the nurses march off, swinging their infants, singing more softly.

It is not what we say that persuades, but the manner of saying it. The mind can be interested by speech, it must be persuaded by gesture. If the face bears no sign of persuasion, we do not persuade.—DELAUMOSNE.

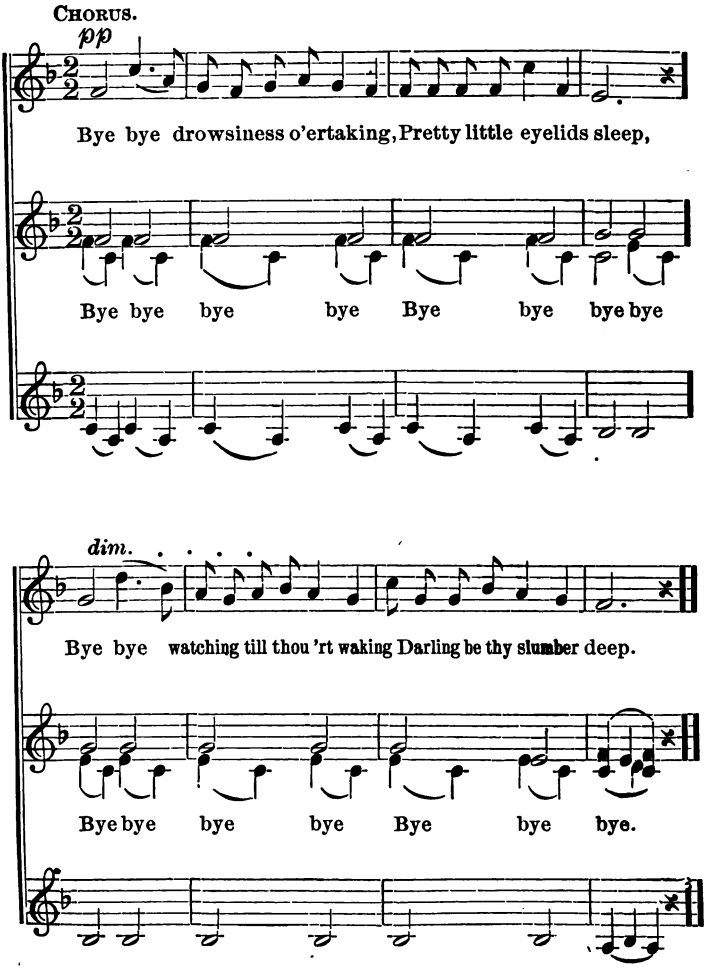
LULLABY.

Arranged from BRAHMS by O. E. MCFADON.



LULLABY.

Arranged from "Erminie" by O. E. McFadon.



THE BELL OF INNISFARE.

[There is a legend of the "Bell of Innisfare," that if those who are in sickness and affliction can get some one to go and ring the bell on Christmas Eve, at twelve o'clock, there is a charm in the ringing at that particular hour which will restore all to health and happiness.]

'TWAS Christmas Eve, the feast so dear
To little ones who wait its cheer;
For Christmas Eve, where'er it be,
Always brings songs, and joy, and glee.
But Christmas Eve with all thy cheer,
Thou still art greeted with a tear,
Where, in a cold and cheerless room,
Filled by the twilight's darkening gloom,
A child by fever-bed doth watch,
A mother's voice and look to catch;
So sad to her, through blinding tears,
The joyous Christmas Eve appears.

She sees each neighboring house grow bright,
Till every window seems alight,
And sounds of merriment begin;
She hears afar the happy din.
Her heart grows sadder still; but list!
Their songs come floating through the mist,
Their voices sound so sweet, so clear,
That each word she can plainly hear.

"In the convent of Innisfare
One ruined chapel still is there;
It holds a bell with tone so fine,
That when you draw the slender line,
It works like magic, strange and rare,
That little bell of Innisfare.

In the vulgar man there is no reaction. In the man of distinction, on the contrary, motion is of slight extent, and reaction is enormous.—DELSARTE.

That little bell of Innisfare
Will cure your sick, if you but dare
On Christmas Eve, at midnight hour,
To try its wondrous healing power;
We counsel you to hurry there,
And ring the bell of Innisfare."

The song had softly passed away,
When burst from her who suffering lay
A sigh so deep, and full of smart,
As if it came from breaking heart;
And then, with lips and voice so weak,
In feeble accents thus did speak:

"Ah ! that sweet bell of Innisfare,
Oh! if your father had been there,
Had he but lived till now, then I
Should not in pain and sorrow die ;
By sickness here no longer bound.
Mary, my child, life would be found,
If some good friend could now go there,
And ring the bell of Innisfare."

Thus far she spake, then sank again,
Stopped by the leaden weight of pain.
Without, the night grew darker still,
And silence reigned o'er vale and hill;
But hark! a latch is drawn—nay, more,
Some one comes through the creaking door;
It is a girl, so small and slight,
With plaid around her folded tight,
With naked feet and head quite bare,

The artist, according to his personal power of inspiration, should be able to portray a totality of superior and harmonious qualities, such as will compel any competent observer to recognize it as beautiful.—ARNAUD.

Exposed to storm and midnight air;
With torch and staff her way to find,
She dashes on quick as the wind.

She only waited but to say,
"May God protect me on my way."
Up hill, through vale her pathway lay,
Ever with step so swift and light.
Oh God! she's stumbled in her flight!
Her lantern's broken on the ground!
Its light is quenched, 'tis dark all round.
The snow comes thicker, faster still,
But she stops not for frost nor chill;
To all she gives no heed or care,
She thinks alone of Innisfare.
Return in time, the ice is thin,
It cracks, 'tis almost breaking in!
From block to block, still safe from ill,
She springs to land, and mounts the hill.

The ruined chapel she must find,
With pointed tower high in the wind;
From the old tower there glances far
That little bell, like some fair star.
The door is open to her feet;
Her work of love is now complete.
Now, draw the rope the bell to ring,
That to thy mother health will bring.

What seek'st thou, child? why wait'st thou on?
Ring it—oh, woe! the rope is gone!
There at her feet, decayed and worn,
It lies in fragments, old and torn.

The soul which stops to contemplate its wings will never rise.—DELSARTE.

The staircase, too, that led the way,
Has fallen to time and fire a prey.

Unhappy child! The cruel wind
Seems mocking at thy faith, unkind;
In vain thou cam'st through storm and snow,
In vain o'er icy lakes didst go,
Vain thy despairing, upstretched arm,
To ring the bell thou hast no charm.

The clock now strikes the midnight hour—
If heaven help not, who else has power?
She knelt and prayed: "O Saviour, dear,
Do Thou Thy sorrowing child now hear:
My mother told me Thou didst come,
Year after year, to each child's home;
When they were bad Thou past didst go,
But to the good Thy gifts didst flow.
Oh, now remember me, I pray,
And I will thank Thee day by day,
If health and strength may come again
To my poor mother, sick with pain!"

And faster even as she speaks,
The tears stream down the poor child's cheeks.
But ere the twelfth stroke of the clock
Had sounded over lake and rock,
High in its groove the bell doth move,
And swinging wide, from side to side,
Peal after peal rings in the air,
It rings, the bell of Innisfare!

Gesture is the direct agent of the soul, while language is analytic and successive.—DELAUMOSNE.

'Twas God that heard that earnest prayer,
That faith and love had offered there;
And as that bell, with tone so clear,
Rang o'er the land, the child could hear,
Mixed in its tones, like angels' song,
Her mother's voice, soft, float along.
Saved! saved! it said, with music rare,
The little bell of Innisfare.

ANNE HATHAWAY.

ONCE on a time, when jewels flashed,
And moonlit fountains softly splashed,
And all the air was sweet and bright
With music, mirth, and deft delight,
A courtly dame drew, laughing, near
A poet—greatest of his time,
And chirped a question in his ear,
With voice like silver bells in chime:
"Good Mr. Shakespeare, I would know
The name thy lady bore, in sooth,
Ere thine. Nay, little time ago
It was—for we still mark her youth;
Some high-born name, I trow, and yet,
Altho' I've heard it, I forget."
Then answered he, with dignity,
Yet blithely—for the hour was gay,
"My lady's name—Anne Hathaway."

"And good, sweet sir," the dame pursued,
Too fair and winsome to be rude,

"'Tis whispered here and whispered there,
By doughty knights and ladies fair,
That—that—well, that her royal lord
  Does e'en obey her lightest will.
Now, my good spouse—I pledge my word—
  Tho' loving well doth heed me ill;
How art thou conquered, prithee, tell,"
  She pleaded with her pretty frown;
"I fain would know what mighty spell
  Can bring a haughty husband down."
She ceased, and raised her eager face
To his, with laughing, plaintive grace.
Then answered he, with dignity,
Yet blithely—for the hour was gay,
"Ah, lady, I can only say
Her name again—Anne Hath—a—way."

THE MINISTER'S HOUSEKEEPER.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. ARRANGED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

WAL, you see, when Parson Carryl's wife died, my cousin Huldy undertook to keep house for him. She was jest as handsome a gal to look at as a feller could have, and a nice, well-behaved young gal. I've walked ten miles of a Sunday mornin' jest to play the bass-viol in the same singers' seat with her. But you know how 'tis in parishes; there allers is women that thinks the minister's affairs belongs to them. And so Mis' Pipperidge and Mis' Deakin Blodgett and Mis' Sawin got their heads together a-talkin' about things.

Affectation is in the arts the equivalent of sophistry in logic, of the false in morals, of hypocrisy in religion.—ARNAUD.

"Poor man," says Mis' Pipperidge, "what can that child do toward takin' the care of all that place! It takes a mature woman to tread in Mis' Carryl's shoes."

"That it does," says Mis' Blodgett; "and when things once get to runnin' down hill, there ain't no stoppin' on 'em," says she.

Then Mis' Sawin she took it up. "I must say, Huldy's a gal that's always too ventersome about takin' 'sponsibilities she don't know nothin' about."

Wal, the upshot on't was, they fussed till they'd drinked up all the tea in the tea-pot, and then they went down and called on the parson, and told him that it was no way to leave everything to a young chit like Huldy, and that he ought to be lookin' about for an experienced woman. The parson he thanked 'em, but he thought to himself, "Huldy is a good gal; but I oughtn't to be a-leavin' everything to her,—it's too hard on her. I ought to be instructin', and guidin', and helpin' of her." So at it he went; and Lordy massy! didn't Huldy hev a time on't when the minister began to come out of his study, and went to see to things!

"Huldy," says he one day, "you ain't experienced out doors, and when you want to know anything you must come to me."

"Yes, sir," says Huldy.

"Now, Huldy," says the parson, "you must be sure to save the turkey-eggs, so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving."

"Yes, sir," says she; and she opened the pantry-door and showed him a nice dishful she'd been a-savin' up. Wal, the next day the parson's hen-turkey was found killed. Huldy, she felt bad about it, 'cause she'd set her

It is not absolutely true to say that the head is in the eccentric state because it is raised; for it may be that, raised as it is, the direction of the eye may be even higher than it, and, in that case, the head might, although raised, present the aspect of the concentric state.—DELSARTE.

heart on raisin' the turkeys, and says she, "Oh, dear! I don't know what I shall do."

"Do, Huldy?" says the parson; "why there's the other turkey; out there by the door and a fine bird, too, he is."

Sure enough, there was the old tom-turkey a-struttin' and a-sidlin' and a-quitterin' and a-floutin' his tail-feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower, all ready to begin life over again.

"But," says Huldy, "you know *he* can't set on eggs."

"He can't? I'd like to know why," says the parson. "He shall set on eggs, and hatch 'em, too. What else be they good fer? You jest bring out the eggs, now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make him set on 'em."

"O doctor!" says Huldy, all in a tremble; cause, you know, she didn't want to contradict the minister, "I never heard that a tom-turkey would set on eggs."

But she took the eggs out, and fixed 'em all nice in the nest; and then she come back and found old Tom a-skirmishin' with the parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom didn't take to the idee at all; and he flopped and gobbled, and fit the parson; and the parson's wig got 'round so that his cue stuck out straight over his ear; but he'd got his blood up. Ye see, the old doctor was used to carryin' his p'ints o' doctrine, so finally he made a dive, and ketched him by the neck and stroked him down, and put Huldy's apron 'round him.

"There, Huldy," he says, quite red in the face, "we've got him now;" and he travelled off to the barn with him as lively as a cricket.

Huldy came behind, jest chokin' with laugh.

The first great thing to be acquired is flexibility of the joints. Free the channels of expression, and the current of nervous force can rush through them as a stream of water rushes through a channel, unclogged by obstacles.
—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

"Now, Huldy, we'll crook his legs and set him down," says the parson, when they got to the nest; "you see he is gettin' quiet, and he'll set there all right."

And the parson he sot him down, and old Tom he sot there solemn enough, and held his head down all droopin', lookin' like a rail pious old cock, as long as the parson sot by him.

"There, you see how still he sets," says the parson.

Huldy was 'most dyin' for fear she should laugh. "I'm afraid he'll get up," says she, "when you do."

"Oh, no, he won't," says the parson, quite confident. "There, there," says he, layin' his hands on him, as if pronouncin' a blessin'. But when the parson riz up, old Tom he riz up too, and began to march over the eggs.

"Stop, now!" says the parson. "I'll make him get down agin; hand me that corn-basket; we'll put that over him." So he crooked old Tom's legs and got him down agin; and they put the basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

"That'll do the thing, Huldy," says the parson.

"I don't know about it," says Huldy.

"Oh, yes, it will, child. I understand," says he. Jest as he spoke the basket riz right up and stood, and they could see old Tom's long legs.

"I'll make him stay down, confound him," says the parson; for, ye see, parsons is men, like the rest on us, and the doctor had got his spunk up. "You jest hold him a minute, and I'll get somethin' that'll make him stay, I guess;" and out he went to the fence, and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom's back.

Dynamic reflections are produced by three movements: direct movements, rotary movements, and movements of flexion in the arc of a circle.—DELSARTE.

Old Tom he wilted down considerable under this, and looked railly as if he was goin' to give in. He stayed still there a good long spell, and the minister and Huldy left him and come up to the house; but they hadn't more than got in the door before they see old Tom a-hippin' along, as high steppin' as ever, sayin' "Talk! talk! talk!" and "quitter! quitter! quitter!" and struttin' and gobblin'.

"Oh, my eggs!" says Huldy, "I'm afraid he's smashed them!"

And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

Wal, next week Huldy she jest got a lot o' turkey-eggs and set a hen on 'em, and said nothin'; and in good time there was as nice a lot o' turkey-chicks as ever ye see.

Not long arter he took it into his head that Huldy ought to have a pig to be a-fattin' with the buttermilk, and old Tim Bigelow told him if he'd call over he'd give him a little pig. So he went for a man, and told him to build a pig-pen out by the well, and have it all ready when he come home with the pig.

Wal, the carpenter he didn't come till most the middle of the arternoon; and then he sort o' idled, fixed the well-curb, and went off and said he'd come and do the pig-pen next day. Wal, arter dark, Parson Carryl he driv into the yard, full chizel, with the pig. He'd tied up his mouth to keep him from squeelin'; and he see what he thought was the pig-pen—he was rather near-sighted,—and so he ran and threw piggy over, and went into the house quite delighted.

Probably not one man in a hundred ever stopped to think that he cannot make a single gesture with the unconscious grace of a child or an animal, for the simple reason that an arbitrary volition is so impacted in each muscle that he controls every sinew artificially without knowing it. He is unconsciously constricted from head to foot.—NYM CRINKLE.

"There, Huldy, I've got you a nice little pig," says he.

"Dear me!" says Huldy; "where have you put him?"

"Why, out there in the pig-pen, to be sure."

"Oh, dear me!" says Huldy, "that's the well-curb; there ain't no pig-pen built," says she.

"Lordy massy!" says the parson. "Then I've thrown the pig in the well!"

Wal, Huldy she worked and worked, and finally she fished piggy out in the bucket, but he was dead as a door-nail; and she got him out o' the way quietly, and didn't say much; and the parson, he took to a great Hebrew book in his study, and says he, "Huldy, I ain't much in temporals," says he.

Wal, Mis' Deakin Blodgett an' Mis' Pipperidge begun to talk that it railly wasn't proper, such a young gal to be stayin' there, who everybody could see was a-settin' her cap for the minister. Mis' Pipperidge said that so long as she looked on Huldy as the hired gal she hadn't thought much about it; but Huldy was takin' on airs as an equal, an' appearin' as mistress o' the house in a way that would make talk if it went on. And Mis' Pipperidge she driv 'round up to Deakin Abner Snow's, and down to Mis' 'Lijah Perry's, and asked them if they wasn't afraid that the way that the parson and Huldy was a-goin' on might make talk.

Finally Mis' Sawin she says to Huldy, "My dear, didn't you never think that folk would talk about you and the minister?"

"No; why should they?" says Huldy, quite innocent.

"Wal, dear," says she, "I think it's a shame; but they say you're tryin' to catch him."

Outward gesture being only the echo of the inward gesture which gave birth to it and rules it, should be inferior to it in development, and should be in some sort diaphanous.—DELSARTE.

Huldy was a gal o' spirit, but it made her dreffu uncomfortable. The minister he had the same thing from one of his deakins, and when he saw Huldy so kind o' silent, he says to her, "What's the matter, my child?"

"Oh, sir!" says Huldy, "is it improper for me to be here?"

"No, dear," says the minister, "but ill-natured folks will talk; but there is one way we can stop it, Huldy—if you will marry me. You'll make me very happy, and I'll do all I can to make you happy. Will you?"

Next Sunday mornin', when the minister walked up the aisle with Huldy, all in white, arm-in-arm with him, and he opened the minister's pew, and handed her in as if she was a princess, wal, I guess there was a rustlin' among the bunnets. Mis' Pipperidge gin a great bounce, like corn poppin' on a shovel, and her eyes glared through her glasses at Huldy as if they'd a sot her a-fire; and everybody in the meetin'-house was a-starin', I tell ye.

Wal, arter meetin' they all come 'round the parson and Huldy at the door, shakin' hands and laughin'; for by that time they was about agreed that they'd got to let putty well alone.

"Why, Parson Carryl," says Mis' Deakin Blodgett, "how you've come it over us."

"Yes," says the parson, with a kind o' twinkle in his eye. "I thought," says he, "as folks wanted to talk about Huldy and me, I'd give 'em somethin' wuth talkin' about."

Unlike speech, which differs with different nationalities, the language of gesture is the same among all classes, varying only in degree or intensity. A Frenchman uses the same muscles to express approval that an Italian uses; a Russian frowns as does an American, given the same emotion. An Englishman manifests disgust by the action of certain mouth-muscles, under the same emotion, as does an American Indian.—MRS. FRANK STUART PARKER.

A TRAGEDY OF SEDAN.

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN ROHLFS.

I HAD seen him in battle, and he was a man
To watch in a conflict. I'd seen him when death
Struck down at his feet the one comrade he loved;
But never before, upon field or in camp,
Had beheld in his face such a look of the grave
As he brought yester night to the door of my tent.
So dread in suggestion of anguish, I leapt
In dismay to my feet. Was he ill? Was he hurt?

But at that
He was straight at my side with a bound. "Ay, in grief!
And you talk of it, you! talk of grief! but 'tis easy.
We all talk of grief. But enough: I must tell
You the whole or go mad. My friend," and his eyes
Glared wildly on mine through his thick, fallen hair—
"Have you loved? Yes? In the pause
Of the death-dealing guns one may ask, may he not,
Such a question as that of a man?"

For reply
I drew from my bosom a curl that I kissed,
And put back on my heart without words. 'Twas enough;
He bent down at my side with a cry: "Is she fair?
Has she eyes like a dove and a step like a deer,
So gentle and wild? Do you love her—O heaven!—
With the force of your body, your spirit, and heart?
Ah! 'tis folly to ask. A woman must die

Every tone necessarily contains the tonic, its generator, the dominant, its engendered, and the mediant, which proceeds from the other two. The reunion of these three tones, which makes them into one, forms the perfect chord.—DELSARTE.

Or turn false to be loved so. Pray heaven
You may die ere you come to a passion like that!"

Looking down,
He took from his finger a ring, and then said:
"She was pledged to me, friend; was my hope from a child;
Was my life, you might say. In the mesh of her glance
All my being was thralled. Not a dawn rose upon me
But I woke with the thought of her beauty. Ah, I know
Such a love is not good, that its passion undoes
What its purity makes; but a man cannot choose
His fate from the heavens, and this love, as it was,
Was my fate.

"Well, her heart gave response to my suit,
And we had been wedded two long years ago.
But love is ambitious. To give her a home
I left her, and, far from her voice and her smile,
Worked my way up to fortune. Oh, the long, long months!
But they passed, and at length
Came the day of return. Ah, that day! Like a flame
It flares ever before me. Her looks and her smiles
Will not flit, will not fly. As we walked up the street
The bells broke out ringing. For three months of doom
I have heard them; they never have ceased in my ears.

"But no dwelling on that. 'Tis enough
I was happy that day. Ah, you wonder what now!
You, sitting at ease in your tent, with the tress
Of a tender, true woman like balm on your breast,
Wonder what could have turned all this rapture to woe

It is not ideas that move the masses; it is gestures. We easily reach the heart and soul through the senses. Music acts especially on the senses. It purifies them, it gives intelligence to the hand, it disposes the heart to prayer.
—DELAUMOSNE.

In a moment. Ah, God! 'twas not much, not much!
Only this: When I rose in the dusk from my guests
('Twas my wedding-eve, friend) my beloved was gone!
Yes, yes, gone as certain as joy—
Gone, gone, gone, gone! Not a word of farewell,
Not a look; just that smile that was love, or like love,
And then this great gulf.

"Oh, may the world
Grow old and shrink up in the hands of the Lord
Ere another night creep by like that! Not till morn
Did they tell me the whole—how for weeks he had been
In the town by her side; stealing up in the dusk
To drop a stray rose in her hand—I say
It was not until morning they told me all this;
Meantime she was gone.

"Well, I lived—lived to seek him.
Do you know what that means? By the chances of war
You have been in your time the hunted, spent deer.
Have you e'er been the hound? Can you reckon of days
When, with fire in your blood and revolt in your brain,
You wandered the world with your eyes on the face
Of each man that you met? And the nights—
The nights without sleep, and the dreams,
The visions that swam in the air, and made hot
The breath of the north wind; the doubts and the hopes!

"For three months I lived thus,
And then came despair. From the German frontier
Rose a clamor for soldiers. I heard, and grew calm.

The most powerful of all gestures is that which affects the spectator without his knowing it.—DELSARTE.

'It is well!' I exclaimed. 'Men are shot in the field;
Let the enemy slay me.' So I came to the war."

He paused here a moment, and drew from his breast
A crumpled white paper, streaked over with blood,
And laid it before me.

"You say this was anguish," he cried, "but I say
It was nothing—just nothing. My friend, can you think
What it were, or might be, if the woman you love—
Nay, nay, hear me out—should be walking above
The horrid, steep side of a gulf, and you saw
Her footsteps draw nearer and nearer, and yet
Were too far to shriek warning; and at last, as you looked,
Behold her slip over!—those eyes that you love,
The forehead, the hair—saw her struggle and catch
At some dizzy small branch that would hold but a breath,
And you yet afar? Can you think what it were
To hear her shriek out with assurance you'd heed
And would come, and that instant, while heaven and earth
Were one glare, and you rushed, to be caught, man, be caught
In a network of hell which you could not escape,
While she—your heart's own—O death! Yet is that
My soul-torment. Look here!" and his shaking hand smoothed
The white paper before me. "Did you think she was false?

Exceptional talents require an exceptional public who can understand them and make them popular by applauding and explaining them.—ARNAUD.

She was true, friend, was true; true as light, true as heaven.
I have known it three hours.

"Beguiled, do you see?
Wooed away from my side with some smooth, hurried tale,
Till the length of the garden lay 'twixt us. Ah! ah!
Is there vengeance in hell for such villains? The rest?
You can guess how it happened—his sudden appeal—
The carriage—the horses—her cry which we heard not—
The rush and the night. Do you doubt it is true?
It is written here. See the tremulous lines
How they cross and recross. But she's true! 'tis enough.
Do you see all my anguish?"

With hand and with voice
I strove in my pity to calm him; but he,
Staggering backward, went on: "'Tis not all. She is held
In his power by his spies! he would wed her—great heaven!
Make her countess or something; just stab her, I say!
And she calls me, entreats me by all I adore,
To come quick. Ha, ha!" and his awful laugh whirled
On the night wind. "Come quick! And I'm bound!

"How it came to this spot, when, I know not.
It was put in my hand as I strode from the field
By some one who cried, 'If you hasten, perhaps
You have time still to save her.' Away to the chief

Sound contains three sounds: that of the tonic, the dominant, and the mediant. The tonic (Father) necessarily generates the dominant (Son), and the mediant (Holy Ghost) proceeds necessarily from the first two.—DELSARTE.

I hurried, a madman. What was France to me now,
Or the world? I fell down at his feet in despair;
Told him all; showed my billet—in vain, all in vain!
And to-morrow's the day of the battle!"

As in that
He had touched the whole depth of his woe, he flung up
His arms to the sky for a moment, and then
Sank down like one shot. When I rose from his side,
The dread morn of battle flamed high in the east.

Do you ask me for more? Lift the end of that cloth
And behold! It is calm now, you see, sirs, quite calm.
'Twas not so yester eve. When he fell, all the din
Of the battle served not to o'erwhelm from my ears
The shriek that he gave.

HAUNTED BY A SONG.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

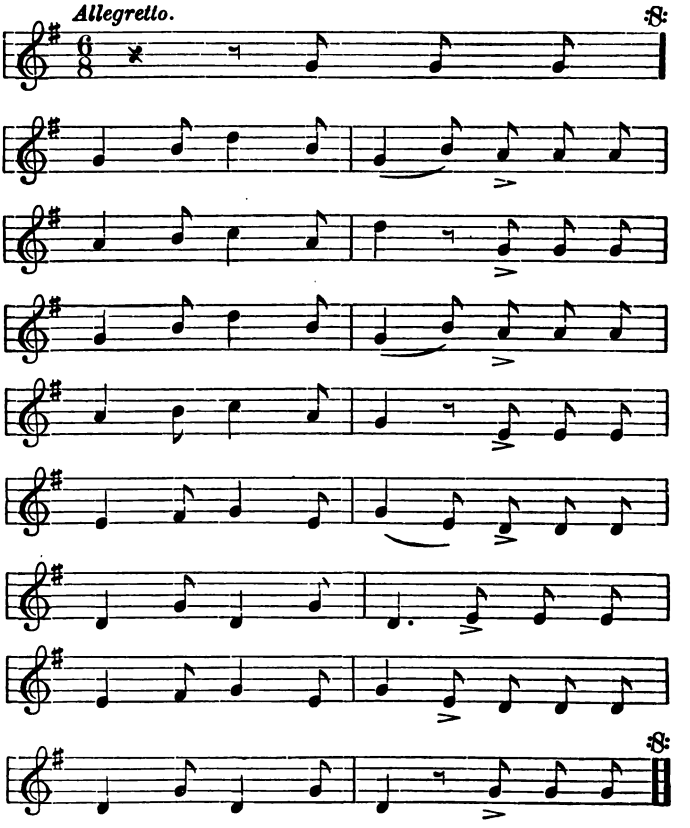
[Those who have heard a catching melody at the opera and have been haunted by it for days, under all circumstances—and who has not thus suffered?—will appreciate this monologue. In each place where the word is repeated several times, the reciter will fit them to the tune of the song and, of course, sing them.—EDITOR.]

JONES [*enters, pale and haggard*].

I AM all out of sorts; I am miserable, I am wretched. I am quite a different creature from what I was two days ago. I was all right then. I went to the theatre, to the Casino. The play they gave was awfully funny. There was a young lady in it, and a young man who

It is easy to distinguish the man of head, of heart, and of action. The first makes many gestures of the head; the second many of the shoulders; the last moves the arms often and inappropriately.—DELAUMOSNE.

Music of Song in "Haunted by a Song."



wanted to marry the young lady, and some people who wanted to prevent the marriage, and some more people who wanted the marriage to take place—in short, I forget all that happened, but it came out all right; they

Inflection is the life of speech; the mind lies in the articulative values, in the distribution of these articulations and their progressions. The soul of speech is in gesture.—DELSARTE.

got married in the end. Then they were all very happy, and they sang a song, tra la la la la la, etc. [*Sings the whole tune.*]

Of course, I felt happy, too, as I left the theatre, for it was such a pretty air. It was very cold. I turned up my collar around my ears and hurried home, tra la la la, etc. When I reached my door, I rang the bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding. I live on the top floor; I climbed the stairs quietly [*singing under his breath*], tra la la la la la la la. I lighted my candle la la, undressed la la la, got into bed and fell asleep. [*Snores on the same tune.*]

The next morning when I awoke the weather was superb, and I was in excellent mood! I sprang up, tra la la la, plunged my head in the water, fl fl fl fl fl fl. I was in the best of spirits! Somebody knocked at my door. I went to open; it was my landlady, who handed in a letter. [*Makes the motion of opening the letter and reading, while he sings.*] Tra la la la la la la—oh! dear me! my poor aunt! on her death-bed! Quick! my hat, my overcoat, my umbrella! I reach the street, I hail a cab—"Coachman, Grand Central depot! A dollar extra for you if you go fast, fast, fast, fast!"

I reached the station, left my umbrella behind me in the cab, cab, cab. No matter, I caught the train, train, train! [*Out of breath.*] It was the express, press, press, press.

My poor aunt! I was fond of my poor aunt, even if she were only an aunt by marriage. When I arrived she died in my arms. I was distressed, tressed, tressed! Oh! I wish I could get rid of this tune. I had to attend

The human body may be regarded as the expression of the soul. Hence it is possible to read a man's character, and even his very thoughts, in his countenance and manner. Hence every change in character, as it becomes fixed, produces a corresponding change in the countenance. Passion not only corrodes the heart, but also disfigures the expression of the face.—T. M. BALLIET.

to everything—newspapers, death-notices, tra la la la la la la la la. That tune was with me even as I followed her body to the grave. The undertaker said to me: "You seem all broken up, sir." "Oh!" I answered, "I am in despair pair, pair, pair, pair, pair! ! !" I hate it! I abominate it! I—well, as long as I can't get rid of it, I shall use it to express my grief. [*Sings.*]

I have just lost my poor auntie,
  I have just laid her in the ground,
A small income she has left me,
  Therefore to mourn her I am bound.

She was ever a good, kind woman,
  And her loss is to me severe,
For I was her favorite nephew,
  So I hasten to drop a tear. Tra la la.

Well, all was over at last. I took the train back to New York. My head was ready to burst, burst, burst. I got out at the Grand Cen-cen-cen-tral Depot, pot. I hurried through like a mad, mad, mad man, knocked down everybody, took the first street in front of me, then the first one to the left, the next one to right, right, right, another one to the left, brought up at the East River, gazed at the water, ter, ter, ter. Ah! never to sing that any more! To die! I threw myself into the river and was drowned gl gl gl gl gl. [*Sighs with satisfaction.*]

When I came to, I was in the station-house. My clothes were drying before the fire, and that cursed tune was still throbbing through my brain. Tra la la la la la la la, etc. [*Exit in despair, humming the tune.*]

Sound is the reflection of the divine image. In sound there are three reflex images: the reflex of life, the reflex of the intellect, the reflex of love.—DELSARTE.

AUCTIONING OFF THE BABY.

WHAT am I offered for Baby?
Dainty, dimpled and sweet
From the curls above his forehead
To the beautiful rosy feet;
From the tips of the wee pink fingers
To the light of the clear brown eye,
What am I offered for Baby?
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy

What am I offered for Baby?
"A shopful of sweets?" Ah, no!
That's too much beneath his value
Who is sweetest of all below!
The naughty, beautiful darling!
One kiss from his rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
Of East, or West, or South!

What am I offered for Baby?
"A pile of gold?" Ah, dear,
Your gold is too hard and heavy
To purchase my brightness here.
Would the treasures of all the mountains,
Far in the wonderful lands,
Be worth the clinging and clasping
Of these dear little peach-bloom hands?

So, what am I offered for Baby?
"A rope of diamonds?" Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and brighter
Than stars in the Milky Way,

Articulate language is weak because it is successive. It must be enunciated phrase by phrase: by words, syllables, letters, consonants, and vowels.—DELAUMOSNE.

Would they ever be half so precious
  As the light of those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glory
  They brought from beyond the skies?

Then, what am I offered for Baby?
  "A heart full of love and a kiss?"
Well, if anything ever could tempt me,
  'Twould be such an offer as this!
But how can I know if your loving
  Is tender, and true, and divine
Enough to repay what I'm giving
  In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!
  Your gold and gems and stuff,
Were they ever so rare and precious,
  Would never be half enough!
For what would we care, my dearies,
  What glory the world put on
If our beautiful darling were—going;
  If our beautiful darling were—gone!

THE LITTLE WHITE BEGGARS.

HELEN W. LUDLOW.

THE small waves came frolicking in from the sea,
  Leaping the rocks where the big breakers roar;
Snowy crests tossing, so proud to be free,
Racing and chasing in baby-like glee
  Up the sand slope to the beach cabin door.

Throned on the post of the sea-looking gate,
  Safe in the fold of my sheltering arm,

Breathing is a threefold act: inspiration, suspension, expiration.—DELSARTE.

Sat three-year old Dick, like a king in his state,
Little feet drumming at rapturous rate—
  Small King Canute, do the waves own thy charm?

Do I slander the soul of my small human boy?
  "Look out, then, my Dick, over ocean's blue floor,
And tell me what fancies those deep thoughts employ.
Ha! Dick, see them come! Do you join in the joy
  Of the little white horses all racing for shore?"

The tiny, uplifted arm paused in the air,
  The blue eyes grew thoughtful, the breeze-tousled head
Shook sunbeams around, and the sweet little pair
Of coral lips, trembling with utterance rare,
  "Doze isn't white horses," he earnestly said.

"What, not little horses, Dick? See how they run,
  All their curly white manes floating back on the sea,
Dashing the drops up to shine in the sun,
Racing and chasing—what glorious fun!"
  "No, no; doze is 'ittle white beggars," said he.

"'Ittle white beggars," he murmured again.
  "Oh, little white breakers, you mean, I suppose."
"*Not* 'ittle white b'akers"—suggestion was vain,
My wisdom rejected with baby disdain—
  "'Ittle white beggars dey is; I knows."

"Little white beggars—well, that's an idea!
  Then perhaps you can tell so we'll all understand,
What these little white beggars come begging for here?"
And the soft baby lips whispered, close to my ear,
  "Dey begs for de wocks, an' de sea-weed, an' sand."

Gesture is magnetic, speech is not so. Through gesture we subdue the most ferocious animals.—DELAUMOSNE.

GRANDFATHER WATTS'S PRIVATE FOURTH.

H. C. BUNNER.

GRANDFATHER WATTS used to tells us boys
That a Fourth wan't a Fourth without any noise,
He would say, with a thump of his hickory stick,
That it made an American right down sick,
To see his sons on the nation's day
Sit round in a sort of a listless way,
With no oration and no trained band,
No firework show and no root beer stand,
While his grandsons, before they were out of bibs,
Were ashamed—great Scot!—to fire off squibs.

And so each Independence morn
Grandfather Watts took his powder-horn
And the flint-lock shotgun his father had
When he fought under Schuyler, a country lad.
And Grandfather Watts would start and tramp
Ten miles to the woods at Beaver camp;
For Grandfather Watts used to say—and scowl—
That a decent chipmunk, or woodchuck, or owl
Was better company, friendly or shy,
Than folks who didn't keep Fourth of July;
And so he would pull his hat down on his brow,
And march for the woods sou'east by sou'.

But once—ah! long, long years ago;
For grandfather's gone where good men go—
One hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our own,
Such short cuts as boys have always known,
We hurried and followed the dear old man

Every impression, to become a sensation, must first be perceived by the intelligence; and thus we may say of the sensation that it is a definite impression.—DELSARTE.

"The flag your ancestors and mine fought and died for a hundred years ago."

FAUST.

Beyond where the wilderness began,
To the deep black woods at the foot of the dump,
And there was a clearing and a stump—

A stump in the heart of a great, wide wood;
And there on that stump our grandfather stood,
Talking and shouting out there in the sun,
And firing that funny old flint-lock gun
Once in a minute, his head all bare,
Having his Fourth of July out there—
The Fourth of July he used to know
Back in eighteen and twenty, or so.

First, with his face to the heaven's blue,
He read the "Declaration" through;
And then, with gestures to left and right,
He made an oration erudite,
Full of words six syllables long;
And then our grandfather broke into song!
And, scaring the squirrels in the trees,
Gave "Hail, Columbia!" to the breeze.

And I tell you the old man never heard
When we joined in the chorus, word for word!
But he sang out strong in the bright blue sky,
And if voices joined in his Fourth of July,
He heard them as echoes from days gone by.

And when he had done, we all slipped back
As still as we came, on our twisting track,
While words more clear than the flint-lock shots
Rang in our ears. And Grandfather Watts?
He shouldered the gun his father bore
And marched off home, nor'west by nor'.

The plastic art allies itself particularly to the physical constitution, but the physique cannot be perfectly beautiful unless it manifests intellectual and moral faculties.—ARNAUD.

A MODERN VERSION OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

JOSEPH BARBER.

IN the city of Venice, blank-blank Anno Domini,
Lived one Signor Antonio, who seemed, to the common eye,
As much richer than any who there turned a penny,
As the richest plum-pudding is richer than hominy.
He had made piles of rocks by shrewd corners in stocks;
Had "collateral" no end in his Herring's strong box;
Owned of steamers whole lines, several Idaho mines,
And had ne'er known financial disaster;
In short, was a man of pith, pluck, and *élan*,
In whom nature had blent, on the composite plan,
The vim of the well-known Cornelius Van,
With the prudence of William B. Astor.

To him came one day, in a terrible way,
Bassanio, his friend, who'd been cleaned out in play,
And says he: "Won't you loan me three thousand, now say?
It's all right; I've resolved my addresses to pay
To that Belmont girl, Portia, the heiress.
Her affections I'll win—Tony, tip us your fin;
My hand on't, I'll cancel the debt with her tin,
When together, her brown granite palace within,
We set up our Penates and Lares."

"Not a word more, dear Bass," said Antonio; "the lass
You shall marry if my help can bring it to pass;
But I'm short of the ready, just now, by the mass!

Speech is an act posterior to will, itself posterior to love; this again posterior to judgment, posterior in its turn to memory, which, finally, is posterior to the impression.—DELSARTE.

Having largely invested in cotton.
Never mind about that, though, my paper's first-class
And the cash can be easily gotten."

The friends then went forth and found Shylock, a Jew,
Accustomed good bills and good Christians to "do,"
To whom said Antonio: "Here, Shy, you Yahoo,
Advance me three thousand for three months, and you
May prescribe your own terms as a lender."
Quoth the Hebrew:* "I will; here's a quill; draw a bill,
And in lieu of all interest (I won't take a mill,
Though you've oft called me usurer, and treated me ill)
Say a pound of your flesh—this is only a joke—
Shall be mine, should the contract on your part be broke
Ere your ninety-day note I surrender."

The queer bargain was made, the three thousand was paid,
And Bassanio, with young Gratiano, his aide,
Went to Belmont to woo the before-mentioned maid.
(Mind, by Belmont I don't mean that blandest of bankers,
Who owns lots of thoroughbreds, regular spankers,
But a home near Lake Como, whereat that young *homo*,
Bassanio, expected to play major-domo.)

Arrived there, the guest to make merry was pressed,
For Portia of all her beaux liked him the best;
And admitted if she could but have her behest,
No power under heaven should sunder 'em.

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* Here is offered an opportunity to insert Shylock's reply from the original.

Art is only valuable as it expresses goodness and greatness in the soul. Imitation may imitate the expression, but it can always be detected as imitation, and resembles truth as nearly as the cloud on a painted canvas is like one on heaven's canopy.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

But, alas! her fair self and, still worse, all her pelf
Had been willed by her father, cranky old elf,
To the man who should choose, from three jars on a
shelf,
The reply to a certain conundrum.

I'm most happy to state 'twas Bassanio's fate
To guess it; and Portia, declining to wait,
That night the young gentleman married.
Also, "same time and place," fair Nerissa, her maid,
Espoused Gratiano, Bassanio's aide;
But not long with their dear ones they tarried.
O'er the wires came a flash, their enjoyment to dash,
To this purport: "Antonio all gone to smash;
Can't take up that note; not a dollar in cash.
Jew angry; protests that A.'s bosom he'll gash,
Come quick, or there'll be a most awful squabash.
All Antonio's 'specs' have miscarried."

I ought to have mentioned before, by the way,
That the Jew's only daughter, a frolicsome fay,
Had eloped with a friend of Bassanio's, one day,
Taking with her large sums from his cash-box,
Which they say seemed almost to madness to goad him.
By daughter and ducats thus given the slip,
The old anti-Christian, miserly rip,
Was delighted Antonio to catch on the hip,
And feed fat the old grudge that he owed him.

When Bassanio's bride of the telegram heard,
She smiled a sad smile, and said, "Bassy, my bird,
Though this failure has inopportunely occurred,
You must go to your bankrupt friend's succor.

Time does not preserve what it has cost us no time to create.—DELSARTE.

Take six thousand—take more, take the sum ten times
o'er—
What is money to me when the man I adore
Has a friend in this horrible pucker!"
Her beloved faltered "Yes," gave his darling a kiss,
Gratiano did likewise to pretty Neriss,
And the twain—slightly under the weather
At the thought of postponing their honeymoon's bliss—
Took the first train for Venice together.

They had scarce turned their backs, when said Portia:
"Suppose,
Dear Nerissa, we follow them, under the rose,
I disguised as a lawyer, and you in the clothes befitting
an amanuensis.
'Twas arranged, *tout de suite.* In black costumes complete,
Procured ready-made, that reached down to their feet,
They started next day their dear husbands to cheat—
Portia paying, of course, all expenses.

It was high noon in Venice, the court was assembled;
The Jew was malignant, the prisoner trembled,
And Bassanio was pleading, with eyes red and watery,
To save his friend's breast from "the actual cautery,"
When, during a pause, a young doctor of laws,
Sent from Padua to try "the great pound-of-flesh cause,"
Appeared on the scene and proceeded to charge
(Citing cases in point and the statutes at large)
That the Hebrew, though bloodthirsty, vile, and reputed
A foul, heathenish dog, that deserved to be booted—
Had "a clear case in law," and could not be nonsuited.

It is through opposition that the smile expresses moral sadness.—DELAUMOSNE.

The Jew whetted his blade: "Lo! a Daniel," he said;
"Your laws to the four winds he pitches.
Antonio prepare, your old torso lay bare,
For my hand to dig into it itches."
But "tarry a little," the doctor replied;
"Take your quota of flesh, but of life's crimson tide,
If thou spillest one drop, all thy goods to the state
Are by law—and thou lovest the law—confiscate.
But take notice, I pray thee, thou cannibal hound,
Cut, avoirdupois, to a hair's breadth, a pound.
A mistake of one scruple, unscrupulous Jew
(Ah! thy visage may well turn green, yellow, and blue),
Will not merely thy property place at our beck,
But a proper tie put round that infamous neck."

"Is that so?" whimpered Shylock, his lips white with foam,
"Please to pay the note thrice, then; I want to go home."
But "No, stop!" cried the doctor; "the law hath a hold,
Even now, on this usurer's ill-gotten gold.
Here's an act that declares if an alien attempt
A citizen's life, all his goods—naught exempt—
Shall be seized on at once for the state's 'privy coffer;'
So this fellow, at best, is a ducatless loafer,
And his life even now lies within the duke's mercy,
Who may grant it, perhaps—or, perhaps, vice versy."

The upshot of all was that Shylock agreed
To turn Christian—the scamp—if from punishment freed;
And the court, out of pity, condemned him to deed

Expiration is an element of trust, expansion, confidence, and tenderness. If the expression contain both pain and love, the inspiration and the expiration will both be noisy.—DELSARTE.

All his goods to his runaway daughter!
Then the doctor and clerk, with a dexterous jerk,
Doffed the toggery they'd worn for professional work,
And each wife, with a saucy, self-satisfied smirk,
Sought the arms that delightfully caught her.
Something more might I say, if I followed the play;
But the finishing scene is rather too "gay;"
And as *double entendres* are not in my way,
I will here, with permission, the green curtain draw
On this drama of love, lucre, logic, and law.

MORAL.

With regard to the moral, on Shylock it centres,
To whom "lust of flesh" brought the worst of adventures;
It is this—truer proverb you ne'er set your eyes on—
"What is one person's meat, is another one's poison."

PIANO-MUSIC.

FIRST a soft and gentle tinkle,
Gentle as the rain-drop's sprinkle,
Then a stop,
Fingers drop.
Now begins a merry trill,
Like a cricket in a mill;
Now a short, uneasy motion,
Like a ripple on the ocean.
See the fingers dance about,
Hear the notes come tripping out;
How they mingle in the tingle

It is necessary only that there should exist a degree of individuality, something novel, a distinguishing tone, and an artistic physiognomy peculiarly one's own. Servile imitations, plagiarism, stupid adaptations, put to death all art and all poetry.—ARNAUD.

Of the everlasting jingle,
Like to hailstones on a shingle,
Or the ding-dong, dangle-dingle
Of a sheep-bell! Double, single,
Now they come in wilder gushes,
Up and down the player rushes,
Quick as squirrels, sweet as thrushes.
Now the keys begin to clatter
Like the music of a platter
When the maid is stirring batter.
O'er the music comes a change,
Every tone is wild and strange;
Listen to the lofty tumbling,
Hear the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling,
Like the rumbling and the grumbling
Of the thunder from its slumbering
Just awaking. Now it's taking
To the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking;
Heads are aching, something's breaking—
Goodness gracious! it is wondrous,
Rolling round, above, and under us,
Like old Vulcan's stroke so thunderous.
Now 'tis louder, but the powder
Will be all exploded soon;
For the only way to do,
When the music's nearly through,
Is to muster all your muscle for a bang,
Striking twenty notes together with a clang:
Hit the treble with a twang,
Give the bass an awful whang,
And close the whole performance
With a slam—bang—whang!

Inspiration should always be followed by a suspensive silence; otherwise the lungs, agitated by the act of inspiration, perform the expiration badly.—DELSARTE.

THE COBRA.

MILLER HAGEMAN.

CROUCHED about each other closely, measuring each glance morosely,
Bent a group of midnight gamblers over cup and card and cheat;
When, with countenance appalling, to his startled comrades calling,
One of them with ghostly whisper gasped from out his winding-sheet:
"Hush, for God's sake, hush, I feel a cobra crawling round my feet!"
And sank backward in his seat.

In his lifted hand clutched tightly, as the burning lamp shone brightly,
Gleamed the winning card, whose bloodspots seemed some horror to portray;
But as that dread weight upon him told him death's cold hand was on him,
As the lion at the hunter stares with paw upon the prey,
So he stared in palsied terror at that card he dared not play,
While that cobra round him lay.

The classic eras of study of generalities and of classes have passed. The romantic time has gone by. Our modern age has come with its study of the individual in expression. The so-called fine arts have had their day, and the individual man already demands that the arts of mankind shall be observed now. "The statue has become a living man."—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

Back each chill spectator started as from ghost of one
departed,
While below that haunted table every eye was quickly
cast;
Where, beneath the cover hiding, round the gambler's
ankles gliding,

In the dark a deadly cobra was distinctly seen at last,
That had coiled itself about him till at length his feet
were fast,
Till each comrade stood aghast.

One by one they drew back gently from the wretch,
whose eye intently

Three characteristics may be attributed to respiration: vocal, logical, pathetic, or passional.—DELSARTE.

Followed them as they receded through the shadows of
the room;
For each face too plainly told him that no hand should
e'er unfold him
From those cold and clammy cerements, those chill
cerements of the tomb.
While, from underneath the table, craning up from out
the gloom,
Shone a deadly eye of doom.

Slowly round the gambler toiling, sinuously coiling,
coiling,
Crept the cobra, higher, higher, up the limbs, the loins,
the breast;
Slowly round his body bending, all its angry hood
distending
At the vulgar jewels flaming on the gambler's velvet
vest,
Upward on its awful errand by its victim little guessed,
Upward still that cobra pressed.

Tightly round that arm entwining craned that lidless
eyeball, shining
On the red card flashing o'er it fiercely as a blood-
stained brand;
When, without an instant's warning, suddenly, as if in
scorning
For that despicable, damning deed it seemed to under-
stand,
See! its runs its flickering tongue out, hisses, gleets its
poisoned gland
Through the gambler's bleeding hand.

To think of the Delsarte method as a system of gesture only, is to think narrowly and restrictively. Expression is the interior mind or soul manifesting itself through the exterior substance or body. The Delsarte philosophy, then, is an analysis of the psychic element of man as made from the standpoint of manifestation.—MOSES TRUE BROWN.

"Fiend!" he cried, "whence art thou, whither? who
this night hath sent thee hither,
Thou who standest here before me wrapt in cowl of
Capuchin;
Thou who thus upon me stealing, round me this dread
coil art reeling?
Art thou some avenging spirit, some dire bodiment of
sin,
Through whom Satan thus hath darkly to my lost soul
entered in,
This last game of life to win?

"Art thou, gliding from the garden, one whom God
refused to pardon,
One whose poison through my pulses naught can fol-
low or o'ertake;
One whose dark temptations found me, grew up stealth-
ily around me,
Till at last bad habits bound me with these chains I
cannot break?"
Then, as mind and memory wandered, sadly to that
deadly snake,
Still the dying gambler spake.

"'Tis a dream; the past comes o'er me. Lo, there rises
one before me
From whose waving hand I wandered when life's day
was in its dawn;
Through the gateways of the city, cold alike to pain
and pity,
Smooth knaves whispered, bright jades beckoned, till
their toils were round me drawn,

Till I drank, staked, won, lost, borrowed, lost again,
stole, put to pawn
All I had till all was gone.

"'Tis her arm around me wreathing, 'tis—what means
this hissing breathing?
Comrades, help! the room swims around me; quick!
my pulses reel and nod;
Quick! the warning grows; I'm dying! Oh, that I this
night were lying
In those empty arms that loved me, on that broken
heart I trod
With the iron heel of scorning down into the daisied
sod,
O my mother! O my God!"

Dimly then above the table ebbed the lamp, no longer
able
On that face to smile serenely as the poison played its
part;
While, about the gambler glancing, like dissolving colors dancing,
On the oscillating darkness with kaleidoscopic art,
Brightly flashed that lidless eyeball, javelling its drinking dart,
Through his conscience-stricken heart.

"Fiend!" he cried, as it grew stronger, "I can stand
that look no longer.
By this pain that works within me, by this awful death
so nigh,
Take that lidless eyeball off me; take it off, I curse thee,
scoff thee!

The suspension or prolongation of a movement is one of the great sources of effect. It is in suspension that force and interest consist. A good thing is worth being kept in sight long enough to allow an enjoyment of the view.—DELAUMOSNE.

Now I know thee! thou art conscience; I will never, never die
With the eye of conscience on me!" Then a loud hiss made reply:
"Conscience never shuts its eye."

Black and swollen and distorted grew his face, while round him sported
The fierce snake in gleaming fury, hissing at his frightful pain;
Till, with one wild shriek, he seized it, in his stiffening death-grip squeezed it
Till its ghastly eye protruded, till it swelled in every vein;
Bent it, shook it, flung it from him horribly, but all in vain;
Still that eye turned back again.

Maddened by the deadly ichor, as the poison quick and quicker
Boiled and bubbled through his pulses, tight and tighter grew his hold;
Till, for breath the cobra gasping, coil on coil around him clasping,
With its gnarled and knotted muscles twisting in each writhing fold,
See! it stings itself, it blackens, till from out his grasp, behold!
Red, that bloodshot eyeball rolled!

Slowly died the light around him; mute and motionless they found him,
When the deadly fray was over, sitting bolt within his chair;

*The articulation of the syllables la, mo, po, is a useful exercise in habituating one to the medium voice. These are the musical consonants par excellence. They give charm to, and develop the voice. We can repeat these tones without injuring the vocal chords, since they are produced by the articulative apparatus.—*DELSARTE.

With the snake about him tangled, in his stiffened fingers strangled,
Each upon the other glowering with a wild, defiant glare,
Eyeball upon eyeball shining through the solemn darkness there,
Conscience fixed upon Despair!

And with none, alas! to aid him, there they smoothed his lids and laid him
With the cobra in his death-clutch down beneath the haunted heap;
Where, upon his dreamless pillow, turned for him where drooped the willow,
In the grave beyond the billow, that lone grave so dark, so deep,
In that grave that lidless eyeball still its solemn watch doth keep,
Conscience staring in its sleep.

The expression of nature by gesture, face, or voice will not come to the artist by inspiration nor by reflection, especially in extreme situations.—ARNAUD.

FAITH AND WORKS.

WILLIAM H. MONTGOMERY.

LITTLE Mollie and Faith, in the arbor at play,
Were making a marigold crown,
When a noise on the lawn made the little ones jump
And scatter the gold flowers down.

And, fast toward the bower of blossoms and vines,
Came a quadruped, bristling and big,
With sharp-pointed toes, and a queer, grunty nose,
In short, 'twas a *terrible pig*.

"Oh, mercy!" screamed Faith, "where, where shall we go?
Oh, mamma, oh, papa, come here!
He's going to tear us to pieces, I know,"
And she jumped up and down in her fear.

But Mollie, more brave, raised the old crooked gate,
And slammed it quite hard to its place;
Then Faith, kneeling down on the moss-covered ground,
Toward the sky turned her little pale face.

"Now, Mollie, I'll pray to our Father in Heaven
To save us and drive him away.
That's the very best thing in the world to be done,
You hold the gate strong while I pray."

When two limbs follow the same direction, they cannot be simultaneous without violating the law of opposition. Therefore, direct movements should be successive, opposite movements should be simultaneous.—DELSARTE.

ISIS.

FORTUNA.

Dear mamma's blue eyes twinkled bright through her
tears,
When the marvelous story was told
Of the prayerful escape of her two little girls
From the monster, so savage and bold.

HOW BURLINGTON WAS SAVED.

C. MAIR.

A STORY worth telling our annals afford,
'Tis the wonderful journey of Laura Secord.
Her poor crippled husband came home with the news
That Bœrstler was nigh! "Not a minute to lose,
Not an instant," said Laura, "for stoppage or pause—
I must hurry and warn our brave troops at Decaw's."
"What! you!" said her husband, "to famish and tire!"
"Yes, I!" said brave Laura, her bosom on fire.
"And how will you pass the gruff sentry?" said he,
"Who is posted so near us?"

"Just wait till you see;
The foe is approaching, and means to surprise
Our troops, as you tell me. Oh, husband, there flies
No dove with a message so needful as this—
I'll take it, I'll bear it. Good-bye, with a kiss."
Then a biscuit she ate, tucked her skirts well about,
And a bucket she slung on each arm, and went out.

'Twas the bright blush of dawn when the stars melt
away,

Expression, beside the description of the object, may explain the subject or interior emotion, and is then not imitative, but suggestive, elliptic, and mystic.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

Dissolved like a dream by the breath of the day;
But Laura had eyes for her duty alone;
She marked not the glow and the gloom that were
thrown.
Behind was the foe, full of craft and of guile;
Before her a long day of travel and toil.
"No time this for gazing," said Laura, as near
To the sentry she drew.

"Halt! You cannot pass here."
"I cannot pass here! Why, sirrah, you drowse,
Are you blind? Don't you see I am off to my cows?"
"Well, well, you can go." So she wended her way
To the pasture's lone side, where the farthest cow lay,
Got her up, then knelt down, and, with pail at her
knees,
Made her budge, inch by inch, till she drew by degrees
To the edge of the forest. "I've hoaxed, on my word,
Both you and the sentry," said Laura Secord.

With a lingering look at her home, then away
She sped through the wild wood—a wilderness gray,
Where the linden had space for its fans and its flowers,
The balsam its tents, and the cedar its bowers;
Where the lord of the forest, the oak, had its realm,
The ash its domain, and its kingdom the elm.

And denser and deeper the solitude grew,
The underwood thickened, and drenched her with dew.
She tripped over moss-covered logs, fell, arose,
Sped, and stumbled again by the hour, till her clothes

Every agreeable or disagreeable sight makes the body react backward. The degree of reaction should be in proportion to the degree of interest caused by the sight of the object.—DELSARTE.

Were rent by the branches and thorns, and her feet
Grew tender and way-worn and blistered with heat.

She stopped—it was noonday. The wilds she espied
Seemed solitudes measureless. "Help me!" she cried;
Her piteous lips parched with thirst, and her eyes
Strained with gazing. The sun in his infinite skies
Looked down on no creature more hapless than she.
One moment she faltered. Beware! What is this?
The coil of the serpent! the rattlesnake's hiss!
One moment, then onward. What sounds far and near?
The howl of the wolf, yet she turned not in fear.

She toiled to the highway, then over the hill,
And down the deep valley, and past the old mill,
And through the next woods, till, at sunset, she came
To the first British picket, and murmured her name;
Thence, guarded by Indians, footsore and pale,
She was led to Fitzgibbon, and told him her tale.

For a moment her reason forsook her; she raved,
She laughed, and she cried—"They are saved, they are saved!"
Then her senses returned, and, with thanks loud and deep
Sounding sweetly around her, she sank into sleep.
And Bœrstler came up, but his movements were known,
His force was surrounded, his scheme was o'erthrown
By a woman's devotion; on stone be it engraved.
The foeman was beaten, and Burlington saved.

The opposition of the agents is the harmony of gesture. Harmony is born of contrasts. From opposition, equilibrium is born in turn. Equilibrium is the great law of gesture, and condemns parallelism.—DELAUMOSNE.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. ARRANGED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

A KNIGHT of gallant deeds
And a young page at his side,
From the holy war in Palestine
Did slow and thoughtful ride,
As each were a palmer, and told for beads
The dews of the eventide.

"O young page," said the knight,
"A noble page art thou!
Thou fearest not to steep in blood
The curls upon thy brow;
And once in the tent, and twice in the fight,
Didst ward me a mortal blow."

"O brave knight," said the page,
"Or ere we hither came,
We talked in tent, we talked in field,
Of the bloody battle game;
But here, below this greenwood bough
I cannot speak the same."

"Sir page, I pray your grace!
Certes, I meant not so
To cross your pastoral mood, sir page,
With the crook of the battle-bow.
But a knight may speak of a lady's face,
I ween, in any mood or place,
If the grasses die or grow.

Flame contains the warmth of life and the light of the mind. As the soul contains and unites the life and the mind, so the flame warms and shines.—DELSARTE.

"And this, I meant to say,—
  My lady's face shall shine
As ladies' faces use, to greet
  My page from Palestine:
Or speak she fair, or prank she gay,
  She is no lady of mine.

"And this I meant to fear,—
  Her bower may suit thee ill!
For, sooth, in that same field and tent,
  Thy *talk* was somewhat still;
And fitter thy hand for thy knightly spear,
  Than thy tongue for my lady's will."

Slowly and thankfully
  The young page bowed his head;
His large eyes seemed to muse a smile,
  Until he blushed instead;
And no lady in her bower, pardie,
  Could blush more sudden red—
"Sir knight, thy lady's bower to me,
  Is suited well," he said.

"A boon, thou noble knight,
  If ever I served thee!
Though thou art a knight and I am a page,
  Now grant a boon to me—
And tell me, sooth, if dark or bright,
If little loved or loved aright,
Be the face of thy la lye."

Gloomily looked the knight:
  "As a son thou hast served me:

A slight change of thought may alter the expression of the face, but the attitude should be held until a new impression is to be expressed.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

And would to none I had granted boon,
  Except to only thee!
For, haply, then I should love aright,
For then I should know if dark or bright
  Were the face of my ladye.

"Earl Walter was a brave old earl,
  He was my father's friend;
And while I rode the lists at court
  And little guessed the end,
My noble father in his shroud,
Against a slanderer lying loud,
  He rose up to defend.

"I would my hand had fought that fight
  And justified my father!
I would my heart had caught that wound
  And slept beside him rather!
I think it were a better thing
Than murthered friend and marriage-ring
  Forced on my life together.

"Wail shook Earl Walter's house—
  His true wife shed no tear—
She lay upon her bed as mute
  As the earl did on his bier;
Till—'Ride, ride fast,' she said at last,
  'And bring the avenged son near!
Ride fast—ride free, as a dart can flee,
For white of blee with waiting for me
  Is the corse of the next chambere.'

Pathetic effects are nine in number, the principal of which are as follows: the smothered tone, the ragged tone; the vibrant tone; the veiled tone; the flat or compressed tone.—DELSARTE.

"I came—I knelt beside her bed—
  Her calm was worse than strife:
'My husband, for thy father dear,
Gave freely, when thou wert not here,
  His own and eke my life.
A boon! Of that sweet child we make
An orphan for thy father's sake,
  Make thou for our's a wife.'

"I said: 'My steed neighs in the court,
  My bark rocks on the brine;
And the warrior's vow I am under now
  To free the pilgrim's shrine;
But fetch the ring and fetch the priest
  And call that daughter of thine;
And rule she wide from my castle on Nyde
  While I am in Palestine.'

"In the dark chambere, if the bride was fair,
  Ye wis, I could not see;
But the steed thrice neighed, and the priest fast prayed
  And wedded fast were we.
Her mother smiled upon her bed,
As at its side we knelt to wed;
And the bride rose from her knee
And kissed the smile of her mother dead,
  Or ever she kissed me.

"My page, my page, what grieves thee so,
  That the tears run down thy face?"
    "Alas, like mine own sister
      Was thy lady's case!

True grace in adults is not that which is studied, nor that which is artistically copied from a badly-chosen type. Grace is born of itself, the natural fruit of the culture of the mind, of elevated thoughts and noble sentiments.—ARNAUD.

But she laid down the silks she wore
And followed him she wed before,
Disguised as his true servitor,
  To the very battle-place."

And wept the page, but laughed the knight,
  A careless laugh laughed he:
"Well done it were for thy sister,
  But not for my ladye!
My love, so please you, shall requite
No woman, whether dark or bright,
  Unwomaned if she be."

The page stopped weeping, he smiled no more,
  But passionately he spake:
"Oh, womanly she prayed in tent,
  When none beside did wake!
Oh, womanly she paled in fight,
  For one belovèd's sake!
And her little hand defiled with blood,
Her tender tears of womanhood
  Most woman-pure did make!"

"Well done it were for thy sister;
  Thou tellest well her tale!
But for my lady, she shall pray
  I' the kirk of Nydesdale.
Not dread for me but love for me
  Shall make my lady pale.
No casque shall hide her woman's tear—
It shall have room to trickle clear
  Behind her woman's veil."

The chest is a passive agent; it should furnish nothing but the breath. The mouth and the larynx alone are entitled to act.—DELSARTE.

"But what if she mistook thy mind
  And followed thee to strife;
Then, kneeling, did entreat thy love,
  As Paynims ask for life?"
"I would forgive, and evermore
Would love her as my servitor,
  But little as my wife.

"Look up—there is a small bright cloud
  Alone amid the skies!
So high, so pure, and so apart,
  A woman's honor lies."
The page looked up—the cloud was sheen—
A sadder cloud did rush, I ween,
  Betwixt it and his eyes.

Then dimly dropped his eyes away
  From welkin unto hill—
Ha! who rides there?—the page is 'ware,
  Though the cry at his heart is still!
And the page seeth all and the knight seeth none
Though banner and spear do fleck the sun,
  And the Saracens ride at will.

He speaketh calm, he speaketh low:
  "Ride fast, my master, ride,
Or ere within the broadening dark
  The narrow shadows hide!"
"Yea, fast, my page; I will do so;
  And keep thou at my side."

"Now nay, now nay, ride on thy way,
  Thy faithful page precede!

He only is a great orator who can utter reason without passion.—MOSES TRUE BROWN.

For I must loose on saddle bow
My battle-casque that galls, I trow,
  The shoulder of my steed;
  Ere night I shall be near to thee,
  Now ride, my master, ride!"

Had the knight looked up in the page's face,
  I ween he had never gone;
Had the knight looked back to the page's geste,
  I ween he had turned anon.
For dread was the woe in the face so young;
And wild was the silent geste that flung
Casque, sword, to earth, as the boy downsprung,
  And stood—alone, alone!

He clinched his hands as if to hold
  His soul's great agony;
"Have I renounced my womanhood,
  For wifehood unto *thee?*
And is this the last, last look of thine
  That ever I shall see?

"Yet God thee save, and may'st, thou have
  A lady to thy mind;
More woman proud and half as true
  As one thou leav'st behind!
And God me take with Him to dwell—
For Him I cannot love too well,
  As I have loved my kind."

The tramp of hoof, the flash of steel—
  The Paynims round her coming!

Persuade yourself that there are blind men and deaf men in your audience whom you must move, interest, and persuade. Your inflection must become pantomime to the blind, and your pantomime, inflection to the deaf.—DELSARTE.

The sound and sight have made her calm,
  False page, but truthful woman!
She stands amid them all unmoved;
The heart once broken by the loved
  Is strong to meet the foeman.

"Ho, Christian page! art keeping sheep,
  From pouring wine cups resting?"
"I keep my master's noble name
  For warring, not for feasting;
And if that here Sir Hubert were,
My master brave, my master dear,
  Ye would not stay to question."

"Where is thy master, scornful page,
  That we may slay or bind him?"
"Now search the lea and search the wood,
  And see if ye can find him!
Nathless, as hath been often tried,
Your Paynim heroes faster ride,
  Before him than behind him."

"Give smoother answers, lying page,
  Or perish in the lying."
"I trow that if the warrior brand
Beside my foot, were in my hand,
  'Twere better at replying."
They cursed her deep, they smote her low,
They cleft her golden ringlets through:
  The loving is the dying.

Feeling, thought, and affection are the three forms or acts of being. Feeling springs from a sensitive principle of being; thought from a reflective; love from an affective. From the sensitive principle of being flow passional emotions; from the reflective principle of being flow rational emotions; from the affective principle of being flow moral or volitional emotions.—STEELE MACKAYE.

SUE AN' ME.

DAVID BELASCO.

"UGH, ugh! I'm awful sick, mister, I am. Jus' got out ter-day, an' I kin hardly talk. I hopes I won't ketch the fever, I do," spoke a ragged little urchin with trembling voice and tearful eyes, on a bitter cold, snowy night.

"'Tain't no use o' yer talkin', mister; I ain't a-goin' ter part with Sue," continued he, pointing to a sickly-looking child fast asleep on the curbstone. "I'd like ter know what I'd do without her, I would. "I never had no father nor mother, as I knows of; an' as for Sue, her'n is dead an' buried as them as 'as no friends nor money are put away. We ain't got nobody in the world but ourselves—but we does werry well as we is. We don't want nare a body, Sue an' me. She ain't my sister, but she's jus' as good as one. Her own mother give her ter me, when she were only a little thing, so high. I lived along with old Jacob Prue, then, an' Sue an' her mother lived in the room above our'n. Sue an' me we used to play together, an' I cared more for her than anythink else in the world. By an' by Jacob Prue got sent ter prison for breakin' open a shop; an' Sue's mother she let me live in her room, an' give me vittals—when she had any. We wuz just as happy as cherrybyns, was Sue an' me an' her mother till the fever come. The people in our alley died awful, an' Sue's mother wuz tuk. We had the doctor from the hospital—but she didn't get no better; an' one night when I came in, she called me, an' she sez 'Bill, I'm a-goin';' 'Where?' sez I, for I thought

Any interrogation made with crossed arms must partake of the character of a threat.—DELSARTE.

she wuz a-talkin' some of the mad rubbidge she used ter when the fever was strong; but she wuzn't—she wuz sensible as you; an' she tells me agin: 'Bill, I'm a-goin'.'

"I didn't ask her where then. I knowed she wuz goin' ter die, an' I put my head on the piller an' cried fur the fust time since she wuz tuk; an' Sue cried too; an' we wuz a miserable lot of us in that ere attic. Arter a bit I wuz quiet. I picked out my bes' bit o' bread an' meat, an' tried ter feed her—but it wuzn't of no good, mister; she was a-goin' with the fever. So she sez, with a smile ter kinder make me feel better, 'It ain't no use, Bill, I'm a-goin' fast.' Then she tuk my hand, an' said, solemn-like: 'Bill, promise when I'm dead as you'll look arter Sue; she ain't got no friend in the world but her poor, dyin' mother an' you.' 'I will,' sez I; 'I'll stick ter Sue like bricks an' mortar.' 'Bill,' she went on, 'you won't let her steal?' 'Never,' sez I; 'I'll look arter her as good as you do, I will.' She wuz a bit pleased at that, an' we wuz all quiet. It wuz gittin' darkish an' her face looked whiter an' whiter; an' Sue had gone to sleep, jus' as you see her now, an' I an' her mother wuz awake, waitin' like for the end of it. All of a suddint she called out an' tuk my hand.

"'Bill,' sez she, 'kneel an' say "Our Father."'

"I didn't know what she meant, but I got on my knees alongside o' her, an' looked up to where she wuz a-pointin' ter a star through the winder, an' I kep' on a-sayin' it—'Our Father, Our Father, Our Father,' an' a-wonderin' all the time where He wuz; an' when I looked roun' she wuz gone. Nex' mornin' she wuz tuk away, an' little Sue an' me we's ben together ever since. Ah! the theayter's out; I mus' be a-goin'. See, Sue's wakin' up—

Not things themselves, but the principles that are their essence, should be the grand study.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

she dreamed las' night she wuz a-eatin' beefsteak an' gravy with lots of brown injins, an' I hopes ter make it real ter-night. Good-bye, mister; I'm werry much obliged; but it would be worser'n than the fever ter part Sue an' me."

THE DISCUSSION.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

Dramatis Personæ: { SMITH. JONES.

Scene: . . . . . A parlor.

[The words in brackets are not to be spoken. They simply give the idea that is in Jones's mind, and that the tone of his voice is supposed to convey. Very taking when well done, and an excellent study in pantomime.—EDITOR.]

SMITH [*entering, followed by Jones*]. Well! even then! Besides, what would you do?

JONES [*shaking his head significantly*]. Hm! hm! hm!

SMITH. Unless . . . Oh! then it would be quite different. Just think!

JONES. Hm! hm!

SMITH. Then you don't think any arrangements could be made. It would be useless to try, wouldn't it?

JONES. Hm! hm! hm! [*I think so.*]

SMITH. On the other hand, I think it would be better, don't you?

JONES. Hm! hm! [*Maybe.*]

SMITH. To tell the truth, I don't really care; I am

Perhaps the best gesture is that which is the least apparent.—DELSARTE.

only interested in the matter on his account. What I am afraid of is what people might say about it.

JONES. Hm! [*That is so.*]

SMITH. People are so unkind. And then it is such a delicate matter. The newspapers will soon make a scandal out of it!

JONES. Hm! hm! hm! [*Yes, a great scandal.*]

SMITH. The report should have been denied from the start; now it is too late.

JONES. Hm! [*You are right.*]

SMITH. Attempt a reconciliation? He would never consent to that; and, besides, it would be impossible. But wait—no, that wouldn't do. What do you think?

JONES. Hm! hm! [*It is hard to say.*]

SMITH. I cannot tell which would be better. I don't know what to say! Let things take their course? What is your opinion?

JONES. Hm! hm! hm! hm! [*I should not dare say.*]

SMITH. You don't dare give an opinion? I know it is hard.

JONES. Hm! hm! hm! [*Yes, very hard.*]

SMITH. What would be the result? Come to think of it, there are no reasons for . . . To be sure. . . but then . . . We would have to . . . only!—There is no denying it, it is incomprehensible.

JONES. Hm! hm! hmhm! [*Incomprehensible.*]

SMITH. For my part, I don't know what to say. I give it up. What ought he to say?

JONES. Hm! hm! [*That is something I must consider.*]

SMITH. How ought he to act? Should he be coldly indifferent or exceedingly angry?

But one gesture is needed for the expression of an entire thought; since it is not the word but the thought that the gesture must announce; if it expressed only the word, it would be trivial and mean, and also prejudicial to the effect of the phrase.—DELAUMOSNE.

JONES. Hm! hm! hm! hm!

[*Neither the one nor the other.*]

SMITH. I know him better than any one. Disagreeable disposition. Not bearing malice, but cross, irritable.

JONES. Hm! hm! [*Don't be too hard on him.*]

SMITH. Yes, he is irritable. I shall leave him alone. I do not approve of the course he has taken. Poor boy!

JONES. Hm! hm! hm! hm!

[*I don't think he was altogether wrong.*]

SMITH. You seem to think just the contrary. However, it cannot but give him a bad name. At any rate, it is nobody's fault but his own.

JONES. Hm! [*That is so.*]

SMITH. Ah! at last you are obliged to give in. After all, he is a good fellow.

JONES. Hmhmhm! hmhm!

[*I do not agree with you there.*]

SMITH. Yes, I assure you. Things have been said about him, but they are false.

JONES. Hm! hm! [*I doubt it.*]

SMITH. They are false, I tell you. But we haven't come to any point. Don't you think we are launched upon a rather disagreeable affair? Do you see a way out of it?

JONES. Hmhmhm! [*I am not sure that I do.*]

SMITH. There is none, is there? The simplest thing, I should say, is to do nothing at all about it.

JONES. Hm! hmhmhm! [*I guess you are right there.*]

SMITH. Come, let's go out; we can talk it over more freely in the street.

[*Takes Jones's arm and both go out.*]

If you would move others, put your heart in the place of your larynx; let your voice become a mysterious hand to caress the hearer.—DELSARTE.

CONVERSATIONAL.

"HOW'S your father?" Came the whisper,
Bashful Ned the silence breaking;
"Oh, he's nicely," Annie murmured,
Smilingly the question taking.

Conversation flagged a moment,
Hopeless, Ned essayed another:
"Annie, I—I," then a coughing,
And the question, "How's your mother?"

"Mother? Oh, she's doing nicely!"
Fleeting fast was all forbearance,
When in low, despairing accents
Came the climax, "How's your parents?"

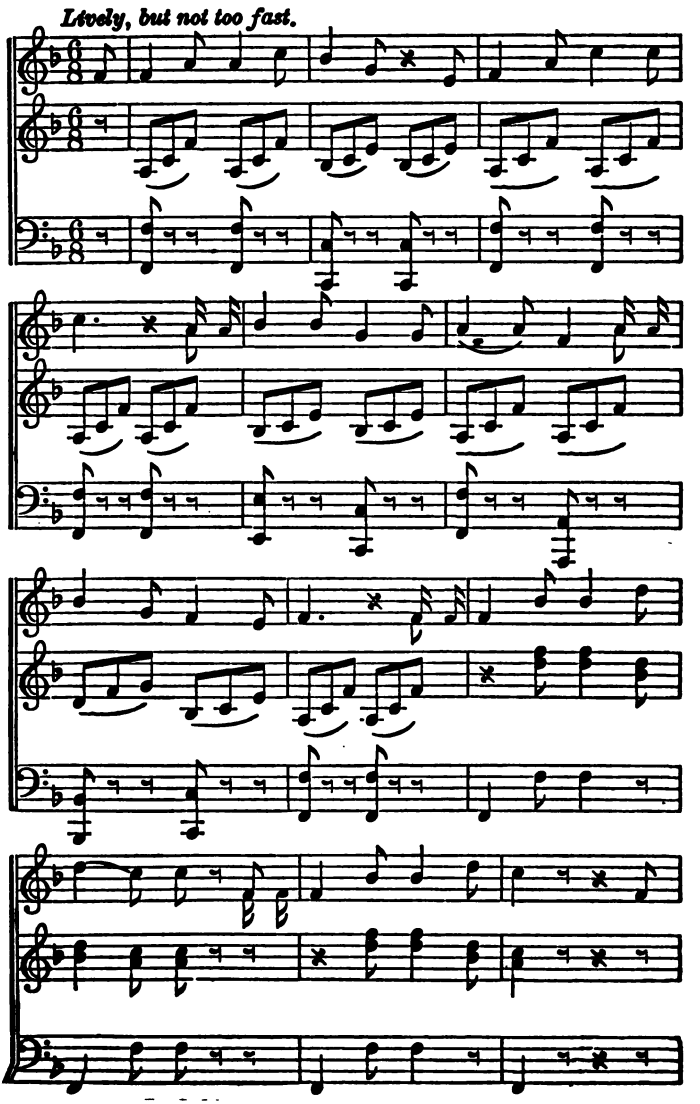
THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

SAMUEL LOVER.

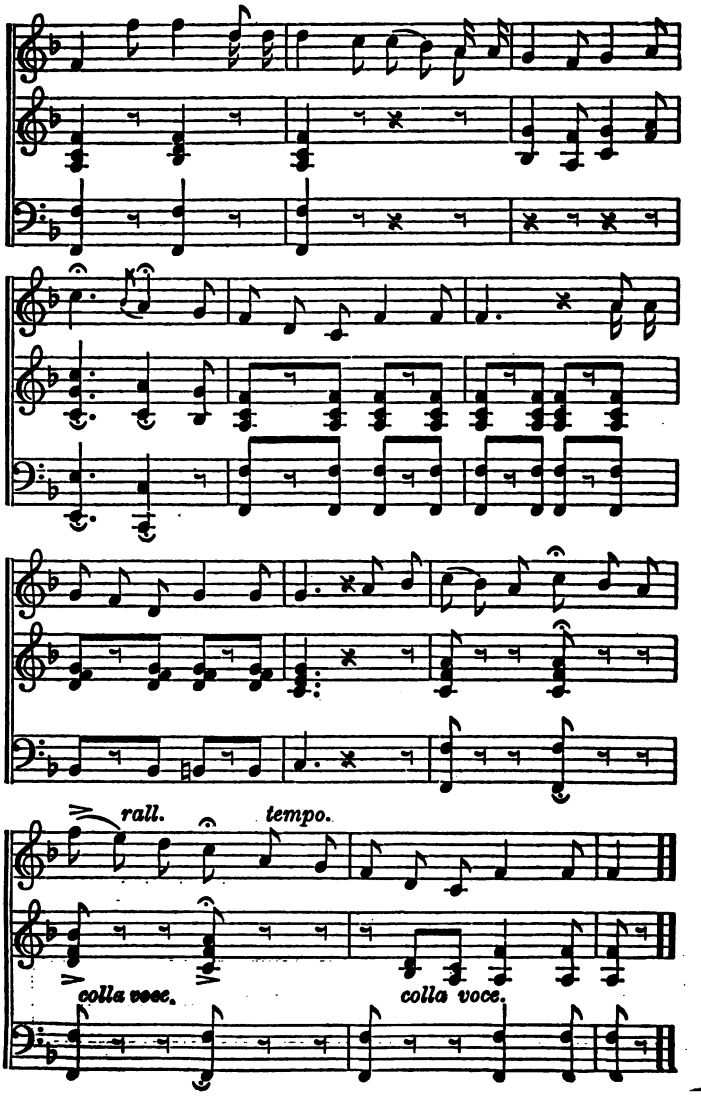
WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market-day.
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there, that could compare
To the blooming girl I sing!

If the voice is the soul of the drama, facial expression is its life.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

Music to "The Low-backed Car."



Music to "The Low-backed Car."



As she sat in her low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar,
  Never asked for the toll,
  But just rubbed his auld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car!

In battle's wild commotion,
  The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes demands his tythes
  Of death, in warlike cars!
But Peggy, peaceful goddess,
  Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market-town,
  As right and left they fly!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
  Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art cannot cure the heart
  That is hit from the low-backed car!

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir!
  Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,
  By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
  Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
  Of the blooming god of love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
  The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken that Peggy is pickin',
  While she sits in her low-backed car!

Nothing is more deplorable than a gesture without a motive.—DELSARTE.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
  With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
  And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
  On a cushion made with taste,—
While Peggy would be beside me,
  With my arm around her waist,
As we drove in the low-backed car,
  To be married by Father Maher;
Oh, my heart would beat high, at her glance and her sigh,
  Tho' it beat in a low-backed car!

COUNT GISMOND.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[The following incident in her life is told by the wife of Count Gismond to a friend, while the count is not present. His sudden entrance and the quick, graceful change of conversation which the wife makes as she sees him, that he may not be pained by recalling unpleasant events, affords opportunity for the reciter's tact in the closing stanza. The selection is very effective when the reciter seats herself with apparent unconsciousness of the act during the second stanza, rising at the words "Gismond here," in the last stanza.—EDITOR.]

CHRIST GOD who savest man, save most
  Of men Count Gismond who saved me!
Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,
  Chose time and place and company
To suit it; when he struck at length
My honor, 'twas with all his strength.

Gesture is a running commentary on the words. It should not be used merely for emphasis, but to explain and color the meaning.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

And doubtlessly, ere he could draw
  All points to one, he must have schemed!
That miserable morning saw
  Few half so happy as I seemed,
While being dressed in queen's array
To give our tourney prize away.

I thought they loved me, did me grace
  To please themselves: 'twas all their deed.
God makes, or fair or foul, our face.
  If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped
A word and straight the play had stopped.

But no: they let me laugh, and sing
  My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
  A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle-stairs—

And come out on the morning troop
  Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,
And called me queen, and made me stoop
  Under the canopy—(a streak
That pierced it, of the outside sun,
Powdered with gold its gloom's soft dun)—

And they could let me take my state
  And foolish throne amid applause
Of all come there to celebrate

To use expression at random on our own authority, expression at all hazards, is absurd.—DELSARTE.

My queen's-day—oh, I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud!

However that be, all eyes were bent
Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down; 'twas time I should present
The victor's crown, but . . . there, 'twill last
No long time . . . the old mist again
Blinds me as then it did. How vain!

See! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys: I can proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly—to my face, indeed—
But Gauthier? and he thundered "Stay!"
And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say!

"Bring torches! Wind the penance-sheet
About her! Let her cleave to right,
Or lay herself before our feet!
Shall she, who sinned with me at night,
Unblushing, queen it in the day?
For honor's sake no crowns, I say!"

I? What I answered? As I live,
I never fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.
What says the body when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it? No more says the soul.

Gestures are pantomimic verbs, and always imply an action. Attitudes are pantomimic adverbs, and qualify gestures or actions.—STEELE MACKAYE.

Till out strode Gismond: then I knew
  That I was saved. I never met
His face before; but, at first view,
  I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan: who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
  Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote
  In blood men's verdict then. North, south,
East, west, I looked. The lie was dead
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

This glads me most, that I enjoyed
  The heart o' the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond, unalloyed
  By any doubt of the event;
God took that on Him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part: I did.

And e'en before the trumpet's sound
  Was finished, prone lay the false knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground:
  Gismond flew at him, used no slight
O' the sword, but, open-breasted, drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

Which done, he dragged him to my feet,
  And said, "Here die, but end thy breath
In full confession, lest thou fleet

From my first to God's second death!
Say, hast thou lied?" And, "I have lied
To God and her," he said, and died.

Then Gismond kneeling to me asked
—What safe my heart holds, though no word
Could I repeat now, if I tasked
My powers forever, to a third,
Dear even as you are. Pass the rest
Until I sank upon his breast.

Over my head his arm he flung
Against the world; and scarce I felt
His sword (that dripped by me and swung)
A little shifted in its belt,
For he began to say the while
How south our home lay many a mile.

So 'mid the shouting multitude
We two walked forth to never more
Return. My cousins have pursued
Their lives, untroubled as before
I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
God lighten! May his soul find grace!

Our elder boy has got the clear
Great brow; though when his brother's black
Full eye shows scorn, it... Gismond here?
And have you brought my tercel back?
I was just telling Adela
How many birds it struck since May.

A man who menaces with the head is not sure of his aim, but he who menaces with the hand is sure of striking right.—DELAUMOSNE.

THE TRUMPETER'S BE-TROTHED.

TRANSLATED BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

MY lord, the Duke of Brittany,
For wars in which his soul delights,
Has called from Nantes to far Montagne,
On the mount and in the plain,
All the bravest of his knights.

There are barons whose proud flags
Wave their moated keeps above;
Valiant sires in arms grown old,
Warriors in ranks untold—
One of them's the man I love!

He has gone to Aquitaine
As a trumpeter, and yet
You would take him for a knight,
With his garb all gold bedight,
And his head so proudly set.

Joining unto mine his fate,
I have prayed my patron saint:
"Make his guardian angel keep
Watch the while he wake or sleep,
For with fear my heart grows faint."

I have said to our good priest,
"Father, for our soldiers pray!"
Then at holy Gildas' shrine
Three wax tapers fair and fine,
I have lighted yesterday.

There are two kinds of loud voices: the vocally loud, which is the vulgar voice; and the dynamically loud, which is the powerful voice.—DELSARTE.

Homeward from the wars to-day,
  Comes he at his monarch's side;
He's no common lover now,
I can lift my erst bowed brow,
  And my joy is blent with pride.

Conquering the duke returns,
  With his war-worn flag above.
For the cortege come and wait,
Soon you'll see it pass the gate,
  And the prince, and him I love!

Come and see his gallant steed,
  Decked in honor of the day,
As it goes with stately tread,
Neighing, tossing up its head,
  Crowned with plumes in colors gay.

Sisters, why so slow to dress?
  Come and see my conqueror,
And the trumpet, wrought in gold,
Quiv'ring in his nervous hold—
  Ah, my gallant trumpeter!

Come to see him—he himself!
  'Neath the mantle rich and rare
That I worked with gold and gem.
Like a royal diadem
  He his gilded casque will wear.

In yon church a gypsy hag,
  Calling me last night to her,
Said (O saints watch over me!)

By holding the initial consonant, the word is pronounced as by an explosion, and is filled with power instead of mere sound.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

"To the music's ecstasy
  There will lack a trumpeter!"

But I've so prayed that I hope,
  Though with serpent glance she said,
Pointing to an open tomb:
"There, to-morrow, mid the gloom,
  I shall wait thee with the dead!"

Hasten! no more dismal thoughts—
  Hark! the rolling drums I hear!
Flags and flowers fill the air,
And the throngs of ladies fair
  In the purple tents appear.

See the long procession comes!
  Men-at-arms with heavy tread,
Then, beneath the banner's fold,
Barons clad in silk and gold,
  Velvet-capped each haughty head

Next, the Persian mail admire
  Of the Templars, feared of hell!
Under the long partisan
Come the archers from Lausanne,
  All in buff-coats—note them well.

Here's the duke! his banner—see,
  In the breeze it throbs and stirs;
Now the captive flags appear,
Heavy-drooping, shamed and drear.
  Look—here come the trumpeters!

* * * * *

Art should move the secret springs of life, convince the mind, and persuade the heart.—DELSARTE.

As she speaks her eager glance
  On the serried ranks is cast;
Careless laughs the crowd around,
Prone she falls upon the ground—
  All the trumpeters had passed!

EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY.

ONCE in Persia reigned a king,
  Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before the eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance.
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say;
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests

Adherence to mere authority, tradition, usage, or dry technicality, is fatal to inspiration. This carried to extremes makes the most cultivated player or speaker a mere professor of postures.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: "Oh, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent;
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But, with patience, day by day—
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly: "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,
Said he, with his dying breath:
"Life is done, but what is breath?"
Then in answer to the king
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
"Even this shall pass away."

The whining, tearful tone is always weak.—DELSARTE.

THE PROPOSAL.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

HE had been trying all the winter through
To speak the fateful words; and well she knew
He had been trying—but what could she do?

And just because he did adore her so,
His tongue would stammer, and his voice would go,
At bare idea of a possible "No."

He had a friend, a learned young professor,
Him he had constituted his confessor,
And general moral gauger and assessor.

To him were told the maiden's simple wiles,
Her pretty blushes and beguiling smiles,
In many words, and various moods and styles.

The swain would boast him to the little maid,
When he of other subjects was afraid,
Of all the learning that his friend displayed.

And so, one evening, when it chanced that she
Was bidden to an evening company,
She went, with hope this paragon to see.

And he was there; so, too, her bashful swain,
Who, strangely, did not help her to attain
The introduction which she hoped to gain.

For he had suddenly grown sore afraid
That a professor of so high a grade
Would straight supplant him with his little maid.

He only is an elocutionist who forgets elocution.—MOSES TRUE BROWN.

She waited long, and then—most hardily
For one who thought that maids should not be "free,"—
"Will you present me to your friend?" said she.

Now was his chance! Fiercely his pulses hammered,
She'd surely hear his heart, so loud it clamored;
"I—can't present you—you're not mine!" he stammered.

"And if you were"—now, that he had begun,
His courage rose—"I'd keep you, dearest one!"
"Always?" she murmured. "Always!" It was done!

JOVITA; OR, THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BRET HARTE. ARRANGED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

IT had been raining in the valley of the Sacramento. The North Fork had overflowed its banks and Rattlesnake Creek was impassable. Farther on, cut off and inaccessible, smitten by high winds and threatened by high water, Simpson's Bar, on the eve of Christmas Day, clung like a swallow's nest to the mountain, and shook in the blast. As night shut down, a few lights gleamed through the mist from the cabins on either side of the highway. Most of the population were gathered at Thompson's store, clustered around a red-hot stove, at which they silently spat in some accepted sense of social communion that rendered conversation unnecessary.

The voice should be a reflection of the expression of the face.—DELSARTE.

Just then a figure entered known to the company as "The Old Man."

"Dismal weather, ain't it?" he said. "No show for money this season, and to-morrow's Christmas. Yes, Christmas, and to-night's Christmas Eve. Ye see, boys, I kinder thought—that is, I sorter had an idee, jest passin' like, you know—that maybe ye'd all like to come over to my house to-night and have a sort of tear round. But I suppose, now, you wouldn't? Don't feel like it, maybe?" he added, anxiously, peering into the faces of his companions.

Dick Bullen, the oracle and leader of the boys, arose, shook himself, and saying, "I'm ready; lead the way, Old Man; here goes," with a characteristic howl darted out into the night.

Their way led up Pine-Tree Cañon, at the head of which a broad, low, bark-thatched cabin burrowed in the mountain-side. It was the home of the Old Man.

"P'r'aps ye'd better hold on a second out yer, whilst I go in and see thet things is all right," said the Old Man.

Presently the latch clicked, and a voice said, "Come in out o' the wet."

It was the voice of a small boy, in a weak treble. He had evidently just risen from his bed. "Come in," he repeated. "The Old Man's in there talking to mar," he continued, pointing to an adjacent room.

Entering, the men ranged themselves around a table of rough boards. Johnny then gravely proceeded to a cupboard and brought out several articles which he deposited on the table. "Thar's whiskey. And crackers. And red herons. And cheese." He took a bite

If the orator would speak to any purpose, he must bring back his discourse to some picture from nature, to some scene from real life.—DELAUMOSNE.

of the latter on his way to the table. "And sugar." He scooped up a mouthful with a small and very dirty hand. "And terbacker. Thar's dried appils, too, on the shelf, but I don't admire 'em. Appils is swellin'. Thar," he concluded, "now wade in, and don't be afeard."

He stepped to the threshold of a small room holding a small bed, and nodded.

"Hello, Johnny! You ain't goin' to turn in agin, are ye?" said Dick.

"Yes, I are," responded Johnny.

"Why, wot's up, old fellow?"

"I'm sick."

"How sick?"

"I've got a fevier. And childblains. And roomatiz," returned Johnny, and vanished within. After a moment's pause he added, "And biles!"

It was nearly midnight when the festivities were interrupted by the querulous voice of Johnny: "Oh, dad!"

The Old Man arose and disappeared. Presently he reappeared

"His roomatiz is comin' on agin bad," he explained, "and he wants rubbin'. You hold on all o' you for a spell, and I'll be back;" and vanished again. The door closed but imperfectly, and the following dialogue was audible:

"Now, sonny, whar does she ache worst?"

"Sometimes over yar and sometimes under yer; but it's most powerful from yer to yer. Rub yer, dad."

A silence seemed to indicate a brisk rubbing. Then Johnny:

"Hevin' a good time out yer, dad?"

"Yes, sonny."

"To-morrer's Chrismiss, ain't it?"

"Yes, sonny. How does she feel now?"

"Better. Rub a little furder down. Wot's Chrismiss, anyway? Wot's it all about?"

"Oh, it's a day."

This exhaustive definition was apparently satisfactory, for there was a silent interval. Presently Johnny again:

"Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrismiss. She sez thar's a a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinemin, comes down the chimbley night afore Chrismiss and give things to childern, —boys like me. Puts 'em in their butes! Thet's what she tried to play on me. Easy now, pop, whar are you rubbin' to, thet's a mile from the place. She jest made thet up, didn't she, jest to aggrewate me and you? Don't rub thar. It's mighty cur'o's about Chrismiss, ain't it? Why do they call it Chrismiss?"

The Old Man's reply was so low as to be inaudible beyond the room.

"Yes," said Johnny, "I've heerd o' *him* before. Thar, that'll do, dad. I don't ache near so bad as I did. Now wrap me tight in this yer blanket. So. Now, sit down yer by me till I go asleep," and to assure himself of obedience, he grasped his father's sleeve.

For some minutes the Old Man waited patiently. Then the stillness excited his curiosity, and, without moving from the bed, he cautiously opened the door and looked into the main room. It was dark and de-

The most precious relish of conversation, and the divinest charm of manners, is the living play of the spirit in the features, and the spontaneous modulation of the form by the passing experience.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

serted; but a smouldering log on the hearth broke, and by the blaze he saw Dick Bullen.

"Hello!"

Dick started.

"Whar's the boys?" said the Old Man.

"Gone up the cañon. They're comin' back for me in a minit. Now don't you git up," as the Old Man made a movement to release his sleeve from Johnny's hand. "Don't you mind manners. Sit jest whar you be; I'm goin' in a jiffy. Thar, that's them now."

There was a low tap at the door. Dick opened it quickly, nodded "good-night" to his host, and disappeared. The Old Man would have followed him but for the hand that unconsciously grasped his sleeve. He could have easily disengaged it: it was small, weak, and emaciated. But perhaps because it was small, weak, and emaciated, he changed his mind, and, drawing his chair closer to the bed, rested his head upon it. The room faded before his eyes, went out and left him asleep.

Meantime Dick Bullen confronted his companions.

"Are you ready?" said one.

"Ready," said Dick; "what's the time?"

"Past twelve," was the reply. "Can you make it? It's nigh on fifty miles, the round trip hither and yon."

"I reckon," returned Dick. "Whar's the mare?"

"Bill and Jack's holdin' her at the crossin'."

"Let 'em hold her a minit longer."

Dick re-entered the house softly. The door of the little room was open. The Old Man had fallen back in his chair, snoring. Beside him, on a narrow bedstead,

Art is at once the knowledge, the possession, and the free direction of the agents, by virtue of which are revealed the life, soul, and mind. It is the appropriation of the sign to the thing. It is the relation of the beauties scattered through nature to a superior type. It is not, therefore, the mere imitation of nature.—DELSARTE.

lay Johnny. Dick hesitated. Everything was quiet. He suddenly parted his huge mustache with both hands and stooped over the sleeping boy, then fled in bashful terror.

His companions were waiting for him. Two of them were struggling with a strange bulk, which took the semblance of a great yellow horse. It was the mare. She was not a pretty picture. From her Roman nose to her rising haunch, from her arched spine hidden by a stiff Mexican saddle to her thick, straight, bony legs, there was not a line of equine grace. In her half-blind but wholly vicious white eyes, in her protruding underlip, in her color, there was nothing but ugliness and vice.

"Now, then," said one, "stand cl'ar of her heels, boys and up with you. Don't miss your first holt of her mane and mind ye get your off stirrup quick. Ready!"

There was a leap, a scrambling struggle, a bound, a wild retreat of the crowd, a circle of flying hoofs, two leaps that jarred the earth, a jingle of spurs, a plunge, and then the voice of Dick somewhere in the darkness, "All right!"

"Don't take the lower road back onless you're hard pushed for time! Don't hold her in down hill! We'll be at the ford at five. G'lang! Hoopa! Go!"

A splash, a spark struck from the ledge in the road, a clatter, and Dick was gone.

One o'clock came, and Dick had only gained Rattlesnake Hill. In that time Jovita had practiced all her vices. Thrice had she stumbled. Twice had she struck out madly across country. Twice had she reared and fallen backward, and twice had Dick, unharmed, re-

The first or impressional stage of art is, educationally speaking, the cultivation of the senses, and the powers of observation. In pantomimic art it consists of the training of the apparatus of the body to the finest possible response to, and freest passage for the sensations accepted.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

gained his seat. A mile beyond, at the foot of a long hill, was Rattlesnake Creek. Dick knew that here was the crucial test. Jovita began the descent of the hill. As Dick expected, the momentum she had acquired carried her beyond the point of balking, and, holding her well together for a leap, they dashed into the middle of the swiftly-flowing current. A few moments of kicking, wading, and swimming, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite bank. By two o'clock he had begun the descent to the plain. At half-past two he rose in his stirrups with a shout. Beyond him rose two spires, a flagstaff, and a line of black objects. He jingled his spurs, and in another moment swept into the village.

After Jovita had been handed over to a sleepy ostler, whom she at once kicked into unpleasant consciousness, Dick sallied out. He stopped before several shops, and by persistent tapping roused the proprietors and made them unbar the doors. It was three o'clock before this pleasantry was over, and, with a small water-proof bag, strapped on his shoulders, Dick dashed down the lonely street into the plain.

The storm had cleared away, but it was half-past four before Dick reached the crossing, and half an hour later when he came to the long level that led to Rattlesnake Creek. Suddenly Jovita shied. Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the bank, and from the road arose a shadowy horse and rider.

" Throw up your hands," commanded this apparition.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him. Then she rose in the air with a terrific

Bad actors exert themselves in vain to be moved and to move spectators. On the other hand, true artists never let their gestures reveal more than a tenth part of the secret emotion that they apparently feel, and would hide from the audience to spare their sensibilities. Thus they succeed in stirring all spectators.—DELSARTE.

bound, throwing the figure from her bit with a single shake of her vicious head, and charged on the horseman. An oath, a pistol-shot, and the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly at his side.

Without slacking his speed Dick shifted the reins to his left hand. He had no fear of pursuit, but looking up he saw that day was upon him. Absorbed in a single idea, he forgot his wound, and dashed on. But the creek he had swam a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled a swift river. For the first time that night his heart sank. But the little room and the figures of the sleeping father and son rose before him. He cast off his coat, pistol, boots, and saddle, bound his precious pack to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a shout dashed into the water. A cry rose from the opposite bank as the heads of a man and horse struggled up the bank.

The Old Man started and woke. Somebody was rapping at the door. He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping, half-naked figure that reeled against the doorpost.

"Dick!"

"Hush! Is he awake yet?"

"No—but, Dick!"

"Keep still." He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man. "Thar's suthin' in my pack yer for Johnny. Take it off. I can't."

The Old Man unstrapped the pack and laid it before the exhausted man.

Expression in nature is spontaneous; it is the result of an unconscious process in the man as a creature. Expression in art is deliberate, and there is a conscious command of natural resources in the man as a creative being.—STEELE MACKAYE.

"Open it, quick!"

It contained only a few poor toys—cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel. One of them was broken, another was ruined by water, and on the third there was a spot.

"It don't look like much, that's a fact," said Dick, ruefully. "But it's the best we could do. Take 'em, Old Man, and put 'em in his stocking, and tell him—tell him, you know—hold me, Old Man—" The Old Man caught his sinking figure. "Tell him," said Dick, with a weak little laugh, "tell him Sandy Claus has come," and fell fainting on the threshold.

THE SCHOOL-MA'AM'S COURTING.

FLORENCE E. PYATT.

WHEN MARY ANN DOLLINGER got the skule
daown thar on Injun Bay
I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin' her honest
way.
I heerd some talk in the village abaout her flyin' high,
Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter dew ter
fly.
But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk ontell
She come in her reg'lar boardin' raound ter visit with
us a spell.
My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since they could
walk,

Accent is the modulation of the soul.—DELSARTE.

An' it tuk me aback ter hear her kerrectin' him in his talk.

Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though he hain't his beat for work;
But I sez ter myself, "Look out, my gal, yer a-foolin' with a Turk!"
Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a mournful way,
He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's at Injun Bay.
I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun buns,
An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones.
Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an' evenin' long,
Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong.

One day I was pickin' currants daown by the old quince tree,
When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin': "Be ye willin' ter marry me?"
An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "'Air ye willin', yeou sh'd say."
Our Jake he put his foot daown in a plum, decided way,
"No wimmen-folks is a-goin' ter be re-arrangin' me.
Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,' an' 'I be.'
Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what I say;
But I ain' a-goin' to take no sass from folks from Injun Bay.
I ask you free an' final: Be ye goin' ter marry me?"
An' Mary Ann sez, tremblin', yet anxious-like, "I be."

Gesture is inevitably synthetic, and consequently harmonic; for harmony is but another name for synthesis.—DELAUMOSNE.

A WIFE'S LAMENT.

WILL H. CADMUS.

NO! there ain't no use of talkin',
Zeb is gettin' most too old
To be changin' for the better,
So I seldom fret or scold;
But it sometimes is provokin',
An' I very often wish
That he'd give up his hobby,
Always hankerin' to fish.

I've polished on the cookin'-stove
Till you could see your face,
An' worked around from morn till night
To tidy up the place.
I sometimes sweep, an' dust, an' scrub,
Until, I will be bound,
You cannot find a cleaner house
For many miles around.

Zeb tracks in with his muddy boots
Upon the kitchen floor,
Until I feel it ain't no use
A-cleanin' any more.
He'll bring along a string of fish,
An' there won't be no peace
Until I've fried 'em, an' the stove
Gets spattered up with grease.

On Saturday, he'll set at night,
Along some muddy brook,

An' wait until some worthless fish
  May come an' find his hook.
Then, like enough, on Sunday morn
  He'll say, "Why, there's the bell!
I won't go with you, Betsy Ann,
  I ain't a-feelin' well."

If he gets called away from home,
  He'll take a piece of twine,
With bait an' hooks to well improve
  The odds an' ends of time.
At night, I've scolded 'till I knew
  'Twas useless any more,
For all the answer I would get
  Would likely be a snore.

I've sometimes wanted somethin' done,
  Perhaps to mend a chair,
Or dig around my flower-beds,
  He'd claim "no time to spare."
But then I've noticed many times,
  The task is not too great
To dig a patch that's twice as big
  If huntin' after bait.

Last spring he said he'd go to York
  To see the grand display;
He thought that he could spare the time,
  He'd only go one day.
I didn't see just how he could,
  The crops were needin' care,
But then I didn't find no fault,
  The neighbors would be there.

The teacher's work is complete when the pupil has been trained to the perfect control of the instruments through which the soul can be expressed.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

I claimed the military show
  Was better than the rest.
He said that he was satisfied
  The naval would be best.
But afterward I found he sat
  From nine till six o'clock,
A drop-line down between his knees,
  A-fishin' from the dock!

He lately bought a fishin'-pole,
  A fancy kind of thing,
A little wheel upon the stick
  For windin' up the string.
Sez I to him, "It seems to me
  You'll never have no sense;
You know that we cannot afford
  To have no such expense."

Sez I, "You know your overcoat
  Is very far from new;
We need new chairs and carpet,
  An' the church pew rent is due."
He said I'd claimed the meat he bought,
  I'd very often found,
Was poor stuff, sold for tenderloins,
  At twenty cents a pound.

"An' now," sez he, "our butcher bills
  Will probably be small;
There's fish enough," with his new rod
  He'd maybe catch 'em all!
You should have seen the basketful
  That he brought home at night—

The flounders, bass, an' bluefish, too—
My goodness! What a sight!

He said he'd had a jolly time,
An' didn't fail to say,
The bites he'd had was wonderful,
The best ones got away!
But, later, Van Dutchoven's wife,
Claimed Jake Goosrobber knew,
Zeb hadn't caught them fish at all,
He'd bought 'em of Jim Drew!

JACK HALL'S BOAT-RACE.

ROBERT GRANT. ARRANGED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

IT was an established custom on the annual exhibition day at Utopia School for the best single scullers to demonstrate by a two-mile contest which could pull the fastest.

Tom Bonsall was the acknowledged crack single sculler in the school, and as he was to graduate this year, it was Jack Hall's last chance to prove himself the superior. Great preparations were made for the contest. But the excitement was nothing compared with what it became when Dr. Meredith, the principal, announced his intention of competing for the silver cup himself. The report ran like wildfire through the school. "Have you heard the news?" everyone asked his neighbor. "The doctor is going in for the single sculls against Bonsall and Hall. He hasn't rowed in a race

The law of evolution in expression is: first the eye, then the face, then the head, then the arms and hands, and last the body.—STEELE MACKAYE.

for ever so long." As to what the result of the race would be, few saw room to doubt. Neither of them could hope to beat the doctor.

The appointed day dawned bright and still. The race had been fixed for ten o'clock. The lake was reported to be like a mirror, and the day unexceptionable from an oarsman's point of view. At nine o'clock Jack emerged in his boating-costume. Every boy who possessed a boat was out in it, and the water was dotted with every variety of craft, from a canoe to a steam-launch. The stand, which had been erected just opposite to the finish, was crowded. As for Jack, he was trembling all over, and could feel his heart going like a trip-hammer. The course was two miles in all; straight away for a mile to a flagged buoy, and back again to another flagged buoy abreast of the boat-house.

Jack was the last of the three to get into his boat. He paddled a few rods and then shot off at a comfortable pace up the lake, followed by the gaze of the spectators eager to gauge his powers. He caught a glimpse of Tom Bonsall resting on his oars and watching him. Jack pulled steadily for a few hundred yards, taking a last glance at his equipment to make sure everything was all right. He had scarcely turned to come back when the pistol sounded, and by the time he reached the starting-line the doctor and Tom were in position. According to the lots drawn that morning, Jack was to be in the middle, with Tom inside; so he paddled in between them.

He felt almost beside himself in the short interval that preceded the discharge, and his throat seemed parched.

Beauty is to the Beautiful what the individual reason is to the divine reason of things. It is one ray of the beautiful.—DELSARTE.

Crack!

The three pairs of blades flashed through the water at the same moment, and neither boat seemed to gain any decided advantage as they bounded away from the buoy amid the cheers of everybody.

"Hurrah for the doctor!"

"Hit her up, Tom!"

"Bully for you, Jack!"

It took our hero some minutes to get his head clear enough to be able to perceive what he was doing, as compared with his opponents. He was conscious of rowing a rather quicker and more jerky stroke than usual. His eyes were misty and his throat drier than ever. The cheers of the spectators were growing fainter, and he felt that it was time to settle down to work. He made a gulp and looked about him. On his right was Tom pulling like grim death, at a rate which seemed to lift his boat almost out of the water. The stern of Tom's shell was nearly on a level with the back sweep of his own oars, which showed plainly that Tom had not far from half a length's lead on him. On the other side was the doctor, rowing steadily and smoothly as clock-work, neck and neck with him.

"Softly now," said Jack to himself. "This is too fast company for me. If Tom can keep this racket up he'll get there first. My only chance is to let up a bit." Accordingly he lessened the number of strokes to the minute by making each of them longer and more sweeping, with the immediate result that he felt in better shape, and that Tom had gained no further advantage on him. But there was no let up to Tom. He had the lead and was bent on keeping it. Not a sound was

We never really understand an author's meaning. Every one is free to interpret him according to his individual instinct. But we must know how to justify the interpretation by gesture.—DELAUMOSNE.

audible to Jack but the slight plashing of the oars in the water. Over his shoulder he saw Tom struggling onward; and abreast of him, pulling with apparently no effort and watching alertly the movements of his rivals, could be seen the dangerous doctor. But Jack felt calm now, and fresher than when he started. The doctor was pulling a waiting race; he was an old hand, and had seen many a race lost by too lively a pace at the start.

"Steady," reflects Jack, "don't hit her up too lively." He appreciates the doctor's tactics, and is not going to fall into the trap if he can help it, even though Tom, spurred on by swift pursuit, has put on more steam and is holding his own bravely. They are not far from the flagged buoy now, and are likely to pass it in the order in which they are at present, about half a length apart, and Tom has the inside water.

Tom turns first, and very cleverly, too, close to the buoy so as to give no one a chance to cut in, and starts for home; but the others are at his heels and right after him. Half way, and Jack is still as fresh as ever. He remembers a parting caution not to spurt until he has to, and only bends strongly and firmly to his accustomed stroke. Ah, there! The doctor is waking up at last, and is putting in some stronger work. One thing is certain now; Tom will have to row faster or give in. Jack slightly quickens his stroke, and, without actually spurting, bends every muscle. Will Tom be able to quicken his pace? He does quicken it, so much so that he is rowing desperately fast with short, lightning strokes, which come so rapidly that it is difficult to note the interval between them. Brilliant, magnificent! But

Things that are said quietly should sing themselves in the utterance.—DELSARTE.

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Jack's long, steady swing is holding, and pressing into the bargain.

"Steady now," murmurs Jack between his teeth. He knows from Tom's exertions that his rival is spurting. A terrible moment of sustained effort follows, at the end of which Tom lashes the air with a misplaced stroke, the water splashes, and Jack's shell comes on a level with its forerunner, battles with it for twenty yards of struggling agony on the part of the doomed champion, and leaps to the front just in time to meet the sweet music of the prolonged, triumphant din of shouts and cheers sent down by hundreds of voices. Jack is ahead, and only a quarter of a mile left! Tom is beaten. And now for the doctor. Where is he? The nose of his boat is almost on a line with Jack's stern, and he is quickening at every stroke.

What a babel of cheers and exclamations bursts forth from the crowd along the bank and on the benches of the densely-packed stand!

"Jack Hall is ahead! Hall! Hall! No, he isn't! Hit her up, doctor! Hurrah for Hall! Hurrah for the doctor! Tom, where are you? Bonsall! Bonsall! H-A-L-L! Hall-l-l!"

The tumult is maddening. Can it be possible that Jack Hall, who before the race was rated lowest of the three, is going to break the school record and beat the doctor in one and the same breath? It looks like it, if he can hold his own for two hundred yards more. But see, the doctor is spurting with a vengeance—look!—look!—and is he not gaining, too?

"Doctor Meredith is ahead! No he's not—Hall's

The philosophy of expression is the philosophy of manifestation. In its broadest sense, it is the philosophy of the infinite as revealed in the universe. In its restricted sense, it is the philosophy of man as revealed through the organism; the inner essence or soul manifesting itself through the outer substance or body.—MOSES TRUE BROWN.

ahead! Huzza! hurrah! Hall, Hall, hit her up, Hall! Look out, Hall! The doctor wins! No he doesn't! Hall wins! Hurrah! Jack, where are you?"

The doctor has crept up; the nose of his shell is now well beyond Jack's out-rigger, and he is speeding like the wind. Jack is feeling terribly tired; his throat that he thought parched at the start burns as if it were on fire, and his eyes seem ready to start out of his head. Jack turns his head and sights the goal. Not more than 150 yards left! The yells and cheers are setting his blood ablaze. He can scarcely see, but he knows he has not spurted yet. He is neck and neck with the doctor now. There can be nothing to choose between them. "The doctor wins!" "Not a bit of it; Hall wins! Good on your head, Jack! Keep it up, doctor! Go in, Hall!"

The time has come now, Jack knows, to put in any spurt that is left in him. Gripping the handles of his oars like a vise, and shutting his eyes, Jack throws all his powers into one grand effort.

"Hall! Hall! Hurrah! Nobly done, Hall! Hall wins! Row, doctor, row!"

The doctor is rowing with all his might, but he has not counted on the staying powers of his adversary. If Jack can hold out for half a dozen strokes more, the victory is his.

One.

"Hall! Hall! Go in, doctor!"

Two.

"Three cheers for Hall! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

Three.

"Hurrah! H-A-L-L!"

A movement should never be mixed with a facial twist.—DELSARTE.

Four.

"Hall wins! Hall wins!"

Five.

"Hurrah! Huzza! Hurrah! Hall! Hall! Doctor! Doctor!"

Six.

Panting, breathless, and bewildered by the deafening cheers, Jack sees the flagged buoy shoot past his oar-blade and knows that he has won the race and is champion of Utopia.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

S. H. M. BYERS.

THERE'S a wedding in the orchard, dear, I know it by the flowers;
They're wreathed on every bough and branch, or falling down in showers.
The air is in a mist, I think, and scarce knows what to be—
Whether all fragrance, clinging close, or bird-song, wild and free.

"It is six," the swallows twittered, "and you're very late in rising—
If you really think of rising on this lovely morn at all—
For the great red sun is peeping over wood and hill and meadow,
And the unmilked cows are lowing in the dimly-lighted stall."

Articulation is the arrest or vibration of tone, produced by the pronunciation of consonants.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

"Oh, ye robins and ye swallows," thought I, throwing back the lattice,
"Ye are noisy, joyous fellows, and you waken when you will;"
Then I saw a dainty letter, bound in ribbon-grass and clover,
That the swallows had left swinging by the narrow window-sill.

Oh, the dainty, dainty letter, on an orange leaf, or lemon,
Signed, "Your friend, the Queen of Roses," writ in characters of dew:
"You're invited to the garden, there's a good time there at seven,
And a place beside the apple-tree has been reserved for you.

"There'll be matings there, and marriages, of every flower and blossom;
Cross the brook behind the arbor, and come early, if you can."
Oh, my thoughts they all went bounding, and my heart leaped in my bosom,
"And how sweetly she composes," I reflected as I ran.

There she sat, the queen of roses, with her virgins all about her,
While the lilacs and the apple-blooms seemed waiting her command.
Oh, how lovely, oh, how graciously she smiled on each new-comer;

Oh, how sweetly kissed the lilies as she took them by
the hand.

All at once the grass-rows parted, and the sweetest
notes were sounded,
There was music, there was odor, there was loving in
the air;
And a hundred joyous gallants, robed in holiday ap-
parel,
Danced beneath the lilac bushes with a hundred maid-
ens fair.

There were tulips, proud and yellow, with their great
green spears beside them;
There were lilies grandly bowing to the rose queen as
they came;
There were daffodils so stately, scenting all the air of
heaven;
Joyous buds and sleeping poppies, with their banners
all aflame.

There were pansies robed in purple, marching o'er the
apple-blossoms,
And the foxgloves with their pages tripped coquettish-
ly along;
And the violets and the daisies, in their bonnets blue
and yellow,
Joined the marching and parading of th' innumerable
throng.

All at once the dandelion blew three notes upon his
trumpet:
"Choose ye partners for the dancing, gallant knights
and ladies fair;"

The rhythm of gesture is proportional to the mass to be moved. The more an organ is restrained, the more vehement is its impulse.—DELAUMOSNE.

And the honeysuckle court'sied to the young, sweet-
breathed clematis,
And remarked upon the sweetness of the blossoms in
her hair.

"We're the tallest," said the tuberose to the iris, stand-
ing nearest,
"And suppose that now, for instance, I should offer you
my heart?"
"Oh, how sudden," cried the sly thing; "I am really
quite embarrassed—
Unexpected, but pray do it, just to give the rest a
start."

Then a daisy kissed a pansy, with its jacket brown and
yellow,
And the crocus led a thistle to a seat beside the rose;
And the maybells grouped together, close beside the
lady-slipper,
And commented on the beauty and the splendor of her
clothes.

"Oh, a market this for beauty," said a jasmine, gently
clinging
To the strong arm of an orange, as a glance on him she
threw;
"Why, you scarcely would believe it, but I've had this
very morning
Twenty offers, and declined them just to promenade
with you."

Then again the grass it parted, and the sunshine it grew
brighter,

Let your attitude, gesture, and face foretell what you would make felt.—
DELSARTE.

Till it seemed as if the curtains of high heaven were withdrawn,
And each flower and bud and blossom pressed some fair one to its bosom,
As the bannered train danced gaily 'twixt the windrows on the lawn.

Oh, the musk-rose was so stately! and so stately was the queen rose!
And how sweetly smiled she on me as she whispered in my ear:
"Come again; you know you're welcome, come again, dear, for it may be
That our baby buds and blossoms will be christened here next year."

THE OLD CHURCH.

H. H. JOHNSON.

WHAT! tear the old church down, you say, and build a modern one,
That we can look with pride upon and boast of when 'tis done?
With lots of little rooms below for festivals and fairs,
And one big room for preachin', with its pews and easy-chairs?

What's wrong about the dear old church we've worshipped in so long?
The walls are good, the clapboards tight, the timbers sound and strong;

Expression in nature flows from the impulses of natural passion. Expression in art implies a mastery of the primary impulses of natural passion by that rational and moral substance in the individual which distinguishes the man from the beast as a supernatural entity.—STEELE MACKAYE.

I'll own the roof is leakin' some, but *that* can be made right,
A shingle stuck in here and there will make the old roof tight.

You want to build a stylish church. I think I know your views;
And then when you have got it built, you'll rent or sell the pews,
And poor folks that haint got the cash to pay for sittin' room,
Must take their preachin' standin' up, or else remain at home.

I tell you, brethren, that old church seems like a life-long friend;
Sweet memories are clusterin' there will last till life shall end.
Each timber, joist, and board and nail seems speakin' with a tongue,
And tellin' of the good done here since you and I were young.

Beside that dear old altar there, just fifty years to-day,
I knelt and begged for pardon, and Christ washed my sins away;
And though old Time has thinned my hair, and bleached it white as snow,
That altar is as dear to me as fifty years ago.

The sermons that we've listened to from holy men of God,

Whose bodies now are lyin' cold beneath the church-
yard sod,
Seem ringin' in my ears to-day, and full of gospel truth,
As when I listened to them in the merry days of youth.

I seem to hear the preacher's voice say, "Brethren, let
us pray,"
And all the congregation kneel in the old-fashioned
way.
I seem to hear the thrillin' shouts of "*Glory*" and
"*Amen*,"
Respondin' from the people's hearts and echoin' again.

I seem to hear those old-time hymns we all so loved to
sing,
That used to swell from ev'ry heart, and make the old
church ring.
There's one now ringin' in my ears: "Let angels pros-
trate fall
Bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of
all!"

'Twould seem too much like sacrilege to tear that altar
down;
I'm 'fraid God wouldn't bless the deed, but rather on it
frown.
No, brethren, not a dollar will you get from my old
hand!
I'd rather give five hundred more and let the old church
stand!

So, I beg you, let the old church stand; and when this
old, gray head

The teacher is advised to train the voice at the same time with the body, training both as an instrument.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

Shall lie beneath the flowers in the city of the dead,
Then you can tear the old church down and build one
new and grand;
But while I live, oh, heed my prayer, and let the old
church stand.

CANDOR.

H. C. BUNNER.

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead.
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so?
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day?
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew red—

"And have I noticed your tone was queer?
Why, everybody has seen it here!
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

A BOY'S CONCLUSION.

SHE wuz a old maid, Aunt Sue wuz;
She never had any little boys
Er girls, like mos' of women does.
I guess she didn't like the noise
And bother 'at a baby brings,
And so God didn't send her none,
But let 'em stay and wear their wings.
I bet they have a sight of fun!
I've got a baby brother there,
And he's got wings, and, if I'm good,
I'm goin' to die and have a pair
Some time, 'cause mamma said I should.

When Aunt Sue wuz a girl, ma said,
She had a beau, like Sister Bess.
He went to the war and come back dead,
And that's all 'at saved *her*, I guess;
'Cause, if he hadn't lost his life,

Art proposes three things: to move, to interest, to persuade by unity of inflection and gesture. One effect must not destroy another. Divergence confuses the audience, and leaves no time for sentiment.—DELAUMOSNE.

He would 'a' come back after her;
And she'd 'a' had to be his wife
And go with him jist *everywhere!*
I'd think she'd 'a' been awful glad
Because he didn't come, but died;
But stid of that it made her sad,
And mamma said she went and cried.

And, mamma said, a long, long while
After her beau wuz dead, Aunt Sue
Jist moped around and wouldn't smile,
Until they thought that she'd die, too.
But stid of dyin' she kep' on,
And turned out to be a old maid;
Jist 'cause the other beau wuz gone,
She wouldn't have no more, she said.
I pity Aunt Sue; but I can't
Help be glad 'at her beau died,
'Cause I wouldn't have a old maid aunt
If she'd 'a' been that feller's bride.

I like Aunt Sue; her ginger cakes
Are better'n what we have at home,
They're sweeter 'n them my mamma makes,
And she mos' always brings me some.
And she's got lots of books and cats,
And a little dog, and she don't care
How much I play with them, and that's
Why I like so to go down there.
Old maids are nice. When I'm a man,
If I don't live a single life,
But marry some one, it's my plan
To have a old maid for my wife.

A part of the whole cannot be thoroughly appreciated by any one ignorant of the whole.—DELSARTE.

A' ABOOT IT.

WILLIAM LYLE.

"O MARY, will you gang wi' me,
An' mak' my hame a heeven?
I'll licht yer nights, an' bless yer days,
Wi' love as lang's I'm leeven."
"Toots, laddie, dinna waste yer win'—
Its waur than wasted speakin';
Ye hae but ane heart at the best,
An' I'm no' her it's seekin'."

"Ah, Mary, I had ance a heart,
But I hae ane nae langer;
Yer een hae wiled it frae my breest,
An' aye the spell grows stranger."
"Ah, havers, Tam, ye ken fu' weel,
Noo, whaur were ye' a roamin'
Yestreen? Ye followed Maggie Rae
Adoon the glen at gloamin'."

"Mary, I thacht it was yersel',
But ne'er a word was spoken;
The glen was dark without your smile,
An' I cam' hame heart-broken."
"Weel, maybe, Tam, ye were mista'en,
But I'll tak' leave to doot it;
It seems ye had to kiss lang Meg
To find oot a' aboot it!"

In change of inflection, the voice should leap from one inflection to the other, not slide; otherwise the change produces a sing-song.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

LORD CLIVE.

ROBERT BROWNING. ARRANGED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

I AND CLIVE were friends—and why not? power is power, my boy, and still
Marks a man,—God's gift magnific, exercised for good or ill.
We were friends then, Clive and I; so, when the clouds, about the orb
Late supreme, encroaching slowly, surely, threatened to absorb
Ray by ray its noontide brilliance,—friendship might, with steadier eye 5
Drawing near, bear what had burned else, now no blaze, all majesty.

Too much bee's-wing floats my figure? Well, suppose a castle's new:
None presume to climb its ramparts, none find foothold sure for shoe
'Twixt those squares and squares of granite plating the impervious pile
As his scale-mail's warty iron cuirasses a crocodile. 10
Such a castle seldom tumbles by sheer stress of cannonade:
'Tis when foes are foiled and fighting's finished that vile rains invade,

Grass o'ergrows, o'ergrows till night-birds, congregating, find no holes
Fit to build in like the topmost sockets made for banner-poles.

Dynamic wealth depends upon the number of bodily articulations brought into play; the fewer articulations an actor uses, the more closely he approaches to the puppet.—DELSARTE.

So Clive crumbled slow at London, crashed at last. A week before, 15
Dining with him,—after trying churchyard-chat of days of yore,—
As I saw his head sink heavy, guessed the soul's extinguishment
By the glazing eyeball, noticed how the furtive fingers went

Where a drug-box skulked behind the honest liquor,—"One more throw
Try for Clive!" thought I; "let's venture some good rattling question!" So— 20
"Come, Clive, tell us,"—out I blurted,—"what to tell in turn, years hence,
Come! what moment of the minute, what speck-centre in the wide
Circle of the action saw your mortal fairly deified?
(Let alone that filthy sleep-stuff; swallow bold this wholesome port!)
If a friend has leave to question,—when were you most brave, in short?" 25

Up he arched his brows o' the instant, formidably Clive again.
"When was I most brave? I'd answer, were the instance half as plain
As another instance that's a brain-lodged crystal—curse it!—here
Freezing when my memory touches—ugh!—the time I felt almost fear. 29
Ugh! I cannot say for certain if I showed fear—anyhow,

Pantomime is of two distinct species: elliptic pantomime, which is the manifestation by the outer action of the body of the inward life of the body; and descriptive pantomime, which is the illustration by the motion of the body of some outer part or action.—STEELE MACKAYE.

Fear I felt, and, very likely, shuddered, since I shiver now."

Down his brows dropped. On the table painfully he pored, as though
Tracing in the stains and streaks there, thoughts encrusted long ago.
When he spoke 'twas like a lawyer reading word by word some will,
Some blind jungle of a statement,—beating on and on until 35
Out there leaps fierce life to fight with.

"This fell in my factor-days.
Desk-drudge, slaving at St. David's, one must game, or drink, or craze.
I chose gaming; and—because your high-flown gamesters hardly take
Umbrage at a factor's elbow if the factor pays his stake—
I was winked at in a circle where the company was choice, 40
Captain This and Major That, men high of color, loud of voice,

"Yet indulgent, condescending to the modest juvenile,
Who not merely risked but lost his hard-earned guineas with a smile.
Down I sat to cards, one evening, had for my antagonist
Somebody whose name's a secret—you'll know why—so, if you list, 45
Call him Cock o' the walk, my scarlet son of Mars from head to heel!

Conscious menace—that of a master to his subordinate—is expressed by a movement of the head carried from above downward. Impotent menace requires the head to be moved from below upward.—DELSARTE.

"Wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

"A powder-box,
I'll take a little look within."

Play commenced; and whether Cocky fancied that a clerk must feel

"Quite sufficient honor came of bending over one green baize,
I the scribe with him the warrior, guessed no penman dared to raise
Shadow of objection should the honor stay but playing end 50
More or less abruptly,—whether disinclined he grew to spend,
Practice strictly scientific on a booby born to stare
At—not ask of—lace and ruffles if the hand they hide plays fair.

"Anyhow, I marked a movement when he bade me 'Cut!' I rose.
'Such the new manœuvre, captain? I'm a novice; knowledge grows. 55
What, you force a card, you cheat, sir?' Never did a thunderclap
Cause emotion, startle Thyrsis locked with Chloe in his lap,
As my word and gesture (down I flung my cards to join the pack)
Fired the man of arms, whose visage, simply red before, turned black.

"When he heard his voice, he stammered, 'That expression once again.' 60
'Well, you forced a card and cheated!' 'Possibly a factor's brain,

The law of expansion of motion of action existing in mental expression is in proportion to the uncontrolled force of the motion.—STEELE MACKAYE.

Busied with his all-important balance of accounts, may deem
Weighing words, superfluous trouble; *cheat* to clerkly ears may seem
Just the joke for friends to venture: but we are not friends, you see!
When a gentleman is joked with,—if he's good at repartee— 65

"'He rejoins as I do—Sirrah, on your knees, withdraw in full!
Beg my pardon, or be sure a kindly bullet through your skull
Lets in light and teaches manners to what brain it finds! Choose quick—
Have your life snuffed out or, kneeling, pray me trim yon candlewick!'
'Well, you cheated!' 70
Then outbroke a howl from all the friends around.
To their feet sprang men in fury, fists were clinched and teeth were ground.
'End it! no time like the present! Captain, yours were our disgrace!'

"Up we stood accordingly.
As they handed me the weapon, such was my soul's thirst to try
Then and there conclusions with this bully, tread on and stamp out 75
Every spark of his existence, that—crept close to, curled about
By that toying, tempting, teasing fool-forefinger's middle joint,—

The mouth plays a part in everything evil which we would express, by a grimace which consists of protruding the lips and lowering the corners. If the grimace translates a concentric sentiment, it should be made by compressing the lips.—DELSARTE.

Don't you guess?—the trigger yielded. Gone my chance! and at the point
Of such prime success, moreover; scarce an inch above his head
Went my ball to hit the wainscot. He was living, I was dead. 80

"Up he marched in flaming triumph—'twas his right, mind!—up, within
Just an arm's length. 'Now, my clerkling,' chuckled Cocky with a grin
As the levelled piece quite touched me, 'now, Sir Counting-house, repeat
That expression which I told you proved bad manners! Did I cheat?'
'Cheat you did, you knew you cheated, and, this moment, know as well. 85
As for me, my homely breeding bids you—fire and go to hell!'

"Twice the muzzle touched my forehead. Heavy barrel, flurried wrist,
Either spoils a steady lifting. Thrice: then, 'Laugh at hell who list,
I can't! God's no fable, either. Did this boy's eye wink once? No!
There's no standing him and hell and God all three against me,—so, 90
I did cheat!'
And down he threw the pistol, out rushed—by the door
Possibly, but, as for knowledge if by chimney, roof, or floor,

Habit is a second nature; in fact, a habitual movement fashions the material and physical being in such a manner as to create a type not inborn, and which is named habitual.—DELAUMOSNE.

He effected disappearance—I'll engage no glance was sent
That way by a single starer, such a blank astonishment
Swallowed up the senses; as for speaking—mute they stood as mice 95

"Mute not long, though! Such reaction, such a hubbub in a trice!
'Rogue and rascal! Who'd have thought it? What's to be expected next?
Drum and fife must play the Rogue's March, rank and file be free to speed,
Tardy marching on the rogue's part by appliance in the rear—
Kicks administered shall right this wronged civilian,—never fear.' 100

"'Gentlemen, attention—pray! First, one word!
Some five minutes since my life lay—as you all saw, gentlemen,
At the mercy of your friend there. Not a single voice was raised
In arrest of judgment, not one tongue—before my powder blazed—
Ventured, "Can it be the youngster blundered, really seemed to mark 105
Some irregular proceeding? Look into the case, at least!"
Who dared interpose between the altar's victim and the priest?
Yet he spared me! You eleven! Whosoever, all or each,
Utters—to the disadvantage of the man who spared me—speech—

Science receives, art gives. By science man assimilates the world; by art he assimilates himself to the world. Assimilation is to science what incarnation is to art.—DELSARTE.

To his face, behind his back,—that speaker has to do
with me; 110
Me who promise, if positions change and mine the
chance should be,
Not to imitate your friend and waive advantage!'

"Well, you've my story, there's your instance: fear I
did, you see!"
"Fear—I wish I could detect there; courage fronts me,
plain enough,
Call it desperation, madness, never mind! for here's in
rough— 115
Why, had mine been such a trial, fear had overcome
disgrace.
True, disgrace were hard to bear; but no such rush
against God's face!"

ANALYSIS.

F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK.

No poet needs more the artist to stand as interpreter between him and the average individual than does Browning. The closet reading of Browning is somewhat difficult; his sentences are not always well framed for the eye, the words do not adjust themselves naturally to the focus of the ordinary understanding, the thread of his thought gets tangled in the meshes of his imagination, until we almost lose it altogether.

This is owing to two quite opposite qualities in his work that it seems paradoxical to name together: diffuseness and compression. He crowds his pages with a wealth of vivifying, reinforcing ideas branching from and adorning the main subject, side lights, so to speak, thrown upon the central motif. He must flash every

The head and hand cannot act simultaneously to express the same sentiment. One could not say "no" with head and hands at the same time. The head commands and precedes the movement of the hand.—DELAUMOSNE.

facet of his jewelled thought toward us until we have noted each scintillation of the brilliancy within. At the same time, he compresses the expression of each of these ideas until his lines are fairly packed with ellipses, so that the superficial reader is fatigued, at first, by the effort necessary to dig out the meaning of a sentence, and, afterward, by the stress of sustained thought required to follow the poet through group after group of such compact expressions to the final elucidation of his meaning—the net result of it all. Much of Browning's obscurity arises, like the imperfect expression of some bright stutterer, not from incapacity, but from the too rapid crowding of thoughts upon expression.

The artist who would interpret this master—and none but an artist is equal to his more difficult moods—has resources in vocal and pantomimic expression that stand him in good stead in his task. To such, the few hints I am able to give will doubtless be superfluous. To many students, however, who are aiming at something higher than the ephemeral trash of the day, they may be of service as pointing out a method of getting at the meaning and interpretation of one of the greatest masters of dramatic delineation.

Robert, Lord Clive, born 1725, conqueror of India. His most celebrated victory was at Plassey, where, with 3,000 men, he completely routed 60,000 Bengalese. He rose from a subordinate position in the British East India Company. His character was by no means spotless, yet his genuine greatness raised him high in the estimation of his contemporaries. His later years were passed in England in ill health and broken spirits. Finally, in 1774, he ended his own life. The incident here related has, we are told, the authority of Macaulay.

The speaker is telling the story to his son over their after-dinner port. The manner is colloquial, gestures of the hand and forearm predominating.

2. [It is] *God's gift magnific* [whether] *exercised*, etc.

3–6. Painter's or revealing hand; suggest by describing an arc of a circle not too large. Action here at the

Science and art form two means of assimilation: the one by means of absorption, the other by means of emanation. The one gives and communicates; the other unceasingly receives and appeals.—DELSARTE.

right side throughout. At *encroaching*, develop the arm with slight acquiring action of the hand. *Friendship*, supportive hand, palm from earth. *No blaze*, slight rejection, with tremolo of revealing hand. *All majesty*, painter's assertion. This is a continuous chain of actions; sustain the arm throughout and do not be in a hurry to drop it at the conclusion. Best to sustain it until, as if recalled to yourself by your auditor's smile, you—

7–10. Drop arm with off-hand movement of rejection at about the waist-line, as much as to say, "Well, let it go." *Bee's wing*, the film on old port. Paraphrased, the sentence reads: "The wine I have drunk makes me use too gorgeous a comparison," perhaps with a deprecatory smile. *Well* [I will try again]. Action this time at left side. Intellectual hand, "with arm to earth;" indicate various components of the picture.

11. *Such a castle*, palm revealing; *sheer stress*, repulsion.

12. Rejection with strong hand. *Fighting's finished*, surrender hand. *Vile rains*, boring action of hand, forefinger prominent.

13. *O'ergrows*, acquiring hand; *till*, etc., indication.

15. Indicate at side, palm up, supportive; *crumbled slow*, turn and sink wrist; *crashed*, drop arm, seriously, with regret in the voice, but be careful not to make it minor. From line 7, *Well*, to line 15 the action is again continuous.

18. *Furtive fingers*, delicate action of fingers; attitude, concealment.

19. *Honest liquor*, hand in attitude of presentation. Do not attempt to suggest the hanging head. *One more throw*, the figure is, of course, of a dice-box. It is perhaps better not to suggest it in action, unless very delicately, since doing so would divert the attention from the thought to its symbol. The thought is: "One more attempt to win back Clive to his former self."

21. If any action, appeal; but very off-hand.

22. *Come*, appeal as before, but stronger. *Speck-centre*,

Bearings of the body are pantomimic adjectives, qualifying the individual kind of character which is in action.—STEELE MACKAYE.

pressure of thumb and little finger. *Wide*, arm action, hand expanded.

23. *Your mortal*, supportive indication to Clive; *deified*, to heaven.

24. Impatient rejection; *swallow bold*, presentation.

25. Drop arm. *If a friend has leave to question*, suspensive pause here, such a pause as we sometimes fill up with the monosyllable "er." Perhaps the speaker feels a little hesitation at asking the direct question; but, after beating about for some time, finally does blurt out, *when were you most brave, in short*, rapidly and energetically.

28. *Brain-lodged*, tap forehead. *Curse it*, contract hand simply.

29. *When my memory touches* [it]. *Ugh*, a shiver not a word, slightly drawing in elbows and raising shoulders.

30. Declaration.

31. *I felt*, affirmation; connect these actions; do not overdo them; remember it is conversation.

32–35. "Browning has caught the two most striking symptoms of the victim of the opium habit: the fixed though dazed regard of some indifferent object, and the lifeless, monotonous voice."—Rolfe. Head slightly bowed, but with eye to audience—a necessary artistic variation from the description. Eyes half closed sleepily. Very indifferent manner and voice; general attitude repose, but very relaxed; chest somewhat passive. Gradually grow more animated as the story develops.

41–43. Careless gesture of distribution with left hand, to save the right for stronger action by and by. Hold attitude to *condescending*, when the hand takes attitude of protection; hold this to *lost*, when it changes to distribution with surrender, or simply to surrender. *Juvenile*, long "i."

50–51. *Should the honor* [of bending, etc.], *stay but playing* [that is, fair playing], *end more or less abruptly.* A good effect can be made here by a suspensive pause after *end*, and giving the following clause with indifferent concession. The whole sentence and that following

Yellow is the color of the soul. It is the color of flame. Flame contains the warmth of life and the light of the mind. As the soul contains and unites the life and the mind, so the flame warms and shines.—DELSARTE.

will bear a considerable amount of circumflex inflection.

52–53. *On a booby born to stare at lace-and-ruffles, not ask of* [them], *if the hand*, etc. Somewhat difficult to read well. *Lace-and-ruffles* is elliptical in the first instance, and there the emphasis of the idea naturally belongs. When the expression does occur, having been thought already in the speaker's mind, the emphasis is partly lost, as if he said "not ask of them." *Lace-and-ruffles* is subordinate to the whole idea it interrupts. *Stare at* is antithetical not merely to *ask of*, but to the whole clause. [Ask] *if the hand they hide plays fair*, the emphasis, therefore, culminating on *fair*. Read a few times as paraphrased above, then substitute the original, keeping emphasis and inflection the same, and you will arrive at the best way of reading the sentence that occurs to me.

54–55. Gradually become more animated. *Knowledge grows*, "I am learning something," ironical, of course.

56. Indignant contempt with an element of surprise.

56–59. *Never did a thunder-clap* [so] *cause emotion* [in Thyrsis so] *startle* [him with his arms] *locked* [about] *Chloe in his lap, as my word and gesture* [i.e., flinging down the cards] *fired* [i.e., caused emotion, though of a different kind in] *the man of arms.*

60. An ingenious variation of the threadbare expression, "found his voice." *That expression*, etc., surprise, almost bewilderment, predominating over anger. Strong attitude, fists clinched; or, better, fingers working spasmodically as if to clutch Clive's throat; arms drawn back.

61. Calmly and coldly, with great distinctness and deliberation; head inclined from and lifted; upper lids dropped; contemptuous curl of lips; poise normal, no movement nor contraction anywhere.

61–67. *Possibly*, etc., restrained fury, very sarcastic. He despises his antagonist, and evidently does not dream of final resistance. Let the passage grow in intensity to the very end.

Recitation is not acting, and we must content ourselves with suggesting, rather than attempting, complete dramatization.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

66–69. *On your knees*, indicate with tyrant's hand, i.e., "to arm to earth;" rage unrestrained to the end; weight on advanced foot.

70. As before, or with possibly a touch of defiance in voice and action.

70–72. The action is sufficiently suggested by the text. Do not overdo this passage; remember that these are gentlemen, not rowdies.

74–76. Strong emotional emphasis; hurry these lines a little; offensive action of fist, conversational action of arm.

76–78. *Crept close to*, etc. Here the imitative action of the finger must help to carry the main idea over the long parenthesis, a parenthesis, too, that is not without reason; for Clive, formidably Clive again, is living over this scene once more, and now as then vents his vexation at his failure on his finger. *Forefinger*, disgust.

78. *Gone my chance!* Drop arm with abandon as of letting the pistol fall, or throwing it impatiently aside.

79. *Scarce an inch*, indicate. Through this have the tone of vexation.

81. *'Twas his right.* Suppression, palm up, as if in reply to the thought of the auditor that it was unfair.

82–84. Action as described.

85. Perfectly steady gaze. Be careful not to fling back the head or have any action of the arms. Attitude of feet, defiance, but not too strong.

86. *Fire—and go to hell!* Separate the phrases as indicated. Make the latter a menace. If given flippantly it would not have affected his antagonist as it does.

87–90. *Twice—thrice.* No action here, but be as impressive as possible. *Laugh*, etc.; attitude here of holding the pistol pointing upward or with arm dropped. Speak as if the words were forced from you against your will. Shrink within yourself as you proceed.

At 90, writhing action of the body, arms raised, fists clinched and strong elbow as if to ward off *him and hell and God.* Gradually drop the head lower in shame and raise the arms higher. Hesitate before and after *so* [I

own that]; then, with a supreme effort, drop both arms with relaxed hands, lifting the head in opposition, and turning on the ankle until the back is almost toward the audience as you finish the words *I did cheat.* Make this climax on *did.* At the last word drop the head again, letting the hands contract, as they will naturally tend to do. Hold the attitude a few seconds.

91. Turn to audience; imitative action at *down he threw.*

92. *But as for* [actual] *knowledge if* [whether].

93. No one could vouch that he went through the door because no one looked that way, is the gist of the passage.

91–95. *Out rushed*, indicate. Hold attitude with palm from earth until *such a blank astonishment*, when both hands express surprise; hold this to *mute*, when the arms drop.

96–99. Negation of head with slight smile. *Such reaction*, etc., broad declaration, both arms; hands "from arm to earth." *Rogue and rascal*, etc., arms and hands indicating surprise. *Drum and fife*, etc., fists clinched, arms drawn back at waist-line, with strong elbow.

99. Shake fist or warning finger at the imaginary rogue.

100. Bring arms to side, with fists still clinched. *Never fear*, affirmation of head.

101–102. Extend arm toward them, palm "with arm to earth;" head lifted; eyes with regard of inferior; weight on retired foot. Slowly bring the arm to the side.

103. Indicate across the body, i.e., with right arm toward the left side. *Not a single voice*, bring arm back to side with slight declarative movement. From here to line 113 the most effective manner will be with arms at the side, the only pantomime being the slightest possible action of the muscles of the face, gradually hardening into greater and greater sternness. Do not scowl nor bluster. Remember that conscious strength needs neither pantomimic nor vocal explosions. Make the voice and manner menacing, but the menace restrained and thoroughly cool. At *your friend*, a slight indication of the head and eye alone.

The repeated extension of the arms denotes but little intelligence, little suppleness in the wrist and fingers. The movement of a single finger indicates great finesse.—DELAUMOSNE.

113. Something of a pause; then, in off-hand fashion, *well*, etc.

115. *Desperation*, *madness*, distributive action of hand; *never mind*, negation; *here's*, etc., affirmative indication of hand, with forefinger active.

116. Declaration, both hands; *fear*, negation, both hands and shake of head.

117. Declaration with surrender, concession. *No such rush*, etc., demonstrative indication, indication with revealing hand, "from arm from earth." One or both hands. Awe in the voice and manner.

115–117. This can also be given effectively without gestures.

[When not otherwise indicated, a note refers to the whole line or lines under which it stands, beginning with the first word. Bracketed words supply ellipses in the text, or paraphrase preceding words.]

NEWS OF THE DAY.

"EVENING Express! Times! Times! Evening Express!
Evening Express? Mister, Times? Times?
Evening Express?" the newsboy cried,
But it scarcely rippled the living tide
That ebbed and flowed in the busy street,
With its aching hearts and its restless feet.
Again through the hum of the city thrilled,
"Evening Express! Great battle! Ten thousand killed!"
And the little carrier hurried away
With the sorrowful news of that winter day.

To a dreary room, in an attic high,
Trembled the words of that small, sharp cry;

Red is the color of life. This is asserted by fire, by the heat of the blood.—DELSARTE.

And a lonely widow bowed her head,
And murmured, "Willie! My Willie is dead!
Oh! I feared it was not an idle dream
That led me, last night, to that cold, dark stream,
Where the ground was wet with the crimson rain,
And strewed all over with ghastly slain.
The stars were dim, for the night was wild:
But I threaded the gloom till I found my child.
The cold rain fell on his upturned face,
And the swift destroyer had left no trace
Of the sudden blow, and the sharp, quick pain,
But a little wound and a purple stain.
I tried to speak, but my voice was gone,
And my soul stood there in the cold, gray dawn,
While they rifled his body with ruthless hand,
And covered him up in the reeking sand.

"Willie, oh, Willie! it seems but a day
Since thy baby head on my bosom lay,
Since I heard thy prattle, so soft and sweet,
And guided the steps of thy tottering feet.
And thou wert the fairest and last of three,
Which the Father in heaven had given to me.
All the life of my life, love, hope, and joy
Were treasured in thee, my strong, brave boy.
And the last faint words that thy father said,
Were, 'Willie will mind thee when I am dead.'
But they tore the flag from thy death-cold hand
And covered thee up in the reeking sand."
She read the names of the missing and slain,
But one she read over and over again;
And still the words which her white lips said,
Were: "Company C, William Warren, dead."

On the light of your own soul, on the substance of your own character, depends the completion of acquired knowledge into practical skill.—STEELE MACKAYE.

The night came down to her cold hearthstone,
But she still read on in that same low tone;
And still the words her white lips said,
Were: "Company C, William Warren, dead."
The light of the morning chased the gloom
From the emberless hearth of that attic room;
And the city's pulses throbbed again,
But the mother's heart had forgotten its pain.
She had gone through the gates to that better land,
With that terrible list in her thin, cold hand,
With her white lips parted, as last she said:
"Company C, William Warren, dead."

BREAD.

(FRANCE 1846–7.)

TRANSLATED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

[Among the selections to which Mme. Arnaud gives special prominence in her writings on Delsarte—writings for which we cannot be too grateful, as they give us almost the only authentic inner view of the great French teacher at work and at home,—"Bread" stands foremost. Darcier, who Mme. Arnaud names as "preëminent in the crowd," and who may still be heard in certain circles in Paris, recited the selection with great spirit, never failing to make a hit. Doubtless one of the chief reasons of the success of "Bread" was its peculiar application to the then recent troublous times, when famine stared Parisians in the face. "Bread" is really a political song, but for the purposes of this book the music is unnecessary. The selection is in sympathy with the principles recently enunciated by Henry George, and is, therefore, quite appropriate to our own times, apart from its literary merit.—EDITOR.]

WHEN on the height and by the river
The mills have hushed their busy clack,
The miller's donkey browses calmly,
And carries not the well-filled sack,

The voice has three agents: the projective agent, or the lungs; the vibrative agent, or the larynx; the reverberative agent, or the mouth.—DELSARTE.

Then Famine, like a wolf, comes stalking,
And enters homes before our eyes;
Around, above, a storm is gath'ring,
And groans go upward to the skies.
You cannot hush the murmurs of the people when they're led
By pangs of hunger; nature speaks, and they cry: "We want bread!"

Then Famine travels from the village,
The city feels its touch at length;
Make haste, and seek to stop its journey
With drums beat hard with all your strength,
In spite of powder and swift bullet,
It travels as on wing of bird,
And on remotest, highest rampart
It plants its black flag undisturbed.
You cannot hush the murmurs of the people when they're led
By pangs of hunger; nature speaks, and they cry: "We want bread!"

Of what avail are hosts of soldiers?
For Famine gives to those it arms
The keenest weapons, and it gathers
Recruits from forests, fields, and farms,
With forks and shovels, scythes and sickles;
At knell of war fond lovers part,
And maidens fair are weeping sadly,
The cannon's summons breaks the heart.
You cannot hush the murmurs of the people when they're led

The arms should never extend the same way. If they follow each other, one should be more advanced than the other. Never allow parallelism.—DELAUMOSNE.

By pangs of hunger; nature speaks, and they cry: "We want bread!"

Among the eager crowds of people
Arrest all armed with knife or gun;
Erect in open squares as menace
The scaffold's framework nearly done.
But when, in sight of trembling thousands,
The bloody sword its work shall end,
And destinies for aye be settled,
A cry of "Blood" on high ascends.
You cannot hush the murmurs of the people when they're led
By pangs of hunger; nature speaks, and they cry: "We want bread!"

Our daily bread is life's sustainer
As much as water, fire, and air;
Without it we are helpless, dying,
And 'tis God's debt for us to care.
But has not He paid all He owes us?
Has He refused to give us soil?
The sun's bright rays shine warm upon us,
And ripening grain repays our toil.
You cannot hush the murmurs of the people when they're led
By pangs of hunger; nature speaks, and they cry: "We want bread!"

The earth is full of life and vigor,
And grain in harvests rich should yield
From ardent tropics to north's limit,
A golden crown for every field.

Let a head—however loving one may suppose it to be intrinsically—bend toward the object of its contemplation, and let the shoulder not be lifted, that head will plainly lack an air of vitality and warm sincerity without which it cannot persuade us.—DELSARTE.

Dig deep, then, into earth's broad bosom,
And for this work, which ne'er should cease,
Beat sword and cannon into ploughshares,
And change the arm of war to peace!
You cannot hush the murmurs of the people when they're led
By pangs of hunger; nature speaks, and they cry: "We want bread!"

What matters, then, the petty quarrels
Of monarchs, statesmen high in life?
Shall we, because of foolish hatreds,
Take up our arms for blood and strife?
Far rather let us join our forces,
With "work" for watchword, peace to reign;
Give up the earth to plough and sickle,
And bread will ne'er be scare again.
You cannot hush the murmurs of the people when they're led
By pangs of hunger; nature speaks, and they cry: "We want bread!"

SUGGESTIVE ANALYSIS.

GENEVIEVE STEBBINS THOMPSON.

The first picture to be seen in the imagination and externalized in voice and action is the calm of nature void of man. Then is ushered in the storm of woe in

The intelligent man makes few gestures. To multiply gestures indicates a lack of intelligence. The face is the thermometer of intelligence. Let as much expression as possible be given to the face.—DELAUMOSNE.

men's hearts, and the stanza culminates in the piteous cry, "we want bread." Those who have been students of the Delsarte system of expression will remember the striking distinction drawn between the dynamic voice with intensity in it and the mere empty tone. To acquire this dynamic quality, the reader must vividly see and deeply feel within himself the scenes and emotions depicted in the poem.

The second stanza should be given with concentration, rapidity, and excitement. The refrain "we want bread" should be given with a vocal coloring of desperation.

The third stanza should have the character of lamentation and menace. "The cannon's summons breaks the heart," and the refrain, are given in a tone of menace and agony.

The fourth stanza is given with despair and menace, and the refrain as if spoken from on high by a stern and mighty avenger.

The last three stanzas should be given in an orotund tone, as voicing the great principle of the right of all God's creatures to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

In the first stanza the action of the first four lines is descriptive, and then Famine is personified by a crouching and advancing attitude. In line 7 is a sweeping, descriptive gesture, which is followed by an attitude of passionate appeal.

In the second stanza in the first line the arm sweeps horizontally, expressing the advance of famine, and is held pointing as the body earnestly advances at the second line. At the third line turn to the opposite direction and assume a repellent attitude. The gestures in the following lines should suggest the action described.

The third stanza should close with the hands held convulsively in a menacing attitude.

In the fourth stanza the gestures should be of the full arm, and should culminate in uplifting the arm above the head at the cry of "blood." The arm should be held aloft until the cry "we want bread," when both arms should be uplifted.

When a man presses a woman's hand, we may affirm that he loves her sensually—that is to say, solely for physical qualities—if, on looking at her, he moves his head toward the shoulder that is opposite her.—DELSARTE.

The last three stanzas are purely declamatory; descriptive and dramatic action ceases and the ordinary oratorical gestures are used.

EVER SO FAR AWAY.

VON BOYLE.

[I have given this selection successfully without dialect; so did the late Harry G. Richmond, comedian. So does Mr. Marshall P. Wilder. The following is about the way I present it at children's entertainments.—VON B.]

THERE are two very funny fellows in Harlem: one is Mr. Pointer, the insurance man; the other is Mr. Dingelbender, the butcher man.

As Mr. Dingelbender sat at supper the other evening, the door-bell rang, and Mr. Pointer came rushing into the dining-room.

"Dingelbender, I'm in a scrape, and I want you to help me out."

"You got shcrapes, eh! Vell you shcraped yourselluf in—now you can shcrape yourselluf oudt again."

"Friend Dingelbender, I'm not joking now; I'm in dead earnest."

"Is dot so! Vhen vill dhey burry you? Look here, vonct, Mr. Pointer. You vas such a awful choker dat if you vas really deadt in earnest, all your friendts vould tink somehow it a good choke. But if you vas really in some tifficulties, und I can shcrape you oudt, I vill pe fery habby to shcrape you already!"

The law of direction in gesture is: upward for the spiritual and universal; downward for the weak and bestial; horizontally expanded for the serene and philanthropic.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

"Thanks. Well, this is how the matter stands. I engaged a prestidigitateur, you know, to give our Sunday-school an entertainment, this evening, and the gentleman met with an accident while practicing some trick. He swallowed a piano—I mean an organ,—mouth-organ, you know. Now I want you to come right around and take his place."

"No, sir. You tink I vill make a laughing-shtocking oudt of mineselluf, und shpoil mine intigestion shwallowing pianos und moudt-organs und tings?"

"No, Mr. Dingelbender; I simply want you to address the children."

"Dress dem shildren! Poor leetle tings, und such a coldt night, too! Vy don't you sendt dem back home und make deir barents dress dem?"

"Now, Dingelbender, don't tease me, and I'll promise not to make fun of you any more. Will you *ad*dress the children for me?"

"Yes, I vill do de pest vot I can."

Mr. Dingelbender was as good as his word. In half an hour he was at the little chapel, confronting a large and enthusiastic audience. Rising to the importance of the occasion, he said:

"Mrs. Ladies und shentlemans—und shildrens—esbecially de shildrens:

"I tink on such occasions like dhis ve should recomember dot men und vomens vas only 'shildren of de larger growdt', und dot poys und girls vas men und vomen in miniature. Efery man und vomans vas vonce a leetle girl—a leetle poy I mean—und de poy of to-day vill be de man of to-morrow,—or de day afder to-morrow. Efery goodt man has shtill someting of de poy

When a man presses a woman's hand, we may affirm that he loves her tenderly, if he bows his head obliquely to her.—DELSARTE.

apout him, und efery true poy has someting of de man apout him; und all great mens dhey lofe shildrens. I lofe shildrens mineselluf; I can't helb it—I vas porn dat vay.

"I recomember vhen I vas a leetle shild mineselluf, shust as blain as dhough it vas to-morrow. I had puttons all ofer me, und copper door-blates on de frondt of mine shoes to keep mine toes inside. Und I had a leetle shweetheart. Her frondt name vas Susan—Susan Ann Gugenheimer. She used to sing a leetle song like dhis.

[*Sings.*]

Vot care I for goldt und silber,
Vot care I for haus und landt?
Vot care I for shiffs in de ocean—
All vot I vant vas a nice yunk man.

Und I vas her nice yunk man dot time.

"Vell, ve poys had also a song. Vot you call dot song now, vhere you put your handts up dhis vay? [*indicating.*] Oh, I know now, it's [*sings.*] 'London pridge vas purning up, purning up, purning up.' Dot's it. Vell, vhile ve sing dot song dhem leetle girls dhey used to go underbeneath our handts, und ve—vell, ve usedt to kiss 'em. Oh, my! [*smacks lips*] dem vas de shweetest kisses; I can tasdt dhem yedt.

"Vell, de odher tay I vas sidding by mine open vindow. Dot school-haus hadt shust ledt himselluf oudt—it vas recess times. I pegan to tink apout shildhoodt tays—dhem olden tays,—dhem golden tays vot vill nefer come pack on me! I fell in a shleep und saw de shky vas all full mit cloudts, und de cloudts vas full mit shil-

Manner is the unconscious revelator of character; it is the soul's handwriting upon the walls of flesh.—MRS. EDNA SNELL POULSON.

drens, und de shildrens vas full mit choy, singing und playing dhem happy songs und games of shildhoodt. Suttenly dhere appeared amongst dhem a eldterly, kindly man dot I recognized at vonce as Fader Goose—I mean Fader Gander. He recited a leetle poem dot amoosed the shildrens, und somehow touched a responsif chord in mine own heart. Und as he recited, dhem leetle ones, dhough dhey listened mit him, dhey shtill vent on mit dheir own blays und songs, und de effect as it reached mine ears vas someting like dhis:

My name it vas Fader Gander,
Und I come vrom ofer yonder
Ofer de hills, past Shones's Mills—
It vas efer so far avay.
I came vrom a town in Vonderland,
It's a peautiful blace, you must undershtand,
Vhere dhey nefer get late, dhey vas alvays on handt,
But it's efer so far avay.

[*Sings.*]

'A-vaiting for a pardner,
So open the ring und pring her in
Und kiss her ven you get her in.'

De beoples all de vhile dhere,
Dhey laugh und dhey sing und dhey shmile dhere:
Dhere vas nefer a frown in all of dot town,
But it's efer so far avay.
Und nopody dhere vas naughdy und rude;
Und de law of love vas so vell understoodt
Dat dhey shpend all dheir time in de doing of goodt—
But it's efer so far avay.

When a man presses a woman's hand, we may affirm that he does not love her, if his head remains straight or simply bent in facing her.—DELSARTE.

[*Sings.*]

'Johnny Buff had money enough
To lock it up in a store-room,' etc.

Dhey're careful to be righdt dhere;
Dhey nefer scholdt nor fighdt dhere,
Und nopody's poor—I'm certain und sure
Dot it's efer so far avay.
Und nopody goes to law ofer dhere;
Vhy, dhey haven't a shail, nor a shudge, nor a mayor,
For de beoples vas honest, dhey're fair und dhey're shquare—
But it's efer so far avay.

[*Sings.*]

'Green gravel, green gravel,
Your true love vas deadt,
He sendt you a letter to
Turn back your headt.'

De nights vas bright as tay dhere,
Und dhey haf all kinds of blay dhere;
Und in a palloon dhey visit de moon—
Oh, dot's efer so far avay.
You took vot you vant, for noting vas soldt,
Vhy, dot landt vas all full mit silber und goldt!
Und dhey alvays grow yunk—dhey nefer grow oldt;
But it's efer so far avay.

[*Sings.*]

'Little Sally Vaters, sitting in de sun,
Crying und veeping for a yunk man,
Rise, Sally, rise, vipe your eyes off mit your frock;

Speech is the feminine, action the masculine, sex in expression. The former gives the finer manifestation of thought, the latter the stronger revelation of life.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

Fly to the east, fly to the vest,
'Fly to the fery vone dot you lofe pest.'

De mosquitos nefer pite you;
I'm sure dhey vouldt telight you,
By singing dheir song de whole night long,
Pu-z-z-z! efer so far avay.
What efer you vant you make a vish,
Und it's prought to you in a shina tish,
A shlice of pie or a piece of fish—
But it's efer so far avay.

[*Sings.*]

'London pridge vas purning up, my fair lady.'

[*Business of imitating children kissing.*]

Now vouldt you like to go dhere,
Und see dot vonderful show dhere,
Ofer de hills, past Shones's mills,
Und efer so far avay?
Dhen don't you pe cross und say naughdy tings,
Und a shpirit vill took you right under his vings,
To dot landt vhere de honey-bee solemnly sings,
Und bumples und puzzes und yet nefer shtings,
Und de shildren all blay mit ponies und shwings,
Und vear such fine dresses you'd tink dhey vas kings,
Und efery vone shouts vhen de tinner-pell rings;
It's efer und efer so far, far, far avay.

"Und shust dhen I voke oudt; und it vas only a tream. But somehow I tink our pest treams vill all come true in dot 'Shweet-pooty quick' pye und pye."

[Here may follow singing of a verse or two of "The Sweet Bye and Bye" by the school or a chorus].

When a painter examines his work, he moves away from it perceptibly. He moves away in proportion to the degree of his admiration of it, so that the retroactive movement of his body is in equal ratio to the interest that he feels in contemplating his work.—DELSARTE.

THE MASSACRE OF ZOROASTER.

F. MARION CRAWFORD. ARRANGED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

[Nehushta, a Hebrew maiden, betrothed to Zoroaster, had, in a fit of jealous anger, married Darius, king of the Persians. Zoroaster, greatly grieved, became a high priest. Finding, from an interview with him, that her jealousy was groundless, Nehushta was very unhappy at her mistake. The king had been called to a distant part of his kingdom at the time of the following scene.]

FOUR days after the king's departure, Nehushta was wandering in the gardens as the sun was going down. Just then a strange sound echoed far off among the hills, an unearthly cry that rang high in the air and struck the dark crags and doubled in the echo, and died away in short, faint pulsations of sound. She started slightly; she had never heard such a sound before. Again that strange cry rang out and echoed and died away. Her slave-women gathered about her.

"What is it?" asked Nehushta.

"The war-cry of the children of Anak is like that," said a little Syrian maid.

Nehushta pushed the slaves aside and fled toward the palace. The truth had flashed across her. Some armed force was collecting on the hills to descend upon the palace. But one thought filled her mind: she must find Zoroaster and warn him.

Through the garden she ran, and up the broad steps to the portico. Slaves were moving about under the colonnade, lighting the great torches that burned there all night. They had not heard the strange cries from the hills. As she entered the great hall, she heard the cry again.

"Go," she said to the little Syrian maid, "go in one

Rising inflection is prospective; falling inflection is retrospective; monotone is suspensive.—LEWIS B. MONROE.

direction and I will go in another, and search out Zoroaster, the high priest, and bring him."

The girl turned and ran through the halls, and Nehushta went another way upon her search. On and on she went till she came to her own apartment. Not so much as one white-robed priest had she seen. Something within her told her that she was in great danger, and the calm she had seen in the palace could not allay the terror of that cry she had heard three times from the hills. Just then the Syrian maid came running in, and fell breathless at Nehushta's feet.

"Fly, fly, beloved mistress," she cried; "the devils of the mountains are upon us—they cover the hills—they are closing every entrance—the people in the lower palace are all slain."

"Where is Zoroaster?"

"He is in the temple with the priests—by this time he is surely slain—he could know of nothing that is going on—fly, fly!" cried the girl.

"On which side are they coming?" asked Nehushta.

"From the hills; from the hills they are descending in thousands," cried the frightened slave-women.

"Go you all to the farther window," commanded Nehushta. "Leap down upon the balcony—it is scarce a man's height,—follow it to the end and past the corner where it joins the main wall of the garden. Run along upon the wall till you find a place where you can descend. Through the gardens you can easily reach the road. Fly, and save yourselves in the darkness." But before she had half finished, the last of the slave-women, mad with terror, disappeared.

"Why do you not go with the rest?" asked Nehushta of the Syrian maid.

A man shrinks from the object he is considering whenever it inspires him with a feeling of repulsion. He shrinks from it particularly when it inspires him with fright.—DELSARTE.

"I have eaten thy bread, shall I leave thee in the hour of death?" asked the slave.

"Go, child," replied Nehushta. "I have seen thy devotion; thou must not perish."

But the Syrian leaped to her feet as she answered:

"I am a bondwoman, but I am a daughter of Israel, even as thou art. Though all the others leave thee, I will not. It may be that I can help thee."

"Thou art a brave child," said Nehushta. "I must go to Zoroaster; stay thou here, hide thyself among the curtains, escape by the window if any come to harm thee." She turned and went rapidly out.

But the maid grasped the knife in her girdle, and stole upon her mistress's steps. The din rose louder every moment—the shrieks of wounded women with the moaning of wounded men, the clash of swords and arms, and, occasionally, a quick, loud rattle, as half a dozen arrows struck the wall together.

Onward flew Nehushta. She shuddered as she passed the head of the great staircase and heard a wild shriek that died suddenly into a gurgling death-hiss. She paused as she reached the temple-door, and listened. Faintly through the thick walls she could hear the sound of the evening chant. The priests were all within with Zoroaster, unconscious of their danger. Nehushta tried the door. The great bronze gates were locked, and though she pushed with her whole strength, they would not move a hair's breadth.

"Press the nail nearest the middle," said a small voice. Nehushta started. It was the little Syrian slave. She put her hand upon the round head of the nail and pressed. The door opened, turning noislessly upon its hinges. The seventy priests, in even rank,

Each impression needs but one expression, so do not multiply gestures. Gesture should not usurp the office of speech, otherwise it becomes pantomime.
—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

stood round. Solemnly the chant rose around the sacred fire upon the black stone altar. Zoroaster stood before it, his hands lifted in prayer. But Nehushta with a sudden cry broke their melody:

"Zoroaster—fly—there is yet time! The enemy are come in thousands; they are in the palace. There is barely time!"

The high priest turned calmly, his face unmoved, although all the priests ceased their chanting and gathered about their chief in fear. As their voices ceased, a low roar was heard from without, as though the ocean were beating at the gates.

"Go thou and save thyself," said Zoroaster. "I will not go. If it be the will of the All-Wise that I perish, I will perish before this altar. Go thou quickly, and save thyself while there is yet time."

But Nehushta took his hand in hers, and gazed into his calm eyes.

"Knowest thou not, Zoroaster, that I would rather die with thee than live with any other? I swear to thee, by the God of my fathers, I will not leave thee!"

"There is no more time!" cried the Syrian maid. "There is no more time! Ye are all dead men! Behold, they are breaking down the doors!"

As she spoke, the noise of some heavy mass striking against the bronze gates echoed like thunder through the temple, and at each blow a chorus of hideous yells rose, wild and long drawn out.

"Can none of you save Zoroaster?" cried Nehushta.

But Zoroaster gently said: "Ye cannot save me, for my hour is come; we must die like men, and like priests of the Lord before His altar;" and, raising one hand to heaven, he chanted:

Dramatic singing is dangerous to the vocal organism; particularly when one practices the shriek or scream, which produces a fine effect when skilfully employed, but is most pernicious when used in excess.—DELSARTE.

CHANT OF ZOROASTER.

Maestoso. *Marcato marzial.* Composed by S. G. PRATT.

Praise we the all wise God, Who hath made and created the

years and the a - ges; Praise Him who rides on death, in whose

Emphasise.

hand are all power and honor and glory; Who made the day of

life that should rise up and lighten the shadow of death.

With a crash the great bronze doors gave way, and fell clanging in. In an instant the temple was filled with a swarm of hideous men. Their swords gleamed aloft as they pressed forward, and their yells rent the roof. They had hoped for treasure—they saw but a handful of white-robed, unarmed men. Their rage knew no bounds, and their screams rose more piercing than ever, as they surrounded the doomed band, and dyed their blades in the blood that flowed red over the white vestures.

The priests struggled like brave men, but the foe were a hundred to one. At last, one tall wretch leaped across a heap of slain and laid hold of Nehushta by the hair and strove to drag her out. But Zoroaster's arms went round her like lightning and clasped her to his breast. The Syrian maid raised her knife, with both hands, high above her head, and smote the villain with all her might. But ere he had fallen, a sharp blade fell swiftly and severed the small hands at the wrist, and the brave little slave fell shrieking to the floor. One shriek, and that was all; for the same sword smote her again, and so she died.

But Nehushta's head fell forward on the high priest's breast, and her arms clasped him wildly.

"Oh, Zoroaster, my beloved, my beloved! Say not any more that I am unfaithful, for I have been faithful even unto death, and I shall be with you beyond the stars forever!"

"Beyond the stars and forever!" he cried; "in the light of the glory of God most high!"

The keen sword flashed and severed Nehushta's neck, and found its sheath in her lover's heart; and they fell down dead together, and the slaughter was done.

Tones should be swelled on a single note, E♮ of the medium. By strengthening this intermediate note the ascending and descending scales are sympathetically strengthened.—DELSARTE.

A THANKSGIVING ELOPEMENT.

N. S. EMERSON.

OUT in the beautiful country,
When the yellow moon was high,
When the autumn fruits were garnered,
And the winter nights were nigh,
Old Farmer Pratt was counting
His herds of lowing kine,
His sheep with growing fleeces,
His lazy, fattened swine.

And as he reckoned slowly,
He paused to muse awhile,
When two young voices near him
Awoke a passing smile.
One was his eldest daughter,
Priscilla, speaking low,
And the other was one of his neighbors,
He guessed, but he did not know.

"I can't!" Priscilla was saying,
"I can't! it's going too far;
It would make me doubly wretched
To be deceiving ma.
And father"—he felt the shudder
That he could not hear or see;
And he said: "I b'lieve Priscilla
Is really afraid of me.

"She's a skeery thing, like her mother;
But I vow I didn't suppose

The inflections are in accord with the eyebrows. When the brows are raised the voice is raised. This is the normal movement of the voice in relation to the eyebrow.—DELAUMOSNE.

The words I've said so keerless
  Was goin' home so close.
I've laughed about Reuben, and called him
  A sort of shiftless lad,
But I never thought the fellow
  Was anything very bad.

"It seems he's been coaxin' and teasin'
  My Prissie to run away;
It can't do no harm (I'm her father)
  To listen to what they say.
If he gives her up for fear o' me,
  I don't think much of him,
And I wonder, should Prissie lose him,
  Would it make her bright eyes dim?"

"Priscilla, darling," 'twas Reuben,
  Speaking soft and low,
"I've waited in hope and patience
  Two weary years, you know,
And loved you as only a man loves
  The woman he means to wed;
And only for your sake, Prissie,
  No word have I ever said

"To anyone on the subject;
  But to-night—now, listen, dear,
We must have this matter settled;
  I can't wait another year.
I'll talk with your father to-morrow,
  And learn his objections to me."

Singing is not merely a means of displaying the singer's voice or person; it is a superior language, charged with the rendering, in its individual charm, of the greatest creations of literature and poetry.—DELSARTE.

"Oh, no!" said Priscilla in terror,
"For then he would think that we—

"That I had been talking about him,
And that makes him angriest of all."
Then Reuben's voice grew firmer,
And seemed to clearer fall:
"Your father is not an ogre;
I do not dread his wrath;
'Tis better for us to be honest,
And keep a straightforward path.

"But if he hates me as bad as you think for,
Of course he'll refuse outright
All consent to our ever wedding,
And leave us no chance for flight;
So I've made up my mind to one thing;
If you persistently say
That I mustn't speak to your father,
Why, then, we must run away."

"Oh, Reuben!" "Now, Prissie, darling,
I leave it to you to choose,
I've lost my heart and my patience,
But my wife I'm not willing to lose.
I sha'n't discuss the subject
By another word to-night,
But the day before Thanksgiving,
If everything's fair and bright,

"I'll hitch up my roan colt Major—"
The young folks moved away,
And old Farmer Pratt stared dumbly,

With his head against the hay.
Next morning he watched Priscilla,
Her blue eyes were swimming in tears,
And her quivering chin told plainly
That her heart was full of fears.

The day before Thanksgiving
Dawned crisp and bright and clear;
And Farmer Pratt's old kitchen
Was crowded with good cheer.
All day the golden cider
Slow trickled from the mill,
And all day long the farmer
Was thinking, thinking still.

Toward night he jammed his hat on
With most unusual vim,
And went across the meadow
At a rapid stride, for him;
And then, ten minutes later,
He paused beside a door
That he left in bitter anger
Some fifteen years before.

Out stepped a cheery matron;
"Why, Brother Pratt! You here!
I'm sure I'm glad to see you;
Walk in and take a cheer.
The weather's getting chilly.
How is your wife this fall?
I often see your boys round,
Handsome, and strong, and tall."

The word is but an echo, the thought made external and visible, the ambassador of intelligence. Every energetic passion, every deep sentiment, is accordingly announced by a sign of the head, the hand, or the eye, before the word expresses it.—DELSARTE.

But while he questioned to himself
  If she'd take Reuben's part,
The outer door swung slowly,
  And in walked Deacon Hart.
The young folks had asked no favors;
  They knew an old feud lay
Smouldering between the fathers,
  So they would run away.

But when the two men parted
  Beside the meadow stile,
Both faces wrinkled kindly
  With a grim and sober smile.
Soon after came the roan colt,
  Shaking his handsome head;
The bells were not on the harness,
  And the horse seemed to lightly tread.

Priscilla hushed her sobbing,
  And hurried down the stair;
But just as she was stepping
  Out into the frosty air,
The kitchen door flew open;
  Two tallow dips ablaze
Filled her with sudden terror,
  And Reuben with amaze.

But her father's voice was calling:
  "Here, John, you hurry now,
Go get the ewe and cossets;
  Drive round the brindle cow;

Delsarte teaches that the relations between the physical and the psychical are so intricate and subtle that whatever form of expression is given to one reflects itself upon the other. As the body assumes mean and grovelling attitudes, or majestic and beautiful ones, so the mind will be influenced.—MRS. EDNA SNELL POULSON.

Roll out that barrel of apples,
  And the white Chenangoes fine;
And bring a keg of cider,
  And a jug of currant wine.

"Willie, tie up a feather-bed,
  And put the pillows in;
And, mother, where's the pillow-slips,
  And sheets, and quilts, and things?
Bring out the new rose blankets
  That in the clothes-press lay;
Prissie must have her setting out—
  She's going to run away."

Imagine all the wonder
  That from this was sure to come!
Imagine tears and kisses
  Thrown in *ad libitum!*
And two shame-faced young people
  Waiting another day,
And then concluding quietly
  That they wouldn't run away.

The happiest Thanksgiving
  That e'er New England knew
Dawned on the village homes next day,
  Where those hearts beat warm and true.
Old feuds were all forgotten,
  Old troubles laid aside,
And Reuben lived to bless the day
  He won his happy bride.

Two things are to be observed in the consonant: its explosion and its preparation. The t, d, p, etc., keep us waiting; the ch, v, j, prepare themselves, as "vvvenes." The vocals ne, me, re, are muffled.—DELSARTE.

MARY JANE AND I.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

I WAS out last night in the orchard, a-thinkin' of Mary Jane,
Leanin' over the gate at sundown, when the gal happened up the lane.
She kind o' stopped short when she saw me—"Good evenin', marm," she said;
While her cheeks took on a color like the apple-blossoms overhead.

Mary Jane's my next neighbor's daughter: she's powerful set on my Joe;
I haven't got much agin her—she's a good enough gal as gals go,
But she can't make a shirt if you paid her, and her butter's none o' the best;
I'd been stiff, I own—never said so, but I think that she somehow guessed.

So she blushed and stammered a little when she found me there at the gate
'Stead o' Joe. I felt ugly, forgettin' that every young thing seeks its mate.
She's on one side and I on t'other, with a river o' years between—
I was nine and forty last birthday, and Mary Jane is nineteen.

And we stood and looked at each other, and couldn't find much to say.

The slide always falls on the accented syllable of the word.—LEWIS B. MONROE.

Joe's my youngest—the feelin's o' twenty years can't
take second place in a day.
So the best I could do was—nothin' but keep tongue
and temper still;
Till suddenly, out from the thicket, there started a
whippoorwill,

Suddent and loud and throbbin', and a lump riz up in
my throat,
As it all came back in a minute how I'd heerd that self-
same note
The night Rube kissed me and asked me, and I didn't
tell him no—
Oh, my heart! how well I remember it all, though it's
thirty years ago.

The long day of hard work and hard livin', and the
evenin' when I could slip
To the turn of the road and get full pay in the touch of
my Reuben's lip,
And the heavy scoldin' borne cheerful, because 'twas
for Reuben's sake.
It's a lovely dream—oh, the pity that the daylight
comes and we wake!

And afterward, when together we fought for our daily
bread
On the little rough farm on the hillside, in a home
scarce more than a shed—
What did Reuben care for my sewin', if I never had set
a stitch,
And we'd eaten dry bread for ever, if we'd had to part
to be rich?

The mouth is a vital thermometer, the nose a moral thermometer.—DELSARTE.

It's all over—I'm widowed this ten years. The best farm
in the county's my own;
And I wished I was back on ten acres as I leaned on
that gate—alone.
It's all over—but still I've been happy, so maybe I
shouldn't complain.
Then the thought shivered thro' me like lightnin'—ought
I grudge it to Mary Jane?

Life comes pretty hard on most of us, and it's none too
sweet at the best;
Aint it rather a shame when our own is spoiled to wish
the same by the rest?
My Joe is his father's born ditto—can the gal help her
likes more than me?
She's nineteen, and a rosebud—Joe's twenty-one; what
hinders the lad to see?

Can I keep the dews from fallin', or forbid the growth
of the pine?
Just as soon as stop young folks from lovin' because I'm
forty-nine!
Can I blame 'em for likin' the fresh sweet cup that only
young folks can taste,
When I d give all I've got for that one June night with
Reuben's arm round my waist?

So the whippoorwill taught me my lesson. I choked
down the jealous spite,
And I got my reward in a soft, shy smile, for I kissed
Mary Jane good-night,
Though I swallowed a sob as I turned away when Joe
came over the hill.
Well, it's hardly likely they'll ever know what they owe
to that whippoorwill.

There should be but one climax; all else must ascend toward it or descend from it.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

DROPS.

PETER ROBERTSON.

IT is a bright summer day in the valley. The stream goes dancing down, and the merry globules huddled all together are laughing as they pass away to the deep sea, to mingle with millions of other drops gathered from all sorts of places. There are happy drops, escaped from the caverns and the rocks, from the depths of the darkness under the mountains; there are unwilling drops, that in the morning lay on the rose leaves and took the hues of dainty beauty from their tints; unhappy drops, that long again to be mist, and hang over the mountain-tops and creep among the fragrant pines; gay and laughing drops, that have been tumbling over the boulders in and out of shadow, looking forward to the hour when they should rush out into the valley and be free at last. Among the joyous group one little drop goes silently and sadly along, jostled by the others, but heeding not their merriment.

"Why are you sad?" asks one who has seen the glorious sunlight but a few hours. "Are you not glad to be out, dancing and sparkling like the rest of us? Did you love your dark chamber in the rocks so much?"

"My chamber was darker than the rocks," answers the other. "I am a tear from a mother's heart, a mother who wept for her child."

A little way off two other drops fall together, drawn by mutual sorrow. They wander down side by side, neither speaking. The gay flood dashes on the banks, flashes over rocks, makes a feint of climbing up to seize

A voice, however powerful it may be, should be inferior to the power which animates it.—DELSARTE.

the flowers that bloom above it, and rattles laughingly away. Some of the drops, too venturesome, throw themselves up at the bending sprays of green, are caught and lost. But through it all the two sad little things, holding on to one another, float on toward the sea.

"What are you?" asks one at last. "Did you come from the mist or from the earth? Were you a dew-drop this morning, or did you fall from the clouds?"

"I am none of these," it answers. "I am from a woman's bright eye. I am the tear of a woman for a false lover."

"Grieve not! Be not so sad. I—am the tear of the *girl who got him!*"

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

S. W. Foss.

THE gret big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth
an' uv silk,
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's
milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys an' stove-pipe
hats were there,
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel
in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as Brother Moore ain't here,

The lowered brow signifies retention, repulsion: it is the signification of a closed door. The elevated brow means the open door. The mind opens to let in the light or to allow it to escape.—Delaumosne.

Will some 'un in the congergation be so kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a half-starved, shattered tramp, of wretched shabby style,
Give an interductory cough, an' sadly staggered up the aisle.
Then thro' thet holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er sin,
As tho' some strange, unholy thing had unseen entered in.

Then Deacon Purington exclaimed, his teeth all set on edge:
"This man purfanes the house er God! W'y this is sacrilege!"
The tramp didn't hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stumblin' feet,
An' slowly staggered up the steps, an' gained the organ seat.

Then he went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon there rose a strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an' 'lectrify the brain;
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry,
It swelled into the rafters, an' reached out into the sky,

I deny that the thermometric action of the shoulder undergoes the least alteration in the aristocratic world. I deny explicitly that this agent proves less expressive and less truthful there than in the street.—DELSARTE.

The ol' church shook an' staggered, an' seemed to reel
an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out
"Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in our
ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em
down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed uv ol'-time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the
mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby-days, an' mother, an' all that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls
forgiven—
Thet burst from prison-bars uv sin, an' stormed the
gates uv heaven;
The morning stars they sung together, no soul wuz left
alone;
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz on his
throne!

An' then a wail uv deep despair an' darkness come
again,
An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all the
homes uv men;
No love, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs uv glad de-
light,
An' then—the tramp, he staggered down an' passed into
the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a
word,

Unconscious constriction is the element of which we most need to rid ourselves. We must overcome this rigidity in the muscles, for it means frigidity in the emotions and their expression.—MRS. EDNA SNELL POULSON.

An' it wuz the saddest story thet our ears had ever heard;
He had tol' his own life's history, an' no eye was dry thet day,
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let us pray."

MICKEY FREE'S LETTER TO MRS. M'GRA.

CHARLES LEVER. ARRANGED BY JOHN A. MACCABE.

[As Mr. Free's letter may be as great a curiosity to you as it has been to me, I will read it. The occasional interruption to the current of the letter arises from Mike having used the pen of a comrade, writing being, doubtless, an accomplishment forgotten in the haste of preparing Mr. Free for the world; and the amanuensis has, in more than one instance, committed to paper more than was meant by the author.]

"MRS. M'GRA,—Tear-an'-ages, sure I need not be treating her that way. Now just say, Mrs. Mary; ay, that'll do:—Mrs. Mary, it's maybe surprised you'll be to be reading a letter from your humble servant, sitting on the top of the Alps.—Arrah, maybe its not the Alps; but sure she'll never know—fornent the whole French army, with Bony himself and all his jinnerals—God be between us and harm—ready to murther every mother's son of us, av they was able, Molly, darlin'; but, with the blessing of Providence, and Lord Wellington, and Misther Charles, we'll bate them yet, as we bate them afore.

"My lips is wathering at the thought o' the plunder. I often think of Tim Riley, that was hanged for sheep-stealing; he'd be worth his weight in gold here.

If in looking at a woman I clasp my hands, and at the same time raise my shoulders, there is no longer any doubt of my feeling: and instinctively every one will say: "He loves her truly."—DELSARTE.

"Misther Charles is now a captain—devil a less—and myself might be somethin' that same, but ye see I was always of a bashful nature, and recommended the masther in my place. 'He's mighty young, Misther Charles is,' says my Lord Wellington to me—'he's mighty young, Mr. Free.' 'He is, my lord,' says I; 'he's young, as you obsarve, but he's as much divilment in him as many that might be his father.' 'That's somethin', Mr. Free,' says my lord; 'ye say he comes of a good stock?' 'The *rale* sort, my lord,' says I; 'an ould, ancient family, that's spent every sixpence they had in treating their neighbors. My father lived near them for years'—you see, Molly, I said that to season the discoorse. 'We'll make him a captain,' says my lord; 'but, Mr. Free, could we do nothing for you?' 'Nothing, at present, my lord. When my friends come into power,' says I, 'they'll think of me. There's many a little thing to give away in Ireland, and they often find it mighty hard to find a man for lord-lieutenant; and if that same, or a tide-waiter's place was vacant'——'Just tell me,' says my lord. 'It's what I'll do,' says I. 'And now, wishing you happy dreams, I'll take my lave.' Just so, Molly, it's hand and glove we are. A pleasant face, agreeable manners, seasoned with natural modesty, and a good pair of legs, them's the gifts to push a man's way in the world. And even with the ladies—but sure I'm forgetting, my masther was proposed for, and your humble servant, too, by two illigant creatures in Lisbon; but it wouldn't do, Molly,—it's higher nor that we'll be looking—*rale* princesses, the devil a less.

"Tell Kitty Hannigan I hope she's well; she was a disarving young woman in her situation in life. Shusey

A bow must not be always bent; and, on the same principle, the body should not be always tense.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

Dogherty, at the cross-roads—if I don't forget the name—was a good-looking slip, too; give her my affectionate salutations, as we say in the Portuguese. I hope I'll be able to bear the inclementuous nature of your climate, when I go back; but I can't expect to stay long—for Lord Wellington can't do without me. We play duets on the guitar together every evening. The masther is shouting for a blanket, so no more at present from,

"Your very affectionate friend,
"MICKEY FREE.

"P.S.—I don't write this myself, for the Spanish tongue puts me out o' the habit of English. Tell Father Rush, if he'd study the Portuguese, I'd use my interest for him with the bishop of Toledo. It's a country he'd like."

THE B. B. ROMANCE.

EDGAR FAWCETT. ARRANGED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

[Mr. Buntling, a wealthy pork-dealer, and his wife have just returned from Europe and are spending a season in New York for the purpose of making a notable match for their daughter Jane. Mrs. B. gives a ball to introduce themselves into society. The guests arrive, and Jane, soon wearying of the idle talk, goes alone into the conservatory saying:]

JANE. How bitter sounds their frigid worldliness! I loathe it all.
I act a part, and am not what I seem.
These six bouquets, sent by myself, are borne
As mask and sham, concealing my true will.

There is very little harmony or relation between the exquisite joints of a refined nature, the swift and the flexible movements of an elegant organism, and the evolutions clumsily executed by torpid limbs, ankylosed, as it were, by hard and constant labor.—DELSARTE.

For I desire no vain supremacy
In ranks of fashion, but my soul has bowed
In reverent homage to Leander Briggs.
Obscure is my Leander; we have met
But thrice. He is a simple dry-goods clerk,
Yet his pure, lofty soul towers high above
The gross necessities of dry-goods; he
Is nobly eminent, a man of men.
Would he were here to-night!

LEANDER BRIGGS. Jane, loveliest of all womankind! I dare
To greet thee; I am insolently here!

JANE. Here! Thou, Leander? Thou art here to-night?

LEANDER. I am.

JANE. By invitation?

LEANDER. Nay, without.

JANE. What means this unsurpassed audacity?

LEANDER. Nay, hearken ere thou blame. Since that sweet hour
When thou didst purchase two yards of pink silk
Of Meares and Company, a fierce, wild flame
Seems burning this poor heart of mine to ash.
No more for me my boarding-house allures
When the long dining-table buzzes high
With social chat, and gossip thrives elate.
No more to me the obdurate beefsteak
Nor yet the sinewy chop seem tender viands,
For healthful appetite has fled my life.
Never again the unpalatable bread,
The inferior butter, the imporous tart,
The gravy turned conglomerate, nor the soup

Encourage attitudes that are sympathetic, royal, and significant of spiritual heroism, and you will foster the sentiments that these attitudes symbolize.
—MRS. EDNA SNELL POULSON.

O'erfilmed with lucid grease, can satisfy.
The huge emporium, with its clamors coarse,
Its mercantile vulgarity, its yells
Of "cash," its haggling customers, its air
Of sordid discipline, repels and shocks.
Thy face, thine eyes,
Thy presence, haunt me with distracting force!
And therefore I am here. O pity me!

JANE. That morn, when I made purchase of pink silk
Of Meares and Company, I will avow,
Was bright with new and strange experience.

LEANDER. Again didst thou appear. Again pink silk
I measured with unsteady hand.

JANE. True. And once more we met! 'Twas Friday last.

LEANDER. Thou dost recall the day? O happiness!
O day most memorable! O Broadway car,
Wherein we met! O fateful interview!

JANE. I learned thy name, and answered with mine own.

LEANDER. We left the car. We strolled in quiet streets,
Enthralled by dreamy converse, each with each.

JANE. 'Twas terribly imprudent. I repent
Mine act. I told thee all. No detail did I spare.
I told thee of my proud and cold mamma;
I told thee of my democratic sire.

LEANDER. Thou didst. And eagerly I listened, too;
And ere we parted I had made resolve
To win thee as my bride, and sworn my love.

JANE. We cannot wed. Thine act is desperate
In coming hither. If mamma should dream

Gesture corresponds to the soul, to the heart; language to the life, to the thought, to the mind. The life and the mind being subordinate to the heart, to the soul, gesture is the chief organic agent.—DELSARTE.

NIOBE

NIOBE DAUGHTER.

NIOBE DAUGHTER

DANCING FAUN.

HEBE

CAIN

NIOBE DAUGHTER.

PLEIADES.

NIOBE DAUGHTER

ILLUSTRATION FOR THE SWORD DRILL.

(For text see page 255.)

What man thou really art, her wrath would fall
Alike on me and thee with fearful weight.
She wills that I shall wed some haughtier name,
Some man with old Dutch blood, though lean of purse.
Wherefore tarry not,
But go at once, nor e'en delay to taste
The succulent oyster and the bronze-brown quail.

LEANDER. Quail me no quails, O thou supremely loved!

Nay, oyster me no oysters, cruel heart!
Is love so weak in thy chill maiden breast
That fear can slay it thus, nor lightly let
One meagre smile pass faintly o'er thy lips?
No timorous palpitance of moistened lid,
No transitory touch of palm to palm,
No last brief look of love immeasurable,
Blossoming between thine eyelids and thine eyes?

JANE. Whence hast thou caught such warm-hued trick of speech?

Thine eloquence is like the bloomful chintz
That florid, sanguine, gorgeous, hangs for sale
Above thy counter at the Meares bazaar.

LEANDER. Let me go hence. I think I shall not live
A great while, now. When thou shalt hear the news
That I am dead at Number Twenty-Blank
West Thirty-Seventh Street, front room, third floor,
I pray of you to bear it well in mind
That I particularly do request
No flowers be sent. Such act were mockery.
Live shalt thou, for no grief would make thee die.

JANE. Great grief would melt my heart. Of this thou art sure.

In distinction equally from artifice and from nature, art grasps the essential with a noble disregard of the accidental, and finely subordinates what is particular to what is general.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

LEANDER. Sure am I not. Thou speakest weightless words.

JANE. As an ice-cream on a warm plate am I.

LEANDER. Thou meanest that thy spirit bids me stay?

JANE. I neither bid thee stay nor bid thee go.

LEANDER. So shall I then not heed, imploring thee
To fly with me this very night and seek
A clergyman, who straight will make us one.

JANE. Mamma draws near. What folly hast thou said?

LEANDER. I have said no folly. Dost thou deem it such?

JANE. Should I do this mad thing, I must get wraps.

LEANDER. Sealskin and wool thou verily must get.

JANE. Get them I would if courage failed me not.

LEANDER. Dear acquiescent Jane! And yet I trace
Reluctant resignation in your phrase.

JANE. Farewell, the great church-organ's mellow boom;
Farewell, the long train shimmering up the aisle;
Farewell, the point-lace drapery richly hung
Down o'er the neck bediamonded bright;
Farewell, the attendant maidens, the bouquets,
The subsequent reception—farewell, all!
Well do I fare, perchance, in thy true love,
Since brides that have no love like thine fare ill.
Yet sweet it were to wed thee not by stealth,
But openly, engirt with joyful guests,
And feel, departing in my travelling-robe,
A storm of slippers pelt the carriage-roof.

LEANDER. Still thou wilt go, heeding thy promise given.

JANE. Yes, I will go. Let's haste.

Lacordaire spoke magnificently. He interested, he aroused admiration, but did not persuade. His organism was rebellious to gesture. He was the artist of language.—DELSARTE.

PET AND BIJOU.

HELEN MAR BEAN.

"MY dear, I'm delighted to see you,
And the dear dogs! How perfectly sweet;
But you look scared. What can be the matter?
You are covered with mud from the street."

"Oh, yes; I am wholly exhausted;
Do let me a moment recline;
And, Julia dear, if you would give me
Just the tiniest, wee drop of wine.

"Ah, thanks; I am sure 'twill revive me,
I've been nearly frightened to death;
I'll tell you, my dear, all about it,
When I've fully recovered my breath.

"You know I am fearfully nervous,
And Pet, too, has seemed ill of late;
He wheezes and pants when he's walking,
So I sent out for old Doctor Waite,

"Who felt of my pulse for a moment,
Then nodded, and looked very wise,
And said in an unfeeling manner,
'What you all need is more exercise!'

"'We go out each day in the carriage,'
I said, but he pooh-poohed at that.
"You must walk more, my dear, young lady,'
Then he hastily took up his hat.

"So early this morning we started
('Twas really a great sacrifice)
To take for myself and my darlings
What the doctor prescribed, 'exercise.'

A modifying phrase reverts by its pitch to the clause or word modified.—LEWIS B. MONROE.

"The morning was perfectly charming,
And my costume so stylish and new;
I flattered myself we were striking,
As we walked down the broad avenue.

"Pet's chain was attached to my bracelet,
Just here, on this broad golden band;
And to Bijou I fastened a ribbon
Which I carelessly held in my hand.

"'Twas really amusing to see them
Look down on the poor dogs they met;
Bijou was so proud and defiant,
Quite disdainful my dear little Pet.

"The rogues were so wild with excitement,
I scarcely could keep on my feet.
When all of a sudden Pet's chain broke,
And away he dashed into the street!

"Just try and imagine my feelings—
But you cannot, I'm sure, my dear Ju,—
When for dear little Pet I was looking,
I lost hold of precious Bijou!

"And just at that dreadful moment
I saw a big team going by;
Oh! how my poor heart sank within me
As I heard a loud bark and a cry.

"Quick into the street from the sidewalk
I ran, I might well say I flew,
Frightened almost out of my senses;
I felt sure it was Pet or Bijou.

Ravignan, inferior intellectually to Lacordaire, prepared his audience by his attitude, touched them by the general expression of his face, fascinated them by his gaze. He was the artist of gesture.—DELSARTE.

"A great crowd of people had gathered
  Round a form all covered with dirt,
And I never, my dear, was so thankful
  When I found that my pets were unhurt.

"'Who was injured?' you ask, my dear Julia,
  Oh, a poor little child of the street,
Who had strayed from some dismal, old alley,
  With patched clothes, and bare little feet.

"He had a leg broken, or something,
  I didn't have time to inquire,
But ran to my poor little treasures,
  Whom I found running round in the mire.

"I caught up the mud-covered darlings,
  And pressed them both close to my breast,
Too thankful to think of my costume,—
  I've just ruined the rich, stylish vest!

"I think it's a shame that these people
  Allow their young children to roam;
There should be a law to compel them
  To keep the poor beggars at home.

"For, of course, such things are unpleasant
  For a lady of weak nerves like me;
And, really, it has quite upset me,
  As you, my dear Julia, can see.

"But I kept saying over and over,
  Coming back on the broad avenue,
With a most grateful heart, 'Thank heaven,
  It was neither dear Pet nor Bijou!'"

The most direct, universal, and natural mode of expression in man and his world is visible motion and its resultant forms, and attendant colors and qualities.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

A COQUETTE CONQUERED.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

YES, my h'a't's ez ha'd ez stone—
Go' way, Sam, an' lemme 'lone.
No, I ain't gwine change my min'—
Ain't gwine ma'y you—nuffin' de kin'.

Phiny loves you true an' deah?
Go ma'y Phiny; what I keer?
Oh, you needn't mou'n an' cry—
I don't keer how soon you die.

Got a present? Whut you got?
Somef'n fu' de pan er pot?
Huh! Yo' sass do sholy beat—
Think I don't git 'nough to eat?

Whut's dat un'neaf yo' coat?
Looks des lak a little shoat.
'Tain't no possum! Bless de Lamb!
Yes, it is, you rascal, Sam!

Gin it to me! Whut you say?
Ain't you sma't now! Oh, go 'way!
[*Pantomime of avoiding kiss.*]
Possum do look mighty nice,
But you ax too big a price.

Tell me, is you talkin' true,
Dat's de gal's whut ma'ies you?
Come back, Sam; now whah's you gwine?
Co'se you know's dat possum's mine!

THE SWORD DRILL.

"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."

ANNA B. WEBB.

THIS is designed for 16 girls in costume of navy blue, made with zouave jacket and white vest, wearing military caps, and carrying wooden swords covered with silver tinsel.

The music to accompany the movements should be in good march time, and spirited.

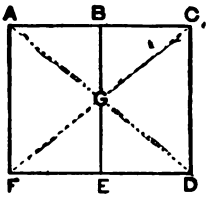


DIAGRAM I.

I. In two companies they advance from opposite sides of stage, meeting partners at B, Diagram I. March to front, E, in couples. Give military salute with left hands and separate.

II. No. 1 marches E—D—C; No. 2 marches E—F—A. Lines turning at C and A, follow dotted lines across to F and D. Turn at these points and repeat the movement.

III. Companies coming the third time to C and A

The management of the wrist is of great importance, as upon that depends the elastic carriage of the hand. The nervous force, which flows down the arm, should be held at the wrist and prevented from over-energizing the hand.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

meet partners at centre, G, and turn off to D and F. Repeat.

15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10,
9, 8, 7, 6, 5,
4, 3, 2, 1.

DIAGRAM II.

IV. Turn on F and D and around the square to B, where the entire company falls into single line, march G—E—D—C—B—A—F. Take positions according to Diagram II.

(No. 16 can step behind a screen until marching begins again.)

V. The teacher, or a girl chosen to read the poem, now gives the following orders:

1. PRESENT ARMS. Swords held with both hands in front of face.

2. SHOULDER ARMS. Swords on right shoulder.

3. CARRY ARMS. Swords at right side.

4. CHARGE. High overhead.

5. SHOULDER ARMS. Same as No. 2.

6. GROUND ARMS. Points touch floor.

7. ATTACK. Overhead, points to right.

8. RETREAT. Right foot thrown back, right hand covering face, point of sword down.

9. SURRENDER. Fall on knees, handle of sword to audience.

10. CARRY ARMS. Same as No. 3.

11. SHEATHE ARMS. Swords put in a case made of stiffened cloth on left side.

[*Music ceases.*]

The poem is read and class go through it in pantomime.

The head, considered in its three direct poses, presents three conditions or states: when facing the object contemplated, it presents the normal state; bent forward and in the direction of the object, it presents the concentric state; raised and considering the object from above, it presents the eccentric state.—DELSARTE.

EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATED GESTURE TERMS USED IN PANTOMIME.

w. b. f. = weight to back foot.
w. f. f. = weight to front foot.
r. h. p. = right hand prone.
l. h. p. = left hand prone.
r. h. su. = right hand supine.
b. h. su. = both hands supine.
b. h. p. = both hands prone.
opp. = opposition of head and hand.

VI. *w. b. f.* Half a *league*, half a *league*, *r. h. p. 3 strokes.*
Half a league *onward*,
All in the valley of *death* *b. h. su.*
Rode the six hundred.
w. f. f. "*Charge!*" was the captain's cry. *r. h. overhead. 1st stroke.*
Theirs not to make *reply;* *r. h. 2nd stroke.*
w. b. f. Theirs *not* to reason why; *r. h. p.*
Theirs but to *do*, and *die:* *r. h. stroke high on "do," descending on "die."*
Into the valley of *death* *b. h. p.*
Rode the six hundred. *opp.*

w. f. f. Cannon to *right* of them, *r. h. p.*
Cannon to *left* of them, *l. h. p.*
Cannon in *front* of them, *b. h. vertical.*
Volleyed and thundered: *hold same position.*
w. b. f. *Stormed* at with shot and shell, *l. h. covers face*
Boldly they rode and well; *b. h. level.*
Into the jaws of *death*, *b. h. p.*
Into the mouth of *hell*, *2nd stroke.*
Rode the six hundred. *opp.*

Flashed all their sabres bare, *swords high overhead.*
Flashed as they turned in air, *2nd stroke. with swords.*

The history of passion presents three phases: first, passion in its concentrated form; second, passion in its expansive form; third, the prostration which follows from that expansion. In proportion to the intensity of the concentration will be the force of the expansion and the completeness of the prostration that follows.—STEELE MACKAYE.

Sabring the gunners there, *swords level with shoulder.*
Charging an army, while *swords overhead then to side.*
All the world *wondered!* *l. h. su.*
Plunged in the battery-*smoke*, *level stroke with sword.*
Right through the line they *broke*, *2nd stroke.*
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke, *stagger back, r.h. across face, holding sword.*
Shattered and *sundered.* *Swords thrown to floor.*

Position. *Then* they rode back; but not—
Not the six hundred. *opp.*

w. f. f. Cannon to *right* of them, *eyes to right.*
Cannon to *left* of them, *eyes to left.*
Cannon *behind* them, *eyes over left shoulder.*
Volleyed and thundered: *hold position.*
Stormed at with shot and shell, *l. foot forward. r. h. covers face,*
w. b. f. While horse and hero *fell*, *b. h. p.*
They that had fought *so well* *r. h. overhead.*
Came through the jaws of death, *b. h. p.*
Back from the mouth of hell, *2nd stroke.*
All that was *left* of them— *b. h. su.*
Left of six hundred. *2nd stroke.*

When can their glory *fade?* *r. h. su.*
Oh, the wild *charge* they made! *2nd stroke.*
All the *world* wondered. *b. h. su.*
Honor the charge they made! *r. h. su.*
Honor the *Light Brigade*,—*2nd stroke higher.*
Noble six hundred! *3rd stroke overhead.*

[*Music begins.*]

At the command "recover arms," each girl steps back, takes sword from floor, and carries it at right side.

VII. Left face, single file (Diagram I.), march D—C—

When we sing, let us not forget that the prelude, the refrain, is the spiritual expression of the song: we must cause our hearers to foresee by the expression of our face the thought and the words that are to follow—the auditor should be dazzled by a song that he has not yet heard, but that he divines or thinks that he divines.—DELSARTE.

B—A—F—E. From E, No. 1 begins circle, winding it smaller on every round until she reaches centre. Turning there, she retraces her steps until company is brought into one large circle.

VIII. (Diagram I.) Single file. March B—G—E. Odd numbers file left, even numbers file right. Form two circles, one within the other. March around twice; the third time halt at partners. March, even numbers to right, odd to left, in and out, making the chain, twice around. Halt at partners. Inner circle "about face;" march, double file, around circle twice.

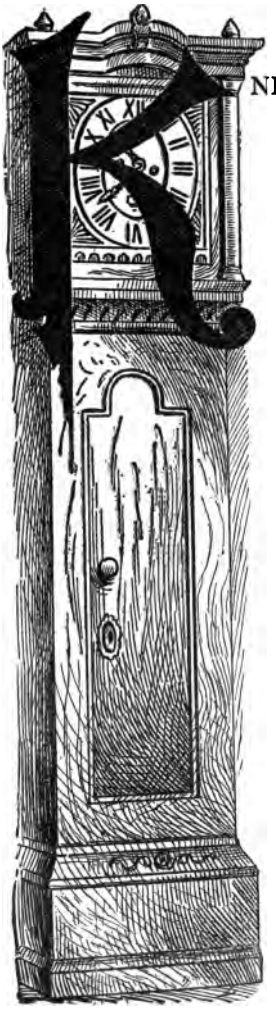
IX. (Diagram I.) Double file. March B—G—E. Odd numbers file right, march F—A—B; even numbers file left, march D—C—B, lines meeting at B. Front face. March to front in straight, solid rank. Company dividing into fours, wheel, No. 1 pivoting, No. 4 making outer circle of wheel, No. 5 pivoting, No. 8 making circle, and so on. Number from end of line. Wheel twice. In third round stop half way, back to audience. March in solid rank to rear of stage. Nos. 4, 8, 12, 16 wheel backward into straight line, front face. At command "front line advance," odd numbers step front, even numbers keep position.

X. Music changes to a soft, slow melody in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. Swords are raised slowly overhead, right hand higher than left; right foot advanced; head on right shoulder; eyes down. Lines sway slowly from right to left through twelve measures, counting six to each movement. Swords raised straight overhead; eyes front. Both lines advance with dance movement to front of stage. Turn right, keeping same step; leave stage in couples.

Our gesticulation is a muscular vocabulary which interprets for us the fluctuations in force, energy, and passion, in thought and reason, in affection and volition.—MRS. EDNA SNELL POULSON.

THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.



KNITTING is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly;
Doing nothing, sits the chore boy, Billy;
"Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it,
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

Close to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cosy, Billy;
"Time's a-flying,
Worth your trying;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick—quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very red is Milly;

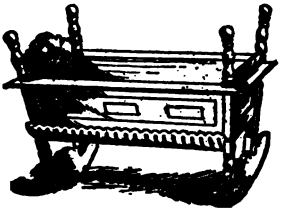
Billy boy is looking very silly;
"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty,
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right-left, left-right,
That's right, all right,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
  Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly;
"Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry,
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two—one, one—two,
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
  Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two are gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
"Give me credit,
For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me,
Mister Billy, Mistress Milly,

Imagine yourself an artist, your face the clay to be molded into an exalted expression; but, as with the artist, a mere mechanical molding will not succeed—the form must come from a high ideal within.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

My—oh, oh—my!
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.



MAMMY'S LI'L' BOY.

H. S. EDWARDS.

[This recitation, which is destined to become very popular, is greatly improved by singing or rather crooning the stanza beginning "Byo baby boy," as one would sing it when trying to hush a child to sleep.—EDITOR.]

WHO all time dodgin' en de cott'n en de corn?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all time stealin' ole massa's dinner-horn?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En she tek 'im in 'er arms,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

How many things does the shoulder reveal by those slight changes unnoticed by ignorant persons, and expressing particularly the delicate and exquisite charm of spiritual relations! It is the law of infinitesimal quantities or those scarcely perceptible movements or sensations that characterize the finer relations of people of culture, of eloquence, of grace, and of refined tastes.—DELSARTE.

Who all time runnin' ole gobble roun' de yard?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who tek 'e stick 'n hit ole possum dog so hard?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En climb up en 'er lap,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time stumpin' es toe ergin er rock?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all the time er-rippin' big hole en es frock?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, run ter es mammy
En she wipe es li'l' eyes,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-losin' de shovel en de rake?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all de time tryin ter ride 'e lazy drake?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
Oh, scoot fer yer mammy
En she hide yer f'om yer ma,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all de time er-trottin' ter de kitchen fer er bite?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!

The man who threatens with the shoulder is more passionate; but he is not the agent, he is passive.—DELAUMOSNE.

Who mess 'esef wi' taters twell his clothes dey look
er sight?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
En 'e run ter es mammy
Fer ter git 'im out er trouble,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-frettin' en de middle er de day?
Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy!
Who all time er-gettin' so sleepy 'e can't play?
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,
By-o li'l' boy!
En 'e come ter es mammy
Ter rock 'im en 'er arms,
Mammy's li'l' baby boy.
Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, shoo, shoo!

Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, li'l' baby, shoo!
Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,
Shoo, shoo, shoo,
Shoo . . . .

Deir now, lay right down on mammy's bed en go 'long back ter sleep,—shoo-shoo! . . . Look hyah, nigger, go way f'om dat do'! You wake dis chile up wid dat jewsharp, en I'll wear yer out ter frazzles!—Sh-h-h-h—

A commotion that produces a strong impression, communicates to the arms an ascending motion which may lift them high above the head.—DELSARTE.

"He comes! Whither shall I go?"

CIVIL WAR.

TRANSLATED BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE mob was fierce and furious. They cried:
"Kill him!" the while they pressed from every side
Around a man, haughty, unmoved, and brave,
Too pitiless himself to pity crave.
"Down with the wretch!" on all sides rose the cry;
The captive found it natural to die.
The game is lost—he's on the weaker side,
Life, too, is lost, and so must fate decide.

From out his home they dragged him to the street,
With fiercely clinching hands and hurrying feet
And shouts of "Death to him!" The crimson stain
Of recent carnage on his garb showed plain.
This man was one of those who blindly slay
At a king's bidding. He'd shot men all day,
Killing he knew not whom, he scarce knew why,
Now marching forth, impassible, to die.

A woman clutched his collar with a frown,
"He's a policeman—he has shot us down!"
"That's true," the man said. "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" "Kill!"
"No, at the arsenal"—"The Bastile!"—"Where you will,"
The captive answered. And with fiercest breath,
Loading their guns, his captors still cried "Death!"
"We'll shoot him like a wolf!" "A wolf am I?
Then you're the dogs," he calmly made reply.

Clavicular breathing brings the chest or mental zone into action. It is a hysteric method, only to be used when the dramatic situation demands sobbing, gasping utterance.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

"Hark, he insults us!" And from every side
Clinched fists were shaken, angry voices cried.
Within his eyes a gleam of baffled hate,
He went, pursued by howlings, to his fate.
Treading with wearied and supreme disdain
'Midst forms of dead men he, perchance, had slain.
He would have shot them all had he the power.
"Kill him—he's fired upon us for an hour!"

"Down with the murderer—down with the spy!"
And suddenly a small voice made reply,
"No—no, he is my father!" And a ray
Like to a sunbeam seemed to light the day.
A child appeared, a boy with golden hair,
His arms upraised in menace or in prayer.
All shouted, "Shoot the bandit, fell the spy!"
The little fellow clasped him with a cry
Of "Papa, papa, they'll not hurt you now!"
The light baptismal shone upon his brow.

From out the captive's home had come the child.
Meanwhile the shrieks of "Kill him—death!" rose wild;
And in the street ferocious shouts increased
Of "Slay each spy—each minister—each priest,
We'll kill them all!" The little boy replied:
"I tell you this is papa." One girl cried:
"A pretty fellow—see his curly head!"
"How old are you, my boy?" another said,
"Do not kill papa!" only he replies.
A soulful lustre lights his streaming eyes.

Some glances from his gaze are turned away,
And the rude hands less fiercely grasp their prey.

As soon as surprise is great enough to raise the shoulders and the arms, the head takes an inverse direction; it sinks, and seems anxious to become solid, to offer more resistance.—DELSARTE.

Then one of the most pitiless says, "Go—
Get you back home, boy." "Where—why?" "Don't you know?
Go to your mother." Then the father said,
"He has no mother." "What—his mother's dead?
Then you are all he has?" "That matters not,"
The captive answers, losing not a jot
Of his composure as he closely pressed
The little hands to warm them in his breast,

And says, "Our neighbor, Catherine, you know,
Go to her." "You'll come, too?" "Not yet." "No, no,
Then I'll not leave you." "Why?" "These men, I fear,
Will hurt you, papa, when I am not here."
The father to the chieftain of the band
Says softly: "Loose your grasp and take my hand,
I'll tell the child to-morrow we shall meet,
Then you can shoot me in the nearest street,
Or farther off, just as you like." "'Tis well!"
The words from those rough lips reluctant fell;

And, half unclasped, the hands less fierce appear,
The father says, "You see, we're all friends here,
I'm going with these gentlemen to walk;
Go home. Be good. I have no time to talk."
The little fellow, reassured and gay,
Kisses his father and then runs away.
"Now he is gone, and we are at our ease,
And you can kill me where and how you please,"
The father says: "Where is it I must go?"
Then through the crowd a long thrill seems to flow,
The lips, so late with cruel wrath a-foam,
Relentingly and roughly cry: "Go home!"

Sound is painting, or it is nothing. It should be in affinity with the subject.—DELAUMOSNE.

THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

MR. and Mrs. Jones had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Jones had pushed back his chair and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Jones sat at the table, holding the infant Jones, and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped, "Ephraim!" Mr. Jones, who was yet on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter.

"O Ephraim!" said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and smiles coursing up.

"Why, what is it, Aramathea?" said the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge.

"Baby!" she gasped. Mr. Jones turned pale and the perspiration started.

"Baby! O—O—O Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got—a little toothey, oh, oh!"

"No!" screamed Mr. Jones, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin, and staring at the struggling heir with all his might.

"I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Jones, with a slight evidence of hysteria.

"Oh, it can't be!" protested Mr. Jones, preparing to swear if it wasn't.

"Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. Jones.

A man considers an object with head raised when he considers it with a feeling of pride. It is thus that he rules them or exalts them.—DELSARTE.

"Open its 'ittle mousy-wousy for its own muzzer; that's a toody-woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump o' sugar."

Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the father to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most unmistakable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling that he should like to see the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Jones a hearty smack on the mouth and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door.

In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Miss Simmons at a speed that indicated that she had been ejected from two guns. Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. Jones and hurried it to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. Jones held its head, and Mr. Jones danced up and down the room and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was.

It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Jones got out the necessary materials, and Mr. Jones at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning, and inviting them to come on as soon as possible, while the unconscious cause of the excitement, after viewing matters calmly for a time, opened its mouth and took things

Man reveals his life through more than four millions of inflections ere he can speak or gesticulate.—DELAUMOSNE.

into its own hands by remarking at first deprecatingly, and then with decided disapproval: "Ah-h-h-day-ay-goo-oo-oo-po-o-o [*energetically*] gaa-ah-ah-ya-ya-ah-nga-ah!" with which sentiments every parent agrees.

THANKSGIVIN' PUMPKIN PIES.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SO you bid me to Thanksgivin'! Thank you, neighbor, it is kind,
To keep a plain old body like myself so much in mind;
Here I've been sittin' all alone, and a mist before my eyes,
A-thinkin', like a simpleton, of mother's pumpkin pies.

Yes, I've just come home from Sarah's; come *home* I'm glad to say;
And here, God helping me, I mean in future time to stay;
Oh! Sarah's folks are very fine, but I felt all at sea,
And though the rooms were 'mazin' big, they seemed too small for me.

The house is like a palace, and mine's a tiny nest,
But, neighbor, I'm contented here, I like this place the best;
Just as Sarah's creams and salads I don't know how to prize;
Her French cook costs a fortune, but *I* favor home-made pies,

All arts are found in articulation. Sound is the articulation of the vocal apparatus; gesture the articulation of the dynamic apparatus; language the articulation of the buccal apparatus. Therefore, music, the plastic arts, and speech have their origin and their perfection in articulation.—DELSARTE.

Like mother's; flaky, rich and brown, and toothsome
with the spice;
I grew to loathe her dinners, cut in half with lemon ice:
Give me good food, biled greens and pork, and turkey
now and then;
I tell you on our mountain fare we've raised a race of
men.

Not spindlin' like them city folks, in dress-suits if you
please,
An' mincin' in their low-cut shoes, an' bowin' to their
knees.
I hate such silly airs; I like to hear a hearty word;
No! I'm not deaf, but when one speaks, why, speak so's
to be heard.

In Sarah's house 'twas "aunty this" and "aunty that,"
until
I saw I made a discord, let me do my best; 'an still
I'm sure the child loves aunty, but, neighbor, she and I
Are far apart and nohow could our ways again draw
nigh.

She wears her black silk every day, a-trailin' on the
ground,
Leastwise, a-trailin' on the *floor;* 'tis called, I b'lieve,
tea-gowned,
An' frills an' lace, 'an hot-house flowers; such waste, it
worried me,
Rememberin' Jotham Peckham's kin, as poor as poor
could be.

Rememberin' Jotham Peckham, I was vexed to see his
child,

Men of small brain habitually carry their heads high. The head is lowered in proportion to the quantity of intelligence.—DELAUMOSNE.

A-throwin' money here and there; it made me fairly wild.
Her house, it's just like Barnum's, with jimcracks everywhere,
When pa and me the children took to see the wonders there.

How I run on! Well, thank you, neighbor; I see you want to go;
I'm comin' to Thanksgivin'; your good old ways I know.
An' my mouth waters, dear old friend, there's tears in these dim eyes,
For I shall taste the flavor of mother's pumpkin pies.

And though I'm 'most threescore and ten, an' cranky, I'm afraid,
Once more I'll feel myself a child, my mother's little maid;
And I'll be *very* pleased to help, in any way I can;
Good-bye, dear, and my love to Ruth; a kiss to Mary Ann.

OL' PICKETT'S NELL.

MATHER D. KIMBALL.

FEEL more 'an ever like a fool
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from school.
She oncet wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen
'Nd better friends you never seen;
But now—oh, my!
She's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,
'Nd l'arnin'—she jes knows it all.

A hasty delivery is by no means proof of animation, warmth, fire, passion, or emotion in the orator; hence in delivery, as in tone, haste is in an inverse ratio to emotion. We do not glide lightly over a beloved subject; a prolongation of tone is the expression of love.—DELSARTE.

She's eighteen now, but I'm so slow
I'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year! Waal, waal! doan't seem a week
Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,
'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.
But now—oh, my!
She rides in Pickett's new coopay
Jes like she'd be'n brung up thet way,
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen—
Th' mostest like I ever seen.

She uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease
Me fer to take her on my knees;
Then tired me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,
'Nd laffin tell my throat wuz raw.
But now—oh, my!
She sets up this way—kinder proud,
'Nd never noways laughs out loud.
You w'u'd n't hardly think thet she
Hed ever see-sawed on my knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I'd choose
To find a shady place 'nd snooze,
I'd wake with burdocks in my hair
'Nd elderberries in my ear.
But now—oh, my!
Somebody said ('twuz yesterday):
"Let's hev some fun w'ile Ned's away;
Let's turn his jacket inside out!"
But Nell—she'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

In a production of art whose subject and materials lie in the domain of unreclaimed nature, genius is not permitted to falsify any fundamental principle or fact, but is free to modify and add. Otherwise, the creative function of art is gone, and only imitation is left.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

'Nd oncet when I wuz dreamin'-like,
A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,
She put her arms clean round my head,
'Nd whispered soft, " I like you, Ned;"
But now—oh, my!
She courtesied so stiff 'nd grand,
'Nd never oncet held out her hand,
'Nd called me " Mister Edward!" Laws!
Thet ain't my name, 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago
Jes laughed t' see 'er put on so;
Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said,
" Nell Pickett's jes cut out fer Ned."
But now—oh, my!
She held her purty head so high,
'Nd skasely saw me goin' by—
I w'u'd n't dast (afore last night)
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night, ez I was startin' out
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;
'Nd, sure ez ghostses, she wuz thar,
A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mar';
'Nd then—oh, my!
She said she 'd cried fer all th' week
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,
" Them days wuz happy, wa'n't they, Ned? "

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,
'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right,
Afore th' cows come home last night.
But *now*—oh, my!

The speaker or singer should know how to diminish tone without contracting the back part of the mouth.—DELSARTE.

JIMMY BROWN'S DOG.

WILLIAM L. ALDEN. ARRANGED BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

MR. TRAVERS had told me mornamillion times that, after he should be married to Sue, I was to come to live with him. Sue heard him say it lots of times, for I remember she always used to say, "Pshaw! don't be perfectly ridiculous; I'd like to catch myself living within a hundred miles of that boy after I leave this house." So it was all perfectly understood; and I never dreamed for a minute that Mr. Travers wasn't in earnest, and I was surprised that they did not ask me to go with them the day they were married.

A few weeks after the wedding, father made all his arrangements for going to Europe, and I was to go and stay with Mr. Travers for a year, and go to school. Mr. Travers wrote that, "I will meet your son at the station next Tuesday and take charge of him while you are gone, though I will not answer for the consequences, as Susan is in a nervous state, and I do not think her system requires boys." I copied this from his letter, because I wanted to ask him what he meant by the "consequences," but I forgot to do it.

The day before father and mother started I was sent to Mr. Travers's with a trunk of my own, and a beautiful young bull-dog that was given me for a parting present. The dog was in a box with holes in it, and he growled elegantly every time anybody touched the box. I took him out as soon as the train started, and the first thing he did was to take a splendid big piece out of the leg of my trousers. Then he sat up on the seat and growled till the conductor came along and said, "Boy, whose

The legs have their gamuts ranging from repose out into extreme emotions. The trunk contains the grand central tones of the man. The arms are varied in their expression from the expansiveness of vitality to the contractibility of thought.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

dog is that? No dogs allowed here. You must put him back into that box, and be quick about it. Tickets, gentlemen." But I told him that I didn't think that the dog wanted to go back, and I was afraid it would make trouble if anybody tried to make him change his mind. The conductor said he didn't care what the dog wanted, but that he was going back into that box inside of three seconds, or he'd know the reason why. So he tried to take him by the neck, but the dog was too quick for him, and after taking a little piece out of his hand, hid under the seat. The conductor called a brakeman, and the two began to hunt the dog.

If the dog had kept quiet, they wouldn't have found him; but he was a little angry at the way he was treated, and I don't blame him, for nobody likes to be poked with sticks, and told to "come here, you brute" and "get out of there now, will you." So every little while he would take hold of somebody's leg, and you would hear a dreadful yell, and would know just where the dog was; but by the time the conductor and the brakeman got there, the dog would have got through with that particular leg, and would be in another part of the car selecting another leg.

When we arrived at our station the dog let me carry him. The passengers growled more than the dog did, and some of those who had been bitten said that I ought to be killed; but I never pay much attention to what angry people say, they are so unreasonable. Mr. Travers met me at the station, and said, "Oh! it's you, is it?" This wasn't a very nice welcome, but I didn't mind that, for presently he said, "That dog looks sick, Jimmy. We'll stop in at the apothecary's and get a dose of medi-

The acoustic organs should have nothing to do with the transmission of sound. They must be passive so that the tone may be continuous and smooth.
—DELSARTE.

cine for him." This was just kind as it could be. The dog was pretty sick, though I hadn't noticed it, for he died that night. When we went into the apothecary's, Mr. Travers said to the young man behind the counter, "William, I think this dog is in a pretty bad way. He looks pale. Don't you think that a little strychnine would do him good?" The young man said, "Yes, strychnine is a beautiful medicine for that kind of a dog." So he gave Mr. Travers a powder. I said to Mr. Travers that if the medicine was real good I should like to take some, but he said, "Jimmy, I am sure it would do you and your friends all the good in the world, and nothing would make me happier than to give the whole of it to you; but it's against the law for me to give medicine to anybody, and you must promise me never to taste the least bit of this kind of medicine while you're here." Sue was glad to see me, and said, "So they did send you after all. I think it's so mean for parents to send their children away from home; there, don't kiss me, I've just put up my hair."

After supper, Mr. Travers told me to run out to the barn and see the horses and cows. There were four horses, and two of them were all white. Indeed, they were a great deal paler than my dog, so I knew they must be ill. Then there was a large, pale cat, that had longer hair than any cat I ever saw. She looked as if she was more ill than the horses. One of the cows kept lowing in a way that made me feel sure that she had a dreadful pain, and I wished that I had some of Mr. Travers's medicine to give the poor, sick animals.

By and by Mr. Travers came out into the backyard with a piece of meat and the paper of medicine, and I

A fact of negation in a sentence does not, as a rule, change the emphasis.—LEWIS B. MONROE.

said, "Mr. Travers, won't you let me give some medicine to the horses and cows, I'm sure they don't feel well;" but he said, "I'm afraid, my young friend, that you are almost too bright to live long." Just then Sue called him, and he left the meat and the medicine on the bench. He had sprinkled a little of the medicine on the meat, and as I noticed the cat smelling the meat, I was on the point of giving her a piece of it, when I remembered that I had no right to interfere with Mr. Travers's own animals, so I just walked away. When I came back, I found that the cat and dog had eaten the meat between them, and one of the cows was smelling the rest of the medicine. I drove her away, but not until she had taken a good taste of it.

I wrapped up what was left, and took it to Mr. Travers. He turned pale, and said, "You young rascal, you haven't taken any of that stuff, have you?" and I said, "No, sir; I promised you I wouldn't, but the dog has been eating the meat." I was going to tell him about the cat and cow, but he laughed, and told me to run down to the village and bring him the letters. When I got home it was time to go to bed, and I was told that I couldn't see my dog that night for he was asleep, and it might injure him to wake him up after taking medicine.

The next morning when we were at breakfast the coachman came in and said, "If you please, Mr. Travers, the new dog is pizined."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Travers; "is he really hurt?"

"Yis, sorr," said the man; "he's hurt pretty bad. To tell you the truth, sorr, they're both dead."

The vocal tube must not vary any more for the loud tone than for the low tone. The opening must be the same. The low tone must have the power of the loud tone, since it is to be equally understood.—DELSARTE.

"What on earth are you talking about?" said Mr. Travers.

"The dog and the Angora cat, sorr; the pair of them is both very near entirely dead," replied the coachman, "and the Alderney cow doesn't seem to be altogether livin' this mornin'."

Mr. Travers didn't wait to hear any more, but seized his hat, and started for the barn. I went too. I found my dear dog lying dead. Between the dog and the barn was the cat, and she was as dead as he was. I saw Mr. Travers looking as if he wanted to kill a few people to keep the animals company. I said, "Mr. Travers! I know who has poisoned all the animals; it was that young man in the apothecary's shop."

"What do you mean by that, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Travers, very savagely. "I mean, sir," said I, "that he must have given you poison instead of medicine, for my dog took it and now he's dead, and I saw the cat and the Alderney cow taste it, and they're dead." Mr. Travers took me by the collar and dragged me up to my room and locked the door without saying a word.

Now I acknowledge that I did wrong in not letting Mr. Travers know that the cow and the cat had taken the medicine, but that was all I did. It was just forgetfulness, and that isn't so dreadfully bad. I never had the least idea that the medicine would do any harm, and I should have taken a little myself if Mr. Travers had not made me promise not to do so. I think that he ought to have looked at it as I did, and blamed nobody but the young man at the apothecary's shop, who, instead of giving him strychnine, must have given him something poisonous; but, instead of doing this, Mr. Travers gave

The harmonic law of rhythm is: Coöperative movements in opposition will be in their velocity in the exact ratio of the length of the radii of the agents moving.—STEELE MACKAYE.

me a terrible scolding, and said I was a young Cain, and kept me shut up in my room for three days, and gave me nothing but bread and water. This was the beginning of coolness between us, for I resolved that I would not overlook such conduct, unless he should ask me to forgive him.

But we will say no more of this painful subject, for I don't like to think of those poor animals cut off in their prime, and without any time for reflection. I suppose the dog is better off now than when he was alive, for he was a sweet, good animal; but I don't think that cats have a good time after they are gone, for they are cruel and wicked, except when they're little.

THE ROMANCE OF A YEAR.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD.

Spring.

HOW gracefully the young Bertine
With Jaques, her lover, dances;
See how like sunbeams 'neath the trees
She flies, and then advances;
And yet she sings in a minor key
The old Provençal melody,
"*Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!*"
As if some sadness came to her
With love's dear smiles and glances.

It is through the voice we please an audience. If we have the ear of an auditor, we easily win his mind and heart.—DELSARTE.

The Sieur de Courcy comes that way
  And 'neath the walnut lingers,
He marks her instep clean and high,
  Her white and dainty fingers;
He hears her sing in a minor key
The old Provençal melody,
"*Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!*"
And thinks, as he fondly looks at her,
  Of the lays of the Minnesingers.

But hark, the call! the conscript drum!
  And Jaques, the number chosen;
No wonder that Bertine is dumb,
  The blood in her bosom frozen.
Brave Jaques strikes up in a stronger key
The old Provençal melody,
"*Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!*"
And looking fondly back at her,
  He said, "Dear love, be true to me."

Summer.

The king said gaily, "Je m'ennuie,"
  Nor heard if the people grumbled;
What cared that gallant majesty
  If some plain lives were humbled?
The next age sang in a different key,
"*Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!*"
Of Pompadour and the Parc aux Cerfs,
And greeted the great with a bitter laugh
  When heads in the basket tumbled.

The voice should resemble the painter's palette, where all the colors are arranged in an orderly manner, according to the affinities of each.—DELAUMOSNE.

For when the sun lay on the vines
  Bertine the grapes was tying,
The tendril round her brow entwines,
  The summer days were flying!
Well may she sing in a minor key
The old Provençal melody,
" *Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!*"
For the news was coming back to her
  Of the field where Jaques lay dying.

What, then, was history but a page
  Of romance, love and glory?
Chimeras of the golden age
  When life was worth the story!
Woman still sings in the minor key
The old Provençal melody,
" *Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!*"
That is the tale time tells to her,
  And will till he is hoary.

Autumn.

The Sieur de Courcy came to woo,
  His voice was low and tender;
He drove the wolf and the king away—
  " Let me be thy defender!"
And when she sang in a minor key
The old Provençal melody,
" *Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!*"
The gentleman knelt down to her
  And kissed her fingers slender.

The ear is the most delicate, the most exacting of all our senses. The eye is far more tolerant. The eye may tolerate a bad gesture, but the ear will not forgive a false note or a false inflection.—DELSARTE.

"Who is my rival?" laughed the king,
His gallant gray eyes lighting;
"Now, I will do a graceful thing!
To show I bear her slighting!
We'll change that mournful monody,
The old Provençal melody,
"*Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!*"
And life shall not be spoiled for her
Because my love is blighting!"

So went he forth to take the air,
His perfumed locks were streaming,
His brow was gay, as if no care
Could blight that face so beaming.
He sang, as he rode, in a minor key,
The old Provençal melody,
"*Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!*"
But took the road that led to her—
The courtiers guessed his seeming.

"I came," said he, as they bent the knee,
"All doubts and cares to banish;
Leave chains of rank and cares of state—
For one day—let them vanish!
And, dear Bertine, sing now for me
The old Provençal melody,
'*Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!*'
And then he lightly told to her
A drama from the Spanish.

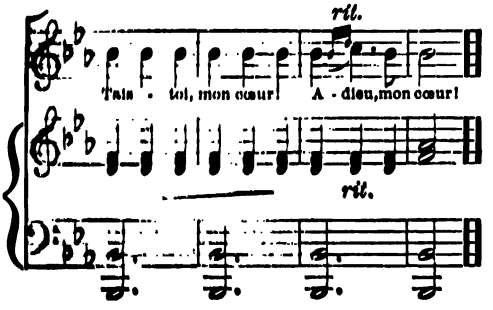
"Rise! my proud subject," said the king,
"Rise! Marquis St. Aulare!

The Delsarte System teaches us the philosophy and science for the infusion of the muscular tissues with the rhythmic pulses of the soul; it unfolds the method for the stimulation of the organism with spiritual energy.—MRS. EDNA SNELL POULSON.

I give the title and the ring
  To this thy consort fair.
Now all my courtiers sound the key
Of the old Provençal melody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
The king gave Courcy's hand to her,
  Who lover-like advances.

Winter.

O'er castle wall, with banners hung,
  The crescent moon is creeping,
And on the ground, in sadness flung,
  A mournful man is weeping.
On a white cross— what words to see!—
He reads the sad old monody,
"Tais-toi, mon cœur! Adieu, mon cœur!"
He breathes his last farewell to her,
  For there Bertine lies, sleeping.



The voice first manifests itself through sound; inflection is an intentional modification of sound; respiration and silence are a means of exactly finding the suitable tone and inflection.—DELSARTE.

JOHN SPICER ON CLOTHES.

MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

IT is very good fun to take off your clothes and go in swimming. Clothes are the things that you wear. They have arms and legs to them, and ever so many buttonholes and buttons, and have pockets. Pockets are the best part of your clothes. We have two kinds of clothes, best ones and old ones. We hang up the best ones and wear the old ones. When you wear your best ones every day you most always get something on them. Once I hitched the picket of a picket-fence into the leg of some best clothes and pitched over head first, and the picket went through, and then I had to take that pair for every-day ones. Gudgeon grease that you get off of wheels will not come off very well. I do not mean it will not come off the wheels very well, but off your clothes. Ink spots stay on, but you can get paint off, if you can get anything to take it off with. Mud brushes off when it gets dry, and your mother doesn't say anything when you get mud on your every-day ones, but she does on your best ones.

One time when I was a little fellow, when I was going to a party with two little fellows about as big as I was, and we had on our best clothes, we climbed up a tree to see if some birds' eggs had hatched out, and a dry twig on a branch tore a hole on one side of one of my trousers' legs, and I did not want to go back home because that pair was all the best pair of trousers I had. A big fellow—he was not very big, but he was bigger than we little fellows—he told me to go to the party and keep my hand down over the hole, and I did, and somebody

Gesture is harmonic through the multiplicity of the agents that act in the same manner. This harmony is founded upon the convergence or opposition of the movements.—DELAUMOSNE.

that was at the party asked me if my arm was lame, and I said, "No, ma'am;" but when the ice-cream came round, I forgot and took away my hand to take the saucer in it, and that same one looked at it, and laughed some, and she said: "Oh, now I see what the matter was with your arm!" and I laughed a little when she did, and she told me not to think any more about the hole then, but to have a good time and to think about the hole afterward, and I did. She told me a funny story about a hole that was torn. I will tell it: "Once there was a very small boy named Gussie, and he tore his clothes most every day, and his mother had mended them after he had gone to bed and he did not see her do it, and he thought the holes grew up of themselves in the night. And one day when his little cousin Susie tore her dress her mother told her not to tear, and cried, Gussie told her not to cry, for that hole would grow up again in the night, just as holes did in his clothes. And when Susie went to bed she put her dress over a chair to have the holes grow up, and first thing in the morning she went in her night-gown to look, and her mother found her standing there crying, and when her mother asked her what she was crying for, she said, 'Because that hole did not grow together in the night. I thought it would grow up in the night.'"

Once I had some mittens put away in some winter clothes. Mittens are clothes to wear on your hands, and hats are clothes to wear on your head. Once my aunt told me a hat riddle. I will say it:

"Two poor little brothers they had but one hat,
And both wore the same one, can you guess how was that?

The pebble contains the spark, but we must know how to produce it. The phenomena of nature contain lessons, but we must know how to make them speak, and how to understand their language.—DELSARTE.

Each boy had a head? Oh, yes! each had a head!
And both heads had one hat on, as just has been said.
Did one boy stay in? No, nothing like that!
Both went out together, and both wore the hat.
I'll tell you the answer. The hat was of straw,
As old an old hat, sir, as ever you saw;
It was torn round about, just under the band,
And left in two parts; do you quite understand?
And when these small brothers walked forth in the town
Why, one wore the rim and the other the crown!"

THE SHADOW OF A SONG.

CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

[The speaker is supposed to be alone in a room in his ancestral home, the last of his race. Since he had left, just a year ago, this same room, which was connected with the greatest sorrow of his life, had never been used, but had remained exactly as it was on that never-to-be-forgotten night. As the speaker enters, he looks round the apartment with a strange, half-startled air, shivers slightly, and seems almost to be expecting some one to appear. With a dazed, dreamy look on his face, he seats himself on a sofa. Then he pauses, seeming lost in thought.—Music has been composed specially for this recitation, and can be obtained of the publisher of this book.]

YES, it is just one year ago to-night,
And through my brain there tingles into life
The self-same forms—the faces and the sound
Of voices that I knew in those glad days—
That seemed no longer than do minutes now,
They were so full of joy, those old, dead hours.
But I let a trifle leap into a thought,
And grow and grow till it was past reclaim;

No theory of the passions or mere mechanical drill in their expression can ever teach a man to be pathetic. Only a disagreeable mockery of it can thus come. Pathos is the one particular affection that knows no deceit, but comes in truth direct from the soul, and goes direct to the soul.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

I slipped it then as sportsmen slip their dogs,
And coupled with it madness for its mate.
They ran abreast as Jealousy and Pique
Set on to chase my love down to its death.
I steeped my brain in wretched, jealous dreams.
When I awoke I called myself a *cur!*

[*Slight pause. His voice trembles as he goes on.*]

But she had gone—this woman that I loved—
I see that poor face now, drawn at the brows;
Pain, like a vise, had crushed her to the quick.
And yet amid that world of quivering woe,
Two steady stars shone out—those calm gray eyes,
Two planets, pure and passionless, that mocked
The lurid fierceness of mine own mad heat.
And thus we parted—heaven! when I think
That in a month I would have called her wife!
How hard it seems a man's whole life should be
O'er-shadowed by a *song!*

Aye, it had been
A love-dirge that her wondrous voice had sent
From out the silver portals of her throat,
As though 't had been a prayer so glorified
'Twould pierce its way on through the gates of heav'n.
I slew my peace by bringing into life
Some dearer rival in her love to me;
I conjured up the ghost of some one gone—
Some dead love that she held communion with,
Through the sweet channel of a trembling song.
I'd often come and sit to hear her sing, but once
I stole with silent step to where she played.
Dazzled by the radiance of the light

We must retroact to see an object as a whole.—DELSARTE.

The strong young moon had flung across her face,
She did not see me.
And while each pulse throbbed out its troublous tale,
I stood and watched, and while I watched I wronged!
I crept so near in my intent to find
Her deepest secret mirrored in her face,
That her soft breath disturbed the straying threads
My nervous hands had singled from my hair.
I listened while the voice climbed to the clouds,
On melody that seemed to float through tears,
In words that fell amid a sea of sobs.
I heard, I saw the upturned, straining eyes,
The dreamy sorrow dwelling on the lips.
"She sings," I said, "to some dead love of yore!
She has been fooling me who gave her all—
My life! my soul! and, while she smiled on me,
Has worshipped at the shrine of some dead past."
I strode from out the shadows to her side;
I wrenched the slender fingers from the keys;
And drowned her tones that, as they sudden stopped,
Must e'en have made the spellbound angels weep.
She did not speak—but rose serene and grand,
And listened.
Aye! Though I left behind each word a wound
That tore into her womanhood—all dumb
She stood, while wonder wandered through her eyes.
And then she turned and left me in the night.
Then in my heart hope heaved its dying sigh,
And with its death my love leaped back to life.
I put my hands in pleading out to her;
I called her by the sweetest names I knew;
On bended knee I asked her to forgive;

The head is always in opposition to the arms, and must be turned away from the leg, which is advanced.—DELAUMOSNE.

And bit my lips till I had brought the blood,
Because they'd shaped the words I'd said to her.
She heard me; and she came back once again,
She spoke to me, quite calmly, not to chide,
But sadly, as a bird whose mate is dead
Will tell its tale of sorrow to the wind;
She gazed at me as one she did not know,
And talked of me as some one far away.
Then looking upward with a cry of pain:
" That song I may not sing you now," she said;
" Ah! my poor brother, you must wait for me,
And when I'm coming—so that you may know—
Once more I'll sing it—just before I die."
" Brother!" A sudden mem'ry like a blow
Struck on my senses as though in reproof.
It all came back to me, the tale I'd heard;
The pathos of it; her twin brother, blind,
And she had tended him with marvelous love;
He'd leaned alone on her until he died.
I prayed to her for pity's sake to hear!
I raised my eyes to hers—I met her gaze—
That LOOK! It held the history of two hopes—
The wreck and ruin of two loves, two lives!
I wept as men weep once. It was too late!
She passed from sight—I never saw her more.
But ever after, haunting every hour,
Each minute, whatsoever path I take,
That cry has followed me o'er all the world:
" *Once more I'll sing it*—JUST BEFORE I DIE!"

[*The speaker here pauses—musing, and looking round with a sort of shiver, and the same strange, startled look in his face as before.*]

A retrograde movement may be the sign of reverence and salutation, and a token that the object before which it is produced is eminent and worthy of veneration.—DELSARTE.

One year ago—aye, just one year to-night!

[*Suddenly, after a short pause, the melody of the well-remembered song strikes upon his ear. Then the words are sung in low, wailing voice; meanwhile, his attention is chained as though by an overpowering awe. His face becomes pallid and haggard, as the song goes on.*]

"Though we are parted now, parted for aye,
Yet may I be with you still,
And as day meets the moonlight, and the sun meets the sea,
We may meet here, and I, I sing to thee,
Sing to thee, call to thee, speak, dear, to thee.
Sing to thee, call to thee, speak, dear, to thee.

I know that my message will reach you to-night,
For the sky is so peaceful, and clear, and so bright.
Pathways of light lie between you and me,
No clouds, love, to keep back my words, dear, from thee,
As I sing to thee here,
O my darling, to thee, O my darling, to thee, to thee.
Sing to thee, call to thee, speak, dear, to thee.
Sing to thee, call to thee, speak, dear, to thee."

[*He rises as song goes on, but staggers, as he looks toward the piano with a wild stare. Then, in a hoarse whisper:*]

What, what is that? the song! and 't is her voice—
Her touch upon the keys! God! She is there!
Yes, yes, I'll call to her, aye, I will go and speak,
But no; I cannot. Ah, she's going now!

[*These last four lines should be so timed that they end simultaneously with the song. They should, therefore, be begun somewhere in the second stanza of the song. He then goes toward the piano as though following some one.*]

All life is primarily motion. Time accompanies each birth of motion, and consequent birth of form in death of motion.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

My love, my love! come back—my heart—she's gone!

[*Buries his head in his hands.*]

Aye; I remember now; "I'll sing," she said,
"The song once more, just—just before I die."
The world is at an end—for she is *dead!*

THE STATELY MINUET.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

SUBJECT: *The Reception of Prince Eugene.*

[This recitation can be made more elaborate and very effective by having the various persons spoken of in the poem appear as silhouettes, dressed in the fashion of that period. The long curled wig or cue tied with ribbon, the knee-breeches, the slippers with buckles for the men, and the pompadour puffed hair and full-skirted gowns for the women will readily suggest themselves. As silhouette pictures the costumes can be made of cambric and other cheap materials. The shadow pantomime of a minuet being danced will be very attractive as well as novel. If desired, more elegant costumes can be arranged, and the different people appear on the stage as they are announced, dancing the minuet during the reading. This is an excellent entertainment for a school.—EDITOR.]

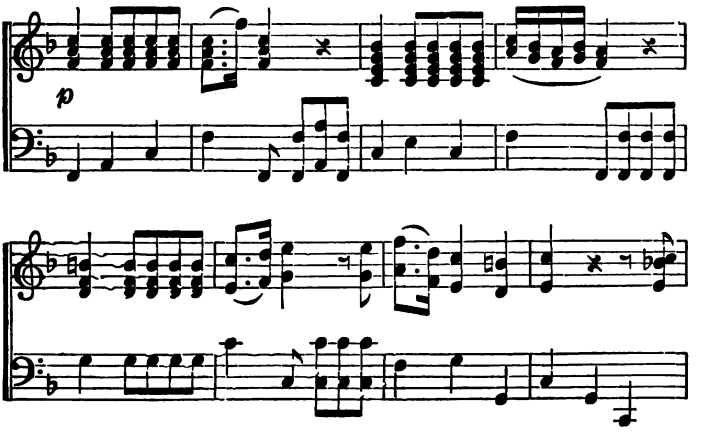
OH, fine old times were those, I ween,
In the eye of the courtly Englishman,
When came to London Prince Eugene
To meet the lords of good Queen Anne.
In the halls of state the minstrels gay
Played sweet, on tapestries of gold
How, well-a-day?—Oh, well-a-day,
In those arrased halls of old!

In art one must love something beside art if one would know how to love art.—DELSARTE.

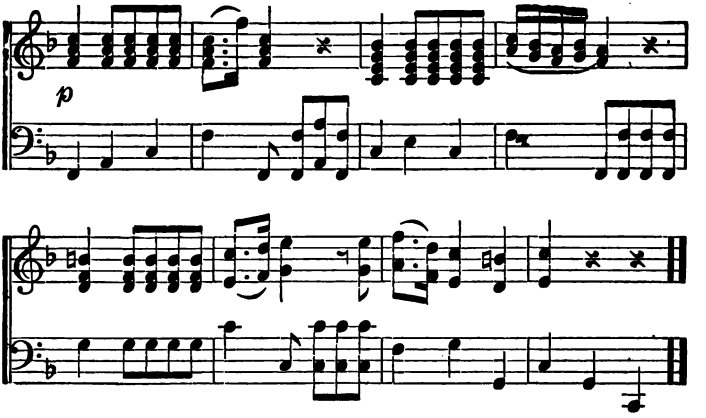
The halls were for the banquet dressed,
  The astrals blazed, and waited there
The victor for the coming guests,
  The knights and ladies debonair.
'Twas Prince Eugene, of Blenheim's fame,
  Who fought with Marlborough side by side,
Who France had awed, and Lille had ta'en
  And spoiled the Palgraves in their pride.
Eugene, of half a score of wars,
Eugene, who won a hundred stars!

The guests are in the outer halls,
  Them waits the wifeless Prince Eugene,
"The duchess!" loud the herald calls;
  The duchess came, a fallen queen.

MINUET. [*The Salutation Music.*]



My best results have been attained when I, a passive subject, obeyed an inner inspiration coming from whence I know not, and urging me on to results I had not aimed at.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.



Then rose the stately minuet,
  The soul of every courtly scene,
Her slippered feet it led, and yet
  A heavy heart they bore, I ween;
Two silver pages bore her train:
She bowed, and slowly bowed again.

[*Imitate the entrance of guests after the stanza to the music of the minuet, bowing with the rise and fall of the music as the salutation music suggests. The music may be played over as many times as is necessary for the pantomime imitation.*]

"Sir Robert Walpole!" loudly calls
  The fine old herald, bowing low,
The expectant music fills the halls
  As comes the knight, sedate and slow.
A form of velvet starred with gold,
  And noiseless step; he bows, and then
The duchess' eye severe and cold

To love art for art is to prefer the work to its object; it is to turn art from its end to the profit of the artist.—DELSARTE.

Falls on him, and he bows again,
And warmer now the astrals glow,
And sweeter music's numbers flow.
[*Imitation to minuet. The introductory salutation music.*]

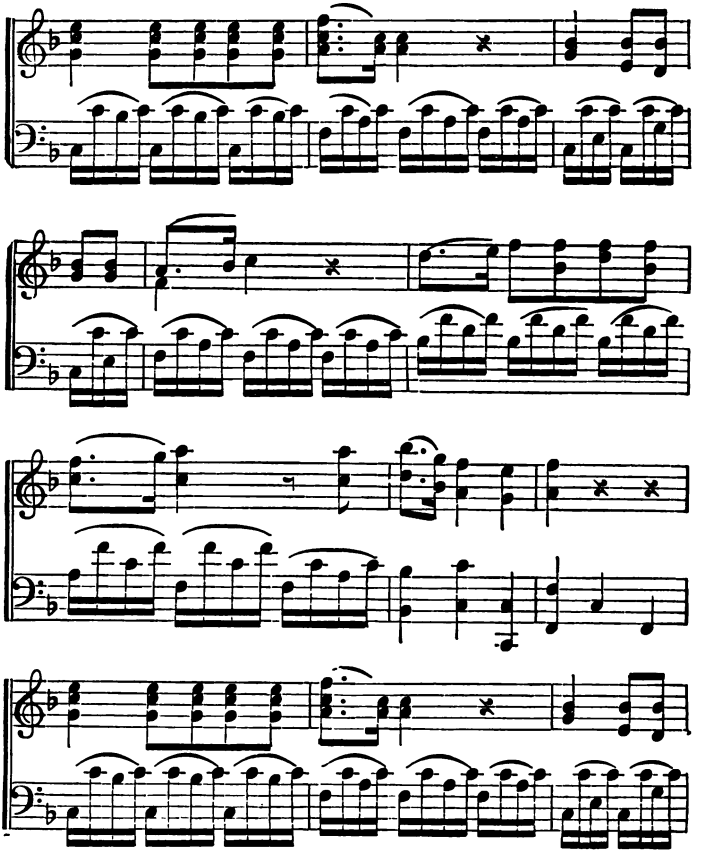
"My Lord and Lady Castlewood!"
"Lord Rochester!" rang through the hall;
And while confused the herald stood
Swept in the bishops grave and tall.
And while played sweet the minuet,
Gibraltar's hardy sea-kings came,
And knights from Oudenarde, and yet
Rolled on the herald's call of fame
Till in the dusk and music sweet
The hall was full of golden feet.
[*Imitation to minuet. The introductory salutation music.*]

"Sir Isaac Newton!" Silent all,
Not e'en the light of jewels swayed,
A modest form shrank through the hall,
Modest, yet one the stars had weighed.
"Dean Swift!" the nimble parson came,
"Daniel de Foe!" his ears were gone,
The herald lost the last great name,
Powdered, bewigged, came Addison,
And low they bowed like courtiers gay,
And bowed the prince as low as they.
[*Imitation as before. Music ceases.*]

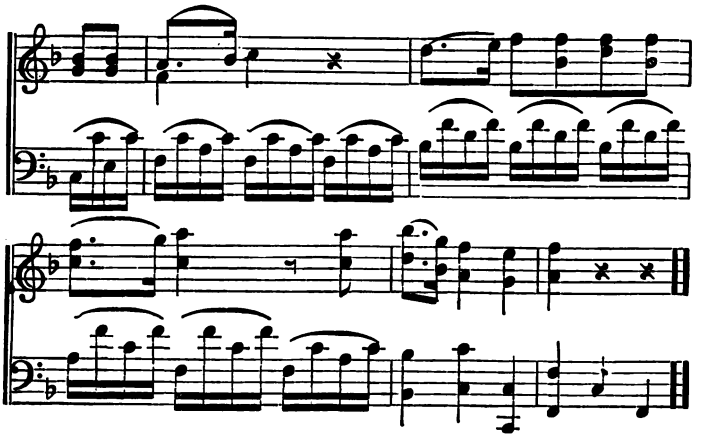
Why comes the prince to England now,
This son of France, old Austria's pride?
And why do whig and tory bow
To him, the duchess at his side?

The mere bearings and poisings of the body sway the beholder, even when produced mechanically.—FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

Earth has no friendships such as those
Grand heroes form for noble ends;
His soul had flamed as Marlborough rose,
And war had wedded them as friends.



You admire a work of art when you find yourself in it; and if you applaud, it is only on the condition of your recognizing in it something of your own character. It is because it affects, at least partly, your ways, your temperament. In a word, you love it as you love a mirror.—DELSARTE.



And Marlborough, crushed by court and queen,
Had touched the heart of Prince Eugene.

"Lord Harley!" All again was mute,
  The diplomat flashed 'crost the scene,
And said obsequious, "I salute [*minuet*]
  Earth's greatest soldier, Prince Eugene!"
"Too soon, my lord! His grace comes late,"
  The prince replied, and turned away,
"The duke of Marlborough!" lost to state,
  Then came the chief of Malplaquet,
Who once had swayed the lands and seas,
From Pyrenees to Tyrolese.

[*Imitation as before.*]

The music scarcely dared to play;
  The fallen hero of the land
Moved slowly 'mid the throngs to lay
  In Prince Eugene's his war-browned hand.

Only through rules can we become free in our interpretation.—DELAUMOSNE.

Not so,—the true heart knows its quest
  And love is strong when true hearts meet,
Against the honored soldier's breast
  The starless soldier's heart should beat,
And Prince Eugene great Marlborough drew
To his great heart still beating true.

[*Repeat salutation music.*]

The mazy music's rippling tide
  Swept o'er the shoals of jewelled feet,
But Prince Eugene by Marlborough's side
  Scarce heard the mystic rhythms beat;
The airy pages came and went,
  In blazing halls the goblets kissed,
He shared that nobler sentiment
  To true hearts known, by maskers missed,
The heroic friendship more than wealth,
That loves another more than self.

Cool fell the dews, the late hours came,
  And rose the moon, a midnight sun,
Uncertain shone the astral's flame,
  And guests departed one by one.
With lingering step they went away,
  The lord, the knight, the wit, the beau,
Still happy in the morning gray,
  And bowing low, and bowing low,
In memory's ear recalling yet,
The sweet and stately minuet. [*Imitation.*]

Oh, fine old times were those, I ween,
  In the eye of the courtly Englishman,
When came to London Prince Eugene

Man is a voluntary spectator of his own works only. It is because he esteems and admires only himself. It is because he searches for himself in everything.—DELSARTE.

To plead for Marlborough with Queen Anne,
In the halls of state the minstrels gay
Played sweet, on tapestries of gold,
How, well-a-day?—Ah, well-a-day,
In the arrased halls of old!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

["When, after the battle of Belmont, General Grant, under a flag of truce, sent a detachment to bury the dead and remove the wounded, they heard the song of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' rising on the still air. Following the sound, they discovered under a tree a warrior with both legs mangled, from whose feverish lips the national anthem rang out over the gory plain."—*Headley's Life of Grant.*—The music of "The Star-Spangled Banner" should be played during the italic lines, and these lines sung, if possible.]

OVER the field the grass is red
With loyal blood of our Union dead;
The wounded lie a sickening sight,
And cold, white faces mock the light.
Yesterday there was fire and shout,
Yesterday bullets whizzed about,
Cannons boomed, and sabres clashed,
And hate from the eyes of soldiers flashed.

Only the moan of pain to-day
Breaks through the morning still and gray;
The bullets are cold, the guns at rest,
And the soldier dead on his foeman's breast

Once we were eager to deal out death;
Now we woo back the failing breath;

The whole secret of expression lies in the time we delay the articulation of the initial consonant. The delay arrests the attention, and prevents our catching the sound at a disadvantage.—DELAUMOSNE.

And the earth dark-stained with blood of the brave.
Forgiving, offers a peaceful grave.

Up from the field where the wounded lie,
Broken and faint as a spirit-sigh,
Snatches of song fall soft on the ear,
A familiar strain to the soldiers dear.

[*Sing.*]

"*'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave*"—
It reaches our hearts like a voice from the grave;
We gaze at each other in wordless amaze,
Who raises that hymn of a patriot's praise?

Here where death-wagons groan as they pass?
Here where the wounded lie thick in the grass?
Once more we bend o'er the suffering men,
But sweeter and clearer it rises again.

Triumphant it swells to a volume of might.

[*Sing.*]

"*Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,*
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"—
Then sinks to the murmur of music in dreaming.

Our hearts grow warm, and our pulses bound,
As over the field we follow the sound,
Over the grass that is trampled and torn,
Through the chilly light of the early morn;
While ever, to guide us, rings out on the air
That outburst of joy that "our flag is still there."
Then we pause, for against the rough trunk of a tree
Leans the soldier who sings of "the land of the free."

Rhythm is that which asserts; it is the form of movement. Melody is that which distinguishes. Harmony is that which conjoins.—DELSARTE.

Wounded, but warrior-like, he lies;
Death-pale, but with a hero's eyes;
His burning lips breathe not of pain.
But send a song across the plain:

[*Sing.*]

" Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

" On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

With tears unused to the eyes of men,
We carry him back to the camp again;
But still, through the blood-veined field, that song
Rings out in music sweet and strong:

[*Sing.*]

" Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust;'
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

THE WISH-BONE.

LEON MEAD.

THEY were dining—he and she,
Chattering incessantly—
When the waiter, old and tried,
Brought them chicken nicely fried.
Grand it was to see her wade
Thro' her portion with white teeth;
Teeth that cut it like a blade,
To the wish-bone underneath.

Then, when it was free of meat,
She in accents soft and sweet,
Whispered, "Make a wish with me."
"Certainly I will," said he.
Both a moment silent thought,
Then he on the wish-bone caught.
Now the tug of war began
'Tween the damsel and the man,
Till at last it snapped in twain—
She had won it, that was plain.

"Tell me what you wished," said she.
"That you might my darling be;
Thro' all sorrow, strife and care
My existence you might share.
Was your wish like that at all?"
"No," she answered, "you might call

Mine a vain one. It was this:
That I yet may know the bliss
Of a satin pearl-trimmed dress,
Unexcelled in loveliness."

Happy are these wishers two,
What each wanted has come true;
He has won the damsel fair,
She the gorgeous gown doth wear.
A moral has this tale my friend,
That he who gets the shortest end
May also get at last what he
Has wished for most tremendously.

BRITA'S[1] WEDDING.

REV. W. W. MARSH.

THE wind from the hills of Finnmark, came o'er the icy fjord,
And the drooping fire of Saltden,[2] rocked shuddering as it roared.
And the night was dark, save the light of stars,
Or the flush of the Northern Lights' tremulous bars.

There was the sound of trampling footsteps in the creak of the frosty snow,
And the roar of a thund'rous knocking, with heavy hand, blow upon blow,

There is no Delsarte walk, no Delsarte standing-position, no Delsarte way to sit down, no Delsarte way of doing anything. The only way we seek is nature's way. Man can no more make natural things than he can create truth. He can create unnatural ways and falsehood; at his best, he discovers nature's ways and lives truth.—EMILY M. BISHOP.

Heard under the gusts which went before
On the oaken bars of Lars Jansen's[3] door.

Sturdy Lars undid the fastenings, and the firelight fell without
On the flashing snow, like a blood stain, and over a lusty rout
Of bearded Finns; and a wolfish gleam
Had tooth and eye in the firelight's beam.

"We are over the hills to Leifert's, Thord Ormsen is feasting to-day;
But the snow is deep and the pines are dark, come, bonda[4], and lead the way."
"Not I," growled Lars, "for no guests are ye
At Brita's wedding to make so free.

"And hear ye the wind in the tree-tops? See, the air is white with snow!
And hear how the wolves are howling in the pines of the pass below.
No white-blooded Finn could pass to-night
The drifted crags in this dim light."

"Out, inthing[5]! Is the night so fearful? By the hammer of Thor, my man,
Where a Norseman goes I can follow! Lead on, man, if so ye can;
Or the wolves ye fear, ye'll find by dawn,
And thy good house blaze to light us on.

You admire a work of art only when you re-find yourself in it.—DELSARTE.

"Lead on! for the red-cheeked Brita is passing the good
brown ale,
And the big-limbed Alten bonder are dancing the fresh
bride pale.
See, the night wears on and we lose it all,—
What fear ye, man? Let the good-wife call."

No move! Lars did on his snow-shoes with a fire in his
blue Norse eye,
And he muttered, "We'll see by the starlight, how a Finn
may go to die.
Ye shall dance to-night, my merry men,
But Hela's[6] guests never dance again."

And away in the swirling snow-wreaths, through the keen
and frosty night,
They climbed like goats of the hedges, by the dim and
flickering light;
Then with straight, swift rush down windy sweeps,
Or sharp, dizzy turns, o'er half-seen deeps.

Sometimes came a sudden thunder, where the rocks were
rent by frost;
Or again from a treeless summit, through the lull of the
tempest tost,
They heard the wolves of Alten fjord
Above the bass that Kjaerstad[7] roared.

And still, under his shaggy eyebrows, Lars, sharply glancing
back,
Flung taunts to the Finns who followed hard panting in
his track;

Physical control gives a sense of repose and power to the mind. The body is but the clothing of the soul; when it moves easily, gracefully, the soul expresses itself with perfect freedom, being unconscious of its physical environment.—EMILY M. BISHOP.

And each taunt was a blow, for nerves were tense,
And the keen air tingled at every sense.

"Man, go on!" snarled the Finn in answer, too wrathful for steady speech,
"We are doing no work of woman; we'll follow thy strongest reach."
And the grinding creak of the snowy path
Grew fiercer still with their kindling wrath.

In Lars Jansen's heart a purpose grew clearer and stronger still:
"Their thoughts are of theft and murder, they are meaning my Brita ill.
I'll light to their rest to-night," he said,
"They shall touch no hair of her bright head."

So the way dipped into the shadows; no light of the stars could fall,
Where the torches flared thro' the leaning boughs, far up on the rocky wall;
And the snow spun back as they swept past;
On, on, down the steeps, and breaths came fast.

On, on, and the way grew narrow, with a darksome depth below,
And a sharp, short curve, unnoticed in the torchlight's fitful glow,
Where the coolest head, and the steadiest eye,
Asked the light of day that pass to try.

Be warm outwardly, cold inwardly.—DELSARTE.

On, still, with a swift glance backward, he noticed the long
line reel;
On—yet in the terrible pressure Lars Jansen's nerves were
steel,—
Till he saw by the glare his own torch flung,
The empty darkness beneath him hung.

With a foot as sure as a chamois, he leaped by the crag
aside,
And his torch he flung straight onward, out into the mid-
night wide;
While the panting line of Finns flashed by,
Like meteors shot from a murky sky.

Out into the bottomless darkness, the foremost shot and fell,
With a startled shriek, which faintly came back like a
muffled knell;
(So swift the drop with arrested breath)
And the rearmost pressed to the leap of death.

No stay of the blind, mad hurrying, no check from that
cry's vague fear,
With the light on their flushed, hard faces, unblanched by
the death so near,
They flashed and sank, with a rushing sweep,
Thro' the pine that stooped o'er the crags asleep.

To mark the red glare of their torches, far down the abyss
leaned Lars,
As the last shrill shriek of terror went tingling up to the
stars.

Before adult bodies can be molded to the desired expression of high thought and feeling they must be made plastic, susceptible. An undoing process must, in nearly all cases, precede an upbuilding one. By mental intensity and muscular restraint, man is restricted, often unconsciously in all of his movements.—EMILY M. BISHOP.

Then all was still, save the wind moaned low.
Far down where the dead were heaped below.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

But the feasting was high at Leifert's, and the old brown ale was quaffed;
And under the eyes of the feasters, fair Brita blushed and laughed,
Till Ivor, the bridegroom, looked smiling down
At the sweet face under the bridal crown.

But the door swung wide on the dancers, and, white on the threshold, there
Stood Lars, with a quivering nostril, and the snow in his streaming hair,
And his white teeth set, as he told how fast
The rout had leaped to their death at last.

Thord Ormsen stood with wild eyes flashing, and with clenched fists by the fire;
Ivor clutched the haft of his dagger as Brita nestled nigher,
With a face from which all the red was gone,
And a heart that heaved like the tide at dawn.

The dancing and feasting were over, the flagons of ale stood brimmed:
The laughter was stilled, unforbidden, and the untended fires were dimmed,
As they talked in the dim light under their breath,
With start and pause, of this bridal of death.

To attain the Beautiful is impossible without a formula, that is, a fixed principle.—DELSARTE.

So it befell at the wedding of Brita; and they tell with
drawn breath now,
In the long, starry nights of Norway, of hot Lars Jansen's
vow;
And the Finns, uncoffined, far below
Where the sun ever shines. and the harebells blow.

[[1]Breeta; [2]Zaltden; [3]Yansen; [4]bonda, a farmer; [5]a name of utter contempt; [6]Queen of death; [7]Kyarstad, a tide's whirlpool.]

THEIR MOTHER.

MY boy sat looking straight into the coals,
From his stool at my feet one day.
And the firelight burnished the curly head,
And painted the cheeks with a dash of red,
And brightened his very eyes, as he said,
In his most confidential way:

"Mamma, I think, when I'm a grown-up man,
I shall have just two little boys."
I smiled—he was six!—but he did not see,
And I said: "Why, yes, how nice that will be!
But if one were a girl, it seems to me,
It would add to your household joys."

"Well—yes," reflectively, "that would be nice,
And I'll tell you just what I'll do.
I'll name one Robbie, for me, you know."
Then the bright eyes shone with a deeper glow,
"And there's just the two of us now, and so
I'll name the girl Annie, for you."

As there is conscious and unconscious thought, so there is and must be conscious and unconscious tension; tension that affects the involuntary as well as the voluntary processes of the body.—EMILY M. BISHOP.

"But how would their mother like that?" I asked.
"Do you think that she would agree
For us both to have names while she had none?"
With the mystified, puzzled look of one
Wholly befogged, said my logical son,
"Their mother? Why, who is she?"

"AU REVOIR."

A DRAMATIC VIGNETTE.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Dramatis Personæ { M. JOLICŒUR.
A LADY (unknown).

[Scene.—The fountain in the Garden of the Luxembourg. It is surrounded by promenaders.]

M. JOLICŒUR. 'Tis she, no doubt. Brunette—and tall;
A charming figure, above all!
This promises—ahem!

THE LADY. Monsieur?
Ah! it is three. The Monsieur's name
Is Jolicœur?

M. JOLICŒUR. Madame, the same.

THE LADY. And Monsieur's goodness has to say?
Your note?

M. JOLICŒUR. *Your* note.

THE LADY. Forgive me. Nay. [*Reads.*]
"*If Madame* (I omit) *will be*
Beside the fountain-rail at three,

It is by the subjective virtues of the ineffable power of art that the artist fixes fugitive things, gives permanence to what is momentary, and actuality to that which is no more. Thus he himself lives on in what by itself has no life.—DELSARTE.

Then Madame—possibly—may hear
News of her spaniel. Jolicœur."
Monsieur denies his note?

M. JOLICŒUR. I do.
Now let me read the one from you:
"*If Monsieur Jolicœur will be*
Beside the fountain-rail at three,
Then Monsieur—possibly—may meet
An old acquaintance. 'Indiscreet.'"

THE LADY [*scandalized*].
Ah, what a folly! 'Tis not true.
I never met Monsieur. And you?

M. JOLICŒUR [*with gallantry*].
Have lived in vain till now. But see!
We are observed.

THE LADY [*looking round*].
I comprehend. [*After a pause.*]
Monsieur, malicious brains combine
For your discomfiture, and mine.
Let us defeat that ill design.
If Monsieur but [*hesitating*]—

M. JOLICŒUR [*bowing*]. Rely on me.

THE LADY [*still hesitating*].
Monsieur, I know, will understand—

M. JOLICŒUR. Madame, I wait but your command.

THE LADY. You are too good. Then condescend
At once to be a new-found friend!

M. JOLICŒUR [*entering upon the part fortwith*].
How? I am charmed—enchanted. Ah!
What ages since we met—at *Spa?*

As much of truth as is in your work will be immortal; the rest you do not wish should live.—C. WESLEY EMERSON.

[illegible] Monsieur, maybe,
[illegible] rangery?
[illegible] But Madame's face
[illegible] veil forget a place.
[illegible] Monsieur recalls
[illegible] the concert-balls?
[illegible] Though here again
[illegible] I retain.
[illegible] in repartee.
[illegible] ? Can you see?)
[illegible] the wit.
[illegible] what to make of it!)
[illegible] friend who sometimes com
[illegible] forget the name.
[illegible] escapes me, too.
[illegible] that Madame knew?
[illegible] But my carriage waits.
[illegible] me to the gates?

[illegible] (Your stratagem
[illegible] to conquer them.)

[illegible] must find that out.)
[illegible] thrives, no doubt

[illegible]—? He died at Dole!
[illegible]
[illegible] on the whole,
[illegible] Beau-*pre*?—Beau-*vau*?
[illegible] Ah, there they go!)

[illegible] will be struck with
[illegible] art, these three co-necessary
[illegible] are together united to the con-

"So I think after that I may spake to the praist."

THE LADY [*a little disconcerted*].
At *Ems*, I think. Monsieur, maybe,
Will recollect the Orangery?

M. JOLICŒUR. At Ems, of course. But Madame's face
Might make one well forget a place.

THE LADY. It seems so. Still, Monsieur recalls
The Kurhaus, and the concert-balls?

M. JOLICŒUR. Assuredly. Though there again
'Tis Madame's image I retain.

THE LADY. Monsieur is skilled in repartee.
(How do they take it? Can you see?)

M. JOLICŒUR. Nay, Madame furnishes the wit.
(They don't know what to make of it!)

THE LADY. And Monsieur's friend who sometimes came?
That clever—I forget the name.

M. JOLICŒUR. The Baron? It escapes me, too.
'Twas doubtless he that Madame knew?

THE LADY [*archly*]. Precisely. But my carriage waits.
Monsieur will see me to the gates?

M. JOLICŒUR [*offering arm*].
I shall be charmed. (Your stratagem
Bids fair, I think, to conquer them.)
[*Aside.*]
(Who is she? I must find that out.)
—And Madame's husband thrives, no doubt?

THE LADY [*off her guard*].
Monsieur de Beau—? He died at Dole!

M. JOLICŒUR. Truly. How sad!
[*Aside.*] (Yes, on the whole,
How fortunate! Beau-*pre*?—Beau-*vau*?
Which can it be? Ah, there they go!)

In regard to art, every attempt at a constitution will be struck with paralysis until music, eloquence, and plastic art, these three co-necessary bases of art, are taught unitedly as they are together united to the constituent essences of our being.—DELSARTE.

"So I think after that I may spake to the praist."

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest,
And a nameless longing filled her breast.

Madame, your enemies retreat
With all the honors of—defeat.

THE LADY. Thanks to Monsieur. Monsieur has shown
A skill Preville would not disown.

M. JOLICŒUR. You flatter me. We need no skill
To act so nearly what we will.
Nay,—what may come to pass, if fate
And Madame bid me cultivate—

THE LADY [*anticipating*].
Alas! no farther than the gate.
Monsieur, besides, is too polite
To profit by a jest so slight.

M. JOLICŒUR. Distinctly. Still, I did but glance
At possibilities—of chance.

THE LADY. Which may not serve Monsieur, I fear,
Beyond the little grating here.

M. JOLICŒUR [*aside*].
(She's perfect. One may get too far.
Piano, sano.)
[*They reach the gates.*]
Here we are.
Permit me, then.
[*Placing her in the carriage.*]
And Madame goes?
Your coachman? Can I?

THE LADY [*smiling*]. Thanks, he knows.
Thanks, thanks!

M. JOLICŒUR [*insidiously*]. And must we not renew
Our—*Ems* acquaintanceship?

THE LADY [*still smiling*]. Adieu!
My thanks instead!

In Delsarte culture only normal types and conditions are taken as standards. To be natural is not to yield to one's peculiarities; it is to get free from all peculiarities.—EMILY M. BISHOP.

M. JOLICŒUR [*with pathos*]. It is too hard
[*Laying his hand on the grating.*]
To find one's Paradise is barred!
THE LADY. Nay. Virtue is her own reward!
[*Exit.*]
M. JOLICŒUR [*solus*].
Beau-*vau*?—Beau-*vallon*?—Beau-*manoir*?—
But that's a trifle!
[*Waving hand after carriage.*]
Au revoir!

T'WARD ARCADIE.

EGAN MEW.

[*To the audience.*]

OUR play is short, requiring little casting;—
Two people in a sweet conservatory;
Later may be
We'll chance to see
This couple trip it into Arcadie,
Thinking their ecstasy forever lasting.

SHE. Our waltz at last! Yet let it go;
I've danced through one with Hugh Defoe,
And learned to weigh that guardsman's toe—
His step is all too dashing.
HE. Yes? Then rest we will and hear the flow
Of fiddle and of piccolo;
I'll watch—

Before treating of any subject two things are necessary for the artist to learn: (1) What he ought to seek in the subject; (2) where to find what he seeks.—DELSARTE.

SHE. The dancers?
HE. Ah, no,—
Your eyelids flashing.
SHE. *Monsieur, de grâce* . . . "In Arcadie,"
I see this waltz is said to be;
How sweet the music's melody
And fountain plashing!
HE. "In Arcadie?" Have you been there?
SHE. Is it the region of the stair,
Far up above the candles' flare,
And cymbals' clashing?
HE. Sometimes perhaps—
SHE. You know it, then;
You've entered there? Oh, tell me when?
Or is't a land of smoke—and men,
Of sabretasche and sashing?
HE. I've only glanced in once—or twice;
Just now, in handing you an ice,
Something I saw that would entice
All Arcadie.
SHE. Indeed! What—lenses did you use?
HE. Your eyes,—their blueness my excuse.
SHE. Yours is, I think, too worn a ruse
For Arcadie.
But tell me of this happy land—
Do nymphs and swains go hand in hand
To airs—like the Hungarian band
Is playing?
HE. Daphnis and Chloë still are there;
He binds bright myrtle in her hair,

Many have mistakenly believed that if the shoulders are held back, a correct, graceful carriage would be insured. On the contrary, focusing attention on the shoulders gives them a stiff awkwardness, whereas they should be perfectly free to perform their duty as expression agents.—EMILY M. BISHOP.

No whisper comes of carking care,
Of cold hearts slaying.

SHE. Go on, I pray.

HE. There roses bloom;
The golden days can know no gloom;
Eternal happiness their doom,
So Chloë's saying.
Yet no one's bored; bright eyes meet eyes
Still brighter, for they lack disguise;
Life sweetly comes, but never flies
In Arcadie.

SHE. Would I could visit, at season's end,
The world you paint with cunning blend
Of color-words, as though you'd send
Us all to Arcadie.
Which is the way? I'll journey there
Alone; the land seems passing fair.

HE. Not so—*alone:* they go a-pair
In Arcadie.

SHE. Oh!

HE. There's one sweet way,—may I show how?

SHE. But, where and when?

HE. Ah—here and now:
Dearest, you know, you must allow—
My heart is breaking.

SHE. Sir, you forget! Our waltz is done;
Through the camellias dancers come—
Your heart, my heart—I think they're one;
Is't worth the taking?

HE. While there be life one it shall be,

Art and prayer so confound themselves in one ineffable unity that I cannot separate the two things.—DELSARTE.

Yours—yours and mine, no room for three
In all the breadth of—Arcadie.

ENVOI.

And so, Messieurs, we've chanced to see
Two more trip up to Arcadie.
Ah, me!
They think the land will ever be
Their property.

THE REVOLT OF MOTHER.

MARY E. WILKINS. ARRANGED BY EVA COSCARDEN.

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"FATHER!"

The old man shut his mouth tight, and went on harnessing the great bay horse.

"Father!"

"Wall, what is it?"

"Look here, father, I want to know what them men are diggin' over in the front field for, an' I'm goin' to know."

"I wish you'd go into the house, mother, an' 'tend to your own affairs."

"No, I ain't goin' into the house till you tell me what them men are doin' over in the field."

Then she stood waiting. She was a small woman. Her forehead was mild and benevolent. There were meek downward lines about the nose and mouth. The old man glanced doggedly at his wife. She seemed as immovable to

Pauses and poses are the most effective things in the language of words and gestures, both indicating reserve force.—EMILY M. BISHOP.

him as one of the rocks in the pasture land. He slapped the reins over the horse and started.

"Father."

The old man pulled up. "What is it?"

"I want to know what them men are diggin' over there in the field for."

"They're diggin' a cellar I s'pose, if you've got to know."

"A cellar for what?"

"A barn."

"A barn? You ain't goin' to build a barn over there where we are goin' to have a house, father?"

The old man said nothing more, but clattered out of the yard. His wife stood and watched him a moment, then went into the house, which was infinitesimally small compared with the great barns near by. A pretty girl's face, pink and delicate as a flower, looked forth from the window. She turned as her mother entered.

"What are they diggin' for, mother? Did he tell you?"

"They're diggin' for a cellar for a new barn."

"Oh, mother, father ain't goin' to build another barn?"

"That's what he says."

A boy stood near combing his hair.

"Sammy, did you know father was goin' to build another barn?"

The boy combed assiduously.

"Sammy, did you know your father was goin' to build another barn?"

"Yes, s'pose I did."

"How long have you known it?"

"'Bout three months, I guess."

There are voices against which no complaint can be made; but my heart reproaches them, for they can say nothing to it.—DELSARTE.

"Why didn't you tell of it?"

"Didn't think it would do no good."

"Is he goin' to buy more cows?"

The boy did not reply.

"Sammy, I want you to tell me if he's goin' to buy more cows."

"I s'pose he is."

"How many?"

"Four, I guess."

His mother said nothing more. She went into the pantry and there was the clatter of pans. The girl went to the sink and began washing the dishes. Her mother came promptly out of the pantry and shoved her aside.

"You wipe 'em. I'll wash 'em," said she. She plunged her hands into the dish-water, while the girl wiped the plates dreamily.

"Mother," said she, "don't you think it's too bad father's goin' to build a new barn much as we need a decent house to live in?"

Her mother scrubbed a dish fiercely. "You ain't found out yet, Nancy Penn, that we're women folks, an' how we'd ought to reckon men folks in with Providence, an' not complain of their doin's any more than you would of the weather."

"I don't care, I don't believe George is anything like that anyway." Her face flushed, her lips pouted as if she were going to cry.

"You wait an' see. I guess George Eastman ain't any better than any other man. You hadn't ought to judge father, though. He can't help it 'cause he don't look at things just the way we do."

There is always in a phrase loudly enunciated one word which sustains the passionate accent.—A. GUERROULT.

"I do wish we had a parlor."

"I guess it won't hurt George Eastman to come to see you in a nice clean kitchen. A good many girls don't have as good a place as this. Nobody's ever heard me complain."

"I ain't complainin' either, mother."

"Well, you'd better not; a girl that's got as good a father an' a good home as you've got. S'pose your father made you go out an' work for your livin'? Lots of girls have to that ain't no stronger an' better able to than you."

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes, when not provided with larger doors. Sarah Penn's showed itself to-day in flaky dishes of pastry. So she baked the pies faithfully while across the table she could see, when she glanced up from her work, the sight that rankled her soul, —the digging of the cellar for the new barn in the place where, twenty years before, Adoniram had promised that their new house should stand.

Adoniram and Sammy were home a few minutes after twelve. The dinner was eaten in serious haste. Sammy went back to school, Adoniram went to work in the yard unloading wood.

"Father!"

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to see you just a minute, father."

"I can't leave this wood, no how."

"I want to see you just a minute."

"I tell you I can't come."

"Adoniram, you come here." She stood in the door like a queen, and held her head as if it bore a crown; there was that patience in her voice which makes authority royal.

Adoniram went. Mrs. Penn lead the way into the kitchen and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, father; I've got somethin' I want to say to you."

"Wall, mother, what is it?"

"I want to know what you are buildin' a new barn for, father!"

"I ain't got nothin' to say about it."

"It can't be you think you need another barn?"

"I tell you I ain't got nothin' to say about it, an' I ain't goin' to say nothin' about it."

"Be you goin' to buy more cows?"

He did not reply.

"I know you be. Now, father, look here. I'm goin' to talk real plain to you. I never have since I married you, but I'm goin' to now. You see this room, here, father? Look at it well. There ain't no carpet on the floor; the paper's all dirt an' droppin' off the ceilin'. You see this room, father? It's all the one I've had to work an' eat in since I married you, it's all the room Nancy's got to have her company in, an' it's all the room she'll have to be married in. There, father," she continued, "there's all the room I've had to sleep in for twenty years. Here is all the buttery I've got. I want you to look at the stairs that go up to them unfinished rooms; that's all the place your son an' daughter have to sleep in. They ain't so good as your horses' stalls; it ain't so warm an' tight. Now, father, I want to know if you think you're doin' right an' accordin' to what you profess. You're lodgin' your dumb beasts better than your own flesh an' blood. I want to know if you think you're doin' right!"

Rational and practical principles thoroughly inculcated with art-technique and individual application (not imitation) is an excellent foundation for originality of conception and proper adaptation of matter and sentiment.—MME. E. A. ALBERTI.

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

"You can't say nothin' without ownin' you ain't doin' right."

Mrs. Penn's face was burning. She had pleaded her cause like a Webster. "Father, ain't you got nothin' to say?"

"I've got to go after that load of gravel. I can't stan' here talkin' all day."

"Father, won't you think it over an' have a house built instead of a barn?"

"I ain't got nothin' to say," and Adoniram shuffled out.

The new barn grew fast and was all ready for use by the third week in July. Adoniram had planned to move his stock in on Wednesday; on Tuesday he received a letter which changed his plans. He came in with it early in the morning.

"I've got a letter from Hiram, an' he says for me to come right up there; he's got jest the kind of a horse that'll suit me."

He prepared for a three days' journey. Just before leaving he said, with a consequential air:

"If them air cows come to-day, Sammy can drive 'em into the new barn; an' when they bring the hay up, they can pitch it in there. I shall be back by Saturday night, if nothin' happens."

Mrs. Penn hurried her baking. At eleven o'clock it was all done. The load of hay drew up at the new barn. Mrs. Penn went to the door and called:

"Stop! Don't put the hay in the new barn; put it in the old barn; there's room enough, ain't there?"

"Room enough! Didn't need a new barn at all far's room's concerned."

When the heart does not communicate to the brain its generous burnings which illuminate and fecundate; when it does not inflame those intuitions which constitute genius, the mind cannot go very far.—DELSARTE.

Mrs. Penn went back into the house.

"I ain't goin' to git a reg'lar dinner; you can have some bread an' milk an' pie."

Nancy and Sammy stared at each other; there was something strange in their mother's manner.

"What are you goin' to do, mother?"

"You'll see what I'm goin' to do. If you're through with your dinner, Nancy, you can pack up your things; an' I want Sammy to help me take the beds down."

"Why, mother, what for?"

"You'll see."

During the next few hours a feat was performed by the simple, pious New England mother, which was equal, in its way, to Wolfe's storming the Heights of Abraham. At five in the afternoon the little house the Penns had lived in for twenty years had emptied itself into the new barn; by six the stove was up and the kettle boiling for tea. Friday the minister went to see her. He stood awkwardly before her and talked.

"There ain't no use talkin', Mr. Hersey," said she, "I've thought it all over an' over, an' I believe I'm doin' what's right. I've made it a subject of prayer, an' it's betwixt me an' the Lord an' Adoniram. There ain't no call for nobody else to worry."

"Well, of course if you have brought it before the Lord in prayer and feel satisfied you are doing right, Mrs. Penn," said the minister helplessly.

"I think it's right jest as much as I think it was right for our forefathers to come to this country, 'cause they didn't have what belonged to 'em." She arose. The barn floor might have been Plymouth Rock from her bearing.

We all know the power of certain inflections; we know that a phrase, which accented in a certain way is null, accented in another way produces irresistible effects. It is the property of great artists to discover the pre-eminent accentuation.—A. GUEROULT.

"I don't doubt you mean real well, Mr. Hersey, but there are things people hadn't ought to interfere with. Won't you come in an' set down? An' how's Mrs. Hersey?"

"She's well, I thank you." After a few remarks he retreated.

Toward sunset on Saturday Adoniram was expected. Sammy looked out of the harness-room window.

"There he comes," he said, in an awed whisper.

He took the new horse by the bridle and came slowly across the yard to the new barn. The doors rolled back, and there stood Adoniram with the horse looking over his shoulder. He stared at the group.

"What on airth you all down here for? What's the matter over to the house?"

"We've come here to stay, father," said Sammy.

"What—what is it smells like cookin'? What on airth does this mean, mother," he gasped.

"Come in, father," said his wife. She led the way to the harness-room and shut the door. "Now, father, you needn't be scared. I ain't crazy. But we've come here to stay, an' we're goin' to stay here. We've got jest as good right as your new horses an' cows. I've done my duty by you for twenty years an' I inten' to now; but I'm goin' to live here. You've got to put in some windows an' partitions, an' you'll have to buy some new furniture, an' then we'll have a home to be proud of. You'd better take off your coat an' get washed, an' then we'll have some supper."

He tried to take off his coat, but his arm seemed to lack the power. His wife helped him tenderly. Then the family drew around the table. The old man gazed dazedly at his plate.

The expressions of stupor and of astonishment are greatly increased when preceded by a quivering of the eyelid (blinking).—DELSARTE.

"Ain't you goin' to ask the blessin', father?" said his wife.

He bent his head and mumbled.

After the supper dishes were cleared away, Sarah came out to her husband in the twilight. She bent over and touched him: "Father!"

The old man's shoulders heaved; he was weeping.

"Why, don't do so, father," said Sarah.

"I'll—put up the—partitions an' windows, an' buy the furniture,—an' everythin' you—want, mother. I hadn't no idee you was so sot on it as all this comes to."

DESOLATION.

TOM MASSON.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And there, throughout the livelong day,
Jemima plays the pi-a-na,
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

In the front parlor, there it stands,
And there Jemima plies her hands;
While her papa, beneath his cloak,
Mutters and groans: "This is no joke!"
And swears to himself and sighs, alas!

Harmony is a positive energy and not a negative quality.—C. WESLEY EMERSON.

With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do."

Through days of death and days of birth
She plays as if she owned the earth,
Through every swift vicissitude
She drums as if it did her good,
And still she sits from morn till night
And plunks away with main and might,
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
But that was many years before
Jemima monkeyed with the score.
When she began her daily plunk,
Into their graves the neighbors sunk.
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

To other worlds they've long since fled
All thankful that they're safely dead.
They stood the racket while alive
Until Jemima rose at five,
And then they laid their burdens down,
And one and all they skipped the town.
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

Anxiety calls for a double movement of the eyebrows: First, contract [illegible] secondly, raise them.—DELSARTE.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

GEORGE ELIOT.

[The scene is between Zarca, chief of the gypsy tribe of the Zincali, and his daughter, Fedalma, who, at the age of three, had been stolen from him, and has been reared in the royal family of Spain; and now, at the age of seventeen, is betrothed to the Spanish Duke Silva. The day before her marriage her father gains an interview with her and persuades her to rejoin her people, then held captive by the Spaniards, and flee with them to Africa.]

ZARCA. At last I see my little maid full-grown,
Now I see her whom the Spaniards call the bright
Fedalma.
The little red-frocked foundling—three years old—
Grown to such perfectness the Christian Duke
Has wooed her for his Duchess. Therefore I have sought
you;
Therefore I am come to claim my child—
Not from the Spaniard, not from him who robbed,
But from herself. And my child owns her father?
FEDALMA. Father, yes!
I will eat dust before I will deny
The flesh I sprang from.
ZARCA. There my daughter spake!
Away, then, with these rubies. Such a crown
Is infamy on a Zincala's brow!
It is her people's blood decking her shame.
FEDALMA. Then—I—am—a Zincala?
ZARCA. Of a blood

People form their estimates of our character not necessarily through our language, for perhaps they have never heard us speak, nor through the expression of our faces alone, but through the bearing of our entire bodies.
—ANNA MORGAN.

Unmixed as virgin wine-juice.
And you have sworn, even with your infant breath,
You, too, were pledged to that faith,
Taught by no priest, but by their beating hearts,
Faith to each other.

FEDALMA. What have I sworn?

ZARCA. To live the life of a Zincala's child,
The child of him who, being chief, will be
The savior of his tribe. You, my child, do you
Pause to choose?

FEDALMA. What is my task?

ZARCA. To be the angel of a homeless tribe;
To help me bless a tribe taught by no prophet.
I'll guide my brethren forth to their new land,
Where they shall plant and reap and sow their own;
Where they may kindle their first altar-fire.
That land awaits them; they await their chief—
Me, who am imprisoned. All depends on you.

FEDALMA. Father, your child is ready. She will not
Forsake her kindred. Listen, father:
The Duke to-morrow weds me. Then I will declare
Before them all I am his daughter—his,
The gypsy's, owner of this golden badge.
Then I shall win your freedom. Then the Duke—
Why, he will be your son!—will send you forth
With aid and honors. Then, before all eyes,
I'll clasp this badge on you and lift my brow
For you to kiss it, saying, by that sign:
I glory in my father! This, to-morrow.

ZARCA. What, marry first,
And then proclaim your birth? Enslave yourself

FRANCE PROTECTING HER ALSATIAN SOLDIER.

By Mercié.

GRIEF.

To use your freedom? How will that tune
Ring in your bridegroom's ears?—that sudden song
Of triumph in your Gypsy father?

FEDALMA. Oh, I am not afraid!
His love for me is stronger than all hate.
He will never hate the race that bore him
What he loves most.
I shall but do more strongly what I will,
Having his will to help me. And to-morrow,
Father, as surely as this heart shall beat,
You—every chained Zincala—shall be free!

ZARCA. Not so. The woman who would save her tribe
Must help its heroes not by wordy breath,
By easy prayers, strong in a lover's ears.
Other work is yours!

FEDALMA. What work? What is it that you ask of me?

ZARCA. A work as noble as an act of man.
A fatal deed.

FEDALMA. Stay! Never utter it!
If I can part my lot from him whose love
Has chosen me,
All sorrows else are but imagined flames.
But his imagined sorrow is a fire
That scorches me.

ZARCA. Listen!
Hard by yon terrace is a narrow stair
Cut in the living rock. Opened it leads
Through a broad passage furrowed under ground,
A good half-mile out to the open plain.
To find that door
Needs one who knows the number of the steps

The respiration corresponding to courage meeting danger is long, deep, and vigorous; the lungs become inflated to their utmost capacity.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

Just to the turning-point, to open it.
You will ope that door and fly with us.
FEDALMA. No, I will never fly!
Never forsake that chief half of my soul
Where lies my soul. I swear to set you free.
Ask for no more.
Look at these hands! You say when they were little
They played about the gold upon your neck.
But see them now. They have twined themselves
With other throbbing hands, whose pulses feed
Not memories only, but a blended life—
Life that will bleed to death if it be severed.
Have pity, father! Wait the morning; say
You'll wait the morning. I will win your
Freedom openly. You shall go forth
With aid and honors. Silva will deny
Nought to my asking.
ZARCA. Till you ask him aught
Wherein he is powerless. Soldiers even now
Murmur against him that he risks the town
To celebrate his nuptials with a bride
Too low for him. They'll murmur more and louder
If captives of our pith and sinew, fit
For all the work the Spaniard hates, are freed.
FEDALMA. Then I will free you now! You shall be safe.
The deed may put our marriage off.
ZARCA. Aye, till the time
When you shall be a queen in Africa
And he be prince enough to sue for you.
You cannot free us and come back to him.
FEDALMA. And why?

Contraction of the lower eyelid expresses sensitiveness.—DELSARTE.

ZARCA. I would compel you to go forth.
FEDALMA. You tell me that?
ZARCA. Yes; you have no right to choose.
FEDALMA. I only owe a daughter's debt.
I was not born a slave.
ZARCA. No, not a slave, but you were born to reign.
'Tis a compulsion of a higher sort.
You belong not to yourself, but to your tribe!
FEDALMA. No! I belong to him who loves me—whom I love;
Who chose me—whom I chose—to whom I
Pledged a woman's truth.
ZARCA. Well, then, unmake yourself from a Zincala!
Unmake yourself from being child of mine!
Take holy water, cross your dark skin white;
Round your proud eyes to foolish kitten-looks;
Walk mincingly and smirk and twitch your robe;
Go trail your gold and velvet in his presence!
Smile at your rare luck, while half your brethren——
FEDALMA. I am not so vile!
It is not to such mockeries that I cling.
It is to him—my love—the face of day!
ZARCA. Will you part him from the air he breathes,
Or grasp a life apart from flesh and blood?
Till then you cannot wed a Spanish duke
And not wed shame at mention of your race,
And not wed hardness to their miseries—
Nay, not wed murder.
For that child of mine is doubly murderess
Murdering her father's hope, her people's trust!
FEDALMA. Father, since I am yours, drag me to the doom

Every change of mental state is accompanied with a corresponding change in the power, force, and rhythm of respiration.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

My birth has laid on me. I cannot *will* to go,
ZARCA. Will, then, to stay!
Say you will curse your race!
FEDALMA. No, no! I will not say it—I will go!
Father, I choose. I will not take a heaven
Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery. I will go.
I will strip off these gems. Some happier bride
Shall wear them, since I should be dowered
With nought but curses. Now, good gems, we part.
Speak of me tenderly to Silva.
Father, come. I will wed the curse of the Zincali.
ZARCA. No curse has fallen on us till we cease to help each other.
Write now to the Spaniard. Briefly say
That I, your father, came; that you obeyed.
FEDALMA. Yes, I will write; but he—
Oh, he would know it. He would never think
The chain that dragged me from him could be aught
But scorching iron entering my soul. [*Writes.*]
"Silva, sole love—he came—my father came!
I am the daughter of the Gypsy chief,
Who means to be the savior of our tribe.
He calls on me to live for this great end—
To live? Nay, die for it! Fedalma dies
In leaving Silva. All that lives henceforth
Is the Zincala." Father, now I go
To wed my people's lot.
ZARCA. To wed a crown!
We will make royal the Zincala's lot.
FEDALMA. Stay—my betrothal ring! One kiss.
Farewell! Farewell!

It is the mind that governs the feet and not the feet that govern the mind.—DELSARTE.

THE SILENT ARMY OF MEMORIAL DAY.

JULIA CLINTON JONES.

[*Dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic.*]

NEWS of battle! Hear it ringing
Thro' the welkin as we march;
News of battle! news of victory!
Swelling thro' the azure arch.

Tramping, tramp! a *double* legion
Thro' the city's streets we go;
But of *one* the tread is *silent*,
While our own is measured, slow.
See! the ranks of that Grand Army,
Pressing round us, fuller grow!
Flags are waving by our standards
Rent and dyed with crimson stain,
Borne by unseen hands around us,
Brought from many a battle plain;
Waved aloft by bleeding heroes
Leading Freedom's fearless sons,
Storming breastworks, snatching victory
From the muzzles of the guns!
These have brought the news of battle,
Mustering now in pale array,
Marching close to each battalion,
With each army post to-day,
As once more the rolling seasons
Bring again Memorial Day.

Relaxation does not mean acting in a relaxed, lazy manner. It means rest after effort; perfect rest after perfect effort. It means the conscious transfer of energy from one department of nature to another, with perfect ease and grace, after an extreme tension of body or brain.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

Army Grand of our Republic!
  Silent Army of the North!
Though your drums have beat to quarters,
  Memory's bugle calls you forth.
Shadowy spirits of our comrades,
  You who fell on battle-plain,—
Fell in hospital and prison,
  Thrown in trenches—nameless slain,
Soldiers, though unknown to glory,
  Uncommissioned fallen there,
By that battle-charge breveted,
  Honor's epaulets you wear!
With the last guns left you sleeping,
  Left no sentry by your side,—
Past your silent camp no picket
  On his rounds again shall stride.

There the file detailed for burial
  'Neath the sod our comrades laid,
While in roll of drum was muffled
  The dull ringing of the spade.
In those shallow trenches resting,
  Shattered forms of soldiers lie,
But their spirits still are with us,—
  Patriot heroes never die!
Hark! tramp, tramp! we know their footsteps!
  Know of old this marching host;
Thro' the land these phantom legions
  Meet at each Grand Army Post.
So we meet and march, companions!
  On this new Memorial Day;

The attitude of the hands in prayer is a certain form of caress. In our desire to have the thing we pray for, we clasp our hands and press them to our bosom as if we already held it.—DELSARTE.

Some still in their manhood's vigor,
  Some are scarred, and maimed, and gray,
But the legions marching with us,
  Are the same as yesterday.

'Mid the martial music sounding,
  And the tread of tramping feet,
Rank and file, their voices mingle
  With the noises of the street.
Greeting, comrades! give us greeting,
  Roll of drum, and floral wreath,
Let our blood-bought flag wave o'er us,—
  See! the sword is in its sheath!
See! the battle's smoke has faded,
  Scout and sentry, all withdrawn;
Where the sleeping ranks lie quiet,
  There no drum-tap sounds at dawn.
Greeting, comrades! here we greet you,
  With quick-step our spirits come,
And our honored chief is with us,
  Marching to your battle-drum—
He, the patient martyr-leader
  Of the nation, gaunt and tall,—
Hear his gentle accents teaching
  "Malice toward none, love for all!"

Now the fragrant flowers are lying
  Round about on soldier-mound,
And the viewless troops are passing
  To the Dead March' solemn sound,
Lighter grows the drum-corps' measure,
  Finished now our task of love,—

Expressions of the face that sink into the chin, and attitudes of the torso that relax into the abdomen and are accompanied by unsteadiness of the legs, are all significant of weakness and degradation.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

Broken ranks, by squads and single,
  Men and phantoms, homeward move.

Once more meet we, double legions!
  Here within these peaceful walls,
Where no battle-trumpet summons,
  Warlike fife nor bugle calls;
But with lovely women near us,
  And our colors on the walls!
Hark! again a spirit greeting
  Floats above orchestral strains:
"Comrades! war and strife are over,
  But our Union's flag remains!
Underneath that flag together,
  You and we, companions! stand;
Saved by us, that flag of Freedom!
  Long its stars shall light the land.
Watchwords three we leave behind us,
  They shall keep our country free,
Hold them as a sacred message—
  Brotherhood! Love! Loyalty!
Bear a love for our Republic,
  For our brothers, one and all,
Forward! for our country's honor!
  Quick-step, march! if she shall call.
Guard her, comrades, in her peace-time,
  Fight her battles if she need;
Let our sons—the sons of veterans—
  Earn like us the patriot's meed.
Though whole troops of us are lying
  Soldiers missing from the roll,

In the narrative portion of a recitation the eyes of the speaker should meet the eyes of the audience. In this way he fixes their attention and engages their sympathy.—DELSARTE.

Absent at the call of bugle,
  See! each name is on the scroll,
Written with a nation's life-blood
  On our Union's honor roll.
Some are here who greet us kindly
  From the south-lands far away;
Welcome is the tear-drop falling,
  Mingled tear for Blue and Gray—
  For the Blue as well as Gray.
Comrades shall they stand together,
  Rank by rank, and file by file,
When the self-same trump shall summon
  To the self-same camp erewhile."

Dimmer now the lights are burning,
  Sweeter, slower, falls each note;
'Mid the dying strains of music,
  Faint and far, the voices float:
"Sons of veterans, veteran soldiers,
  New recruits, and beards of gray,
In the distance echoing bugles
  Call us from your Post away—
Call us to our own divisions
  Until next Memorial Day!"

Farewell, friends and old companions!
  Thanks for this warm greeting here;
May the God whose might hath led us
  Grant we meet again next year.
Now, dress ranks! present arms, comrades!
  Ladies! we salute you now,—
Noble sex, who gave us heroes,

It was Delsarte's discovery that the soul moves in obedience to universal law; that its efforts to manifest itself to the outer world are restricted by the conditions imposed by space, time, and motion; that the soul must express itself in space, through time, by motion.—ANNA MORGAN.

Faith and love to you we vow.
Cheer the old flag! wave forever
Stars and Stripes! Red, White and Blue!
Blood-stained, torn, but *never* lowered,
Freedom's flag! three cheers for you!

Comrades, till our next Post meeting,
Come, stack arms! break ranks! adieu.

STORY OF GUGGLE.

THOMAS SPEED.

ONCT 'pon a time dere wus a woman, an' she wus a widder, an' she had a boy name' Guggle, an' Guggle he wus so lazy an' triflin' his mudder couldn' do nuffin' wid him. He wouldn' work an' he wouldn' learn nuffin'; an' so he growed up to be a tol'able big boy, an' he didn' know nuffin' an' he couldn' do nuffin'. All he wus fit fur wus to lay up close to de kitchen fire an' go 'sleep. So one day his mudder ketch him sleepin' so close up in de chimney he wus clear up in de ashes; an' she snatch holt him an' box an' cuff him 'roun' so dat Guggle he run out de doh an' run ober to his aunt's house. But Guggle's mudder she didn' know whar Guggle wus gone. So nex' day when she saw him comin' home, she say:

"Guggle, whar you bin?"

An' Guggle say: "I bin ober to my aunt's house."

Den Guggle's mudder say: "Well, Guggle, what yo' aunt gib you, honey?"

Movements of the arms alone, without the expression of the face, do not mean anything.—DELSARTE.

Den Guggle sorter hung down his head like, an' look foolish, an' he say: "She gib me a needle, an' as I wus comin' 'long I saw some boys playin', an' I stuck de needle in de haystack, while I play wid de boys. An' when I come to look fur de needle, I couldn' fin' it nowhar."

Den Guggle's mudder, she say: "Lah, chile, you always wus a goose, an' always will be. Why didn' you stick de needle in yo' coat-sleeve? Den when you come home you would had de needle."

Den Guggle say: "Well, mudder, nex' time I know better."

After awhile Guggle's mudder she ketch him 'sleep in de ashes agin; an' she mighty mad dis time, an' she took holt Guggle by de collar of his coat an' beat Guggle good, till he went out de house jes' a-bawlin', an' way he went ober to his aunt's house. Dis time Guggle stayed at his aunt's house two, free days. An' when his mudder see him comin' home she wus mighty glad to see him comin', cos she love' Guggle, fur all he wusn' no 'count, an' she kep' on hopin' he gwine do better. An' when she see Guggle, she say:

"Guggle, whar you bin?"

An' Guggle say: "I bin ober to my aunt's house, an' my aunt gib me a lump o' butter, an' I thought I do like you tol' me, an' I stuck it up my coat-sleeve, an' look here how it all done melted!"

An' when Guggle's mudder see de butter all runnin' out his coat-sleeve an' down on his han', she say: "Guggle, what I gwine do wid you, nohow? You always wus a goose, an' always will be. Why didn' you wrap de butter up in a cabbage-leaf, an' dip it in ebery col' spring you

We must free the body from the stiffness of individuality by yielding it up to the claims of universality.—ANNA MORGAN.

come to? Den when you got home, de butter all nice an' fresh."

Den Guggle he say: "Well, mudder, nex' time I know better."

Guggle didn' go 'sleep in de ashes any moh fur two, free weeks. So his mudder she begin to t'ink Guggle gwine do better. But sho' nuff, one day dere wus Guggle layin' up soun' 'sleep in de ashes. An' his mudder she wus so mad she beat an' maul Guggle ober his head wid de broomstick, what she hab in her han', cos she bin sweepin'. An' Guggle hustle out de doh in a hurry, an' run ober to his aunt's house. Now Guggle's aunt had a nice little puppy; an' when she saw Guggle lookin' at de puppy like he want him, she say:

"Guggle, don' you wan' dat little puppy?"

An' Guggle say: "Yes'm."

An' she say he might hab him. So Guggle 'member what his mudder tol' him, an' he got out in de gyardin an' git a big cabbage-leaf, an' ketch de puppy, an' wrap him up in de cabbage-leaf, an' start home. An' ebery col' spring he come to he dip de little puppy in. So when Guggle's mudder she see him comin', she run out to de gate, an' say:

"Guggle, whar you bin, chile?"

An' Guggle he say: "I bin to my aunt's house; an' she gib me dis little puppy, an' I wrap him up in a cabbage-leaf like you tol' me, an' dip him in ebery col' spring I come to, an' now de puppy done dead."

Den Guggle's mudder she feel like she jes' hab to gib up; an' all she could say wus:

"Oh! Guggle, you always wus a goose, an' always will

It is the position of the eye that determines the expression of the head, for it is the direction of the eye, that tells us on which side the object is supposed to be.—DELSARTE.

be. Why didn' you tie a string to de puppy an' lead him 'long, an' say, 'Pup! pup! pup!' Den when you got home you hab nice little puppy to play wid."

Den Guggle he say: "Well, mudder, nex' time I know better."

Well, one day Guggle's mudder went ober to de neighbor's house, an' she stayed dere some time talkin' 'bout de new fashi'n' bonnets de ladies wus all a-gittin' 'bout dat time; an' when she come home an' went in de kitchen, dere wus Guggle layin' up close to de fire, right in de ashes. Den she wus mad sho' nuff; an' she jes' laid down her shawl on de cheer, an' den she tuk off de specktikles she wus a-wearin', an' she caught Guggle by de coat-collar an' she beat him an' smacked him till de ashes flew out ob his cloes all ober de room. An' Guggle he run out de doh, an' 'way he went ober to his aunt's house. An' his mudder she wus so troubled she sot down on a split-bottom cheer an' cried an' cried 'bout Guggle.

Dis time Guggle's aunt gib him a loaf ob bread to take home to his mudder. An' Guggle 'member what his mudder tell him 'bout de string. So he tie' a long string to de loaf ob bread, an' went 'long home draggin' de bread on de groun' an' sayin' all de way, "Pup! pup! pup!"

Now Guggle's mudder wus out in de yard, hangin' out some cloes on de line; an' she look' up, an' see Guggle comin' an' draggin' sumpfin' on de groun'. Den she say:

"Guggle, whar you bin, an' what dat you draggin' on de groun'?"

Den Guggle say: "I bin to my aunt's house, an' she gib me a loaf ob bread, an' I done like you tol' me—I led it 'long wid a string, an' it done drug all to pieces."

The highest form of gesture is the spiral. All the higher emotions and aspirations find expression in spiral movements. Well-poised expression, showing the individual stronger than the emotion, is by this form of movement.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

An' Guggle's mudder she wus so outdone she jes' frow up her han's an' say:

"Oh! Guggle, what I gwine do wid you, nohow? You always wus a goose, an' always will be. Why didn' you wrap de bread up in a clean table-cloff, an' put it on yo' head, an' come 'long home like you ought to 'a' done."

Den Guggle he say: "Well, mudder, de nex' time I know better."

'Twasn't long 'fore Guggle's mudder caught him 'sleep in de ashes agin; an' when she beat him an' cuff' him 'roun' right smart, Guggle ran ober to his aunt's house. An' while he wus lookin' out de winder he see a little colt runnin' 'roun' de yard; an' he say:

"Oh, aunty, what is dat?"

An' she say: "Why, Guggle, dat's a little colt. Don' you want him?"

An' Guggle say: "Yes'm, if you gib him to me."

So she say Guggle might take de colt 'long.

Den Guggle say to hisself: "I gwine do right dis time." So he go in de dinin'-room, an' take de table-cloff off de table, an' he ketch de colt, an' wrap de table-cloff all 'roun' him, an' try to lif' de colt up on his head. But by dis time de colt done skeered pretty near to def'; an' he rared an' kicked till he got away an' ran clar off. So when Guggle went home, an' tol' his mudder 'bout de colt, she say:

"Guggle, you always wus a goose, an' always will be. Why didn' you put bridle an' saddle on de colt, an' git up on him, an' ride him home, like you ought to 'a' done?"

Den Guggle say: "Well, mudder, I gwine do better nex' time."

'Fore long, Guggle's mudder foun' him 'sleep in de ashes

Art is the tendency of the fallen soul toward its primitive purity, or its final splendor. In a word, it is the search for the eternal type.—DELSARTE.

agin. Dis time he had wallowed all ober in de ashes, an' dey wus all ober his cloes, an' in his ha'r, an' in his pockets, an' in his shoes. But Guggle heerd his mudder comin', an' he jump' an' run out de doh, an' went ober to his aunt's house, 'fore his mudder had time to beat him. An' dis time his aunt gib him a nice little spotted calf, an' tol' him to take it home wid him. So, sho' nuff, Guggle went an' got a bridle, an' put de bridle on de calf, an' put a saddle on, an' got on hisself, an' started to ride home.

Now it so happen' dat 'bout dis time de King's daughter wus in a fit ob sadness cos she had los' her favorite k'nary bird; an' she wouldn' do nuffin' but cry an' cry all de time. An' de King an' de Queen, an' de young men, an' de fine ladies dey done all dey could to make de King's daughter moh cheerful. But all dey could do didn' do no good. She jes' cried all de time; an' de King wus in a heap ob trouble, an' say he wus 'fraid his daughter gwine go in a 'cline an' die. So he say if any man in all de kingdom could make his daughter laff, or eben jes' smile, he should marry her an' hab her fur his wife. So all de young men try ebery way dey knowed how to make de King's daughter laff. But didn' do no good. She jes' cried an' cried all de time.

But it so turned out dat one day de King's daughter wus settin' by de winder whar she ust to play wid her k'nary bird. An' she look' up de road, an' she see sumpfin' comin'. An' she look' an' look', an' all at onct she broke out laffin'. An' de people all run to see what she wus laffin' at. An' sho' nuff, it wus Guggle comin' down de road ridin' on de calf. An' de calf wus runnin' fust to one side de road an' den de oder. An' de ashes wus a-flyin' out Guggle's cloes, an' his

The rhythm of gesture is in proportion to the mass moved or to the feeling that prompts the movement.—GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

ol' ragged cloes wus flappin' 'bout ebery way, an' his ha'r wus stickin' out his ol' straw hat. An' dey all said it wus de funniest sight eber seen in de worl'.

Den de King ups an' says: "Dat man done make my daughter laff, an' he got to hab her fur his wife."

So dey sent de King's officers down to de house whar Guggle live', an' tol' Guggle's mudder she mus' git him ready to marry de King's daughter. Den Guggle's mudder she went to work to git him ready to marry de King's daughter. An' she had Guggle's shoes black' so shiny you could see yo' face in 'em; an' she tol' Guggle he mus' jes' walk 'bout in all de nice, clean places, so not to git de shoes dirty agin. Den she went in de kitchen, an' she bake a whole lot ob pies fur de weddin'. An' as she would git de pies cooked done she sot 'em all 'roun' in de pans on de kitchen floh, to git cool. An' Guggle, he happen' to come along, an' he see de pies, an' he say to hisself:

"De pies is all nice an' clean. Dat's good place to walk."

So he walk right in de pies. Den when Guggle's mudder see what he bin doin', she scol' Guggle; but she 'fraid to beat him dis time, cos he gwine marry de King's daughter. An' she made Guggle go out de kitchen. Den she call' him back, an' say:

"Guggle, go bring me de salt an' pepper."

Now it so happen' dat Guggle's mudder had a ol' goose dat wus kinder gray color; an' on dat 'count she call de ol' goose "Ol' Salt-an'-pepper." An' de ol' goose wus settin' on a nes' full ob aigs, behin' de barn-doh. So, sho' nuff, Guggle went an' caught de ol' goose, an' cut her head off,

Make me feel in advance. If it is something frightful, let me read it on your face before you tell me of it.—DELSARTE.

an' tuk her in to his mudder. When Guggle's mudder saw him comin' in wid de ol' goose, she jes' let some dishes fall out her han' on de floh, an' frow up her han's an' say:

"Oh, Guggle! Guggle! You done gone an' killed my ol' settin' goose; an' now de aigs won't hatch out. What I gwine do wid you, nohow? You nuffin' but a goose yo'-self."

So Guggle he feel mighty bad, an' went out de house, but his mudder didn' know whar he gwine.

Den de King's officers come drivin' up, wid de fine carriage an' six horses, to take Guggle up to de King's palace to marry de King's daughter. But dey couldn' fin' Guggle nohow. Dey call' him an' hunt fur him; but dey couldn' fin' him. So de King's officers went back, an' tol' de King dey couldn' fin' Guggle nowhar. Den de King he wus pow'ful mad, an' de King's daughter commence' cryin' agin, an' eberyt'ing wus in confusion, an' dere wa'n't no weddin', an' Guggle's mudder wus so distress' she sot down on a split-bottom cheer, an' cried all night.

Nex' mornin' Guggle's mudder t'ought she would go down to de barn to feed de chickens. So she tuk some dough in a pan, an' as she push open de doh she hear sumpfin' go "H-i-s-s! h-i-s-s!" An' she look' behin' de doh, an' dere sot Guggle on de ol' goose' nes'. An' his mudder drop de pan ob dough, an' frow up her han's, an' couldn' say nuffin'. An' Guggle say:

"H-i-s-s! h-i-s-s! Mudder, I'm a goose! You always say I'm a goose, an' I gwine hatch out Ol' Salt-an'-pepper's aigs!"

The smile, in order to exert its attractive force without and its educative influence within, must be thoroughly sincere and genuine, suffusing the features from the interior, not wilfully assumed and hovering thinly on the surface.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

A TOMB IN GHENT.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

A SMILING look she had, a figure slight,
With cheerful air, and step both quick and light;
A strange and foreign look the maiden bore,
That suited the quaint Belgian dress she wore;
Yet the blue, fearless eyes in her fair face,
And her soft voice, told of her English race;
And ever, as she flitted to and fro,
She sang (or murmured, rather) soft and low,
Snatches of song, as if she did not know
That she was singing, but the happy load
Of dream and thought thus from her heart o'erflowed.

And much I marvelled, as her cadence fell
From the Laudate, that I knew so well,
Into Scarlatti's minor fugue, how she
Had learned such deep and solemn harmony.
But what she told I set in rhyme, as meet
To chronicle the influence, dim and sweet,
'Neath which her young and innocent life had grown:
Would that my words were simple as her own.

Many years since, an English workman went
Over the seas, to seek a home in Ghent,
Where English skill was prized; nor toiled in vain;
Small, yet enough, his hard-earned daily gain.
He dwelt alone,—in sorrow or in pride,
He mixed not with the workers by his side;

He seemed to care but for one present joy,—
To tend, to watch, to teach his sickly boy.
Severe to all beside, yet for the child
He softened his rough speech to soothings mild;
For him he smiled, with him each day he walked
Through the dark, gloomy streets; to him he talked
Of home, of England, and strange stories told
Of English heroes in the days of old.

Dim with dark shadows of the ages past,
St. Bavon stands, solemn and rich and vast;
The slender pillars, in long vistas spread,
Like forest arches meet and close o'erhead;
So high that, like a weak and doubting prayer,
Ere it can float to the carved angels there,
The silver-clouded incense faints in air.
Here the pale boy, beneath a low side-arch,
Would listen to the solemn chant or march;
Folding his little hands, his simple prayer
Melted in childish dreams, and both in air:
While the great organ over all would roll,
Speaking strange secrets to his innocent soul.

Then he would watch the rosy sunlight glow,
That crept along the marble floor below,
Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare,
That told of patient toil and reverent care;
Then the gold rays up pillared shaft would climb,
And so be drawn to heaven, at evening time.
And deeper silence, darker shadows flowed
On all around, only the windows glowed

The attitudes of the body correspond with the emotions of the mind.—
GENEVIEVE STEBBINS.

With blazoned glory, like the shields of light
Archangels bear, who, armed with love and might,
Watch upon heaven's battlements at night.
Then all was shade; the silver lamps that gleamed,
Lost in the daylight, in the darkness seemed
Like sparks of fire in the dark aisles to shine,
Or trembling stars before each separate shrine.
Grown half afraid, the child would leave them there,
And come out, blinded by the noisy glare
That burst upon him from the busy square.

The church was thus his home for rest or play;
And as he came and went again each day,
The pictured faces that he knew so well
Seemed to smile on him welcome and farewell.
But holier, and dearer far than all,
One sacred spot his own he loved to call;
Save at midday, half hidden by the gloom;
The people call it the the White Maiden's Tomb:
For there she stands; her folded hands are pressed
Together, and laid softly on her breast,
As if she waited but a word to rise
From the dull earth and pass to the blue skies;
Her lips expectant part, she holds her breath,
As listening for the angel voice of death.
None know how many years have seen her so,
Or what the name of her who sleeps below.
And here the child would come, and strive to trace,
Through the dim twilight, the pure, gentle face
He loved so well, and here he oft would bring
Some violet-blossom of the early spring,

And, climbing softly by the fretted stand,
Not to disturb her, lay it in her hand:
Or, whispering a soft, loving message sweet,
Would stoop and kiss the little marble feet.
So, when the organ's pealing music rang,
He thought amid the gloom the maiden sang;
With reverent, simple faith by her he knelt,
And fancied what she thought, and what she felt;
"Glory to God!" reëchoed from her voice,
And then his little spirit would rejoice;
Or when the Requiem sobbed upon the air,
His baby tears dropped with her mournful prayer.

So years fled on, while childish fancies past,
The childish love and simple faith could last.
The artist-soul awoke in him, the flame
Of genius, like the light of heaven, came
Upon his brain, and (as it will, if true)
It touched his heart and lit his spirit, too.
His father saw, and with a proud content
Let him forsake the toil where he had spent
His youth's first years, and on one happy day
Of pride, before the old man passed away,
He stood with quivering lips, and the big tears
Upon his cheek, and heard the dream of years
Living and speaking to his very heart,—
The low, hushed murmur at the wondrous art
Of him who with young, trembling fingers made
The great church organ answer as he played;
And, as the uncertain sound grew full and strong,

The dramatic art, based on the science of human nature in the revelation of its inner states through outer signs, is the exercise of that power whereby man can indefinitely multiply his personality and life by divesting himself and entering into the characters, situations and experiences of those whom he beholds or reads of or creatively imagines.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

Rush with harmonious spirit-wings along,
And thrill with master-power the breathless throng.

The old man died, and years passed on, and still
The young musician bent his heart and will
To his dear toil. St. Bavon now had grown
More dear to him, and even more his own;
And as he left it every night he prayed
A moment by the archway in the shade,
Kneeling once more within the sacred gloom
Where the White Maiden watched upon her tomb.
One day a voice floated so pure and free
Above his music, that he turned to see
What angel sang, and saw before his eyes,
What made his heart leap with a strange surprise,
His own White Maiden, calm, and pure, and mild,
As in his childish dreams she sang and smiled;
Her eyes raised up to heaven, her lips apart,
And music overflowing from her heart
But the faint blush that tinged her cheek betrayed
No marble statue, but a living maid.

Days passed; each morning saw the maiden stand,
Her eyes cast down, her lesson in her hand,
Eager to study; never weary, while
Repaid by the approving word or smile
Of her kind master; days and months fled on;
One day the pupil from the choir was gone;
Gone to take light, and joy, and youth once more
Within the poor musician's humble door.
Unmarked by aught save what filled every day,

Duty, and toil, and rest, years passed away:
And now by the low archway in the shade
Beside her mother knelt a little maid,
Who through the great cathedral learned to roam,
Climb to the choir, and bring her father home;
And stand, demure and silent by his side,
Patient till the last echo softly died;
Then place her little hand in his, and go
Down the dark winding stair to where below
The mother, knelt within the gathering gloom
Waiting and praying by the Maiden's tomb.

So their life went, until, one winter's day,
Father and child came there alone to pray.
The mother, gentle soul, had fled away!
Their life was altered now; but yet the child
Forgot her passionate grief in time, and smiled,
Half wondering why, when spring's fresh breezes came,
To see her father was no more the same,
And now each year that added grace to grace,
Fresh bloom and sunshine to the young girl's face,
Brought a strange light in the musician's eyes,
As if he saw some starry hope arise,
Breaking upon the midnight of sad skies.
It might be so: more feeble year by year,
The wanderer to his resting-place drew near.
One day the Gloria he could play no more,
Echoed its grand rejoicing as of yore;
His hands were clasped, his weary head was laid
Upon the tomb where the White Maiden prayed;
Where the child's love first dawned, his soul first spoke,

The highest form of character determines its own expressions and does not leave them to be determined by the nature of the objects it happens to meet.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

The old man's heart there throbbed its last and broke.
The grave cathedral that had nursed his youth,
Had helped his dreaming and had taught him truth,
Had seen his boyish grief and baby tears,
And watched the sorrows and the joys of years,
Had lit his fame and hope with sacred rays,
And consecrated sad and happy days,
Had blessed his happiness, and soothed his pain,
Now took her faithful servant home again.

He rests in peace. Some travelers mention yet
An organist whose name they all forget.
He has a holier and a nobler fame
By poor men's hearths, who love and bless the name
Of a kind friend; and in low tones to-day
Speak tenderly of him who passed away.
Too poor to help the daughter of their friend,
They grieved to see the little pittance end;
To see her toil and strive with cheerful heart,
To bear the lonely orphan's struggling part;
They grieved to see her go at last alone
To English kinsmen she had never known.
Deep in her heart she holds her father's name,
And tenderly and proudly keeps his fame;
And while she works with thrifty Belgian care,
Past dreams of childhood float upon the air;
Some strange old chant, or solemn Latin hymn,
That echoed through the old cathedral dim,
When as a little child each day she went
To kneel and pray by an old tomb in Ghent.

Even as God, art hides itself in light. There it rests, as inaccessible to vain curiosity as to egotistic speculation. DELSARTE.

THE WEDDING-GOWN.

ETTA W. PIERCE.

BRING it from the oaken press; full fifty years ago
I sewed those seams, my heart all full of youth and hope and Joe—
Joe, whose wife I was to be—my lover, strong and brown,
Captain of the stanchest craft that sailed from Gloucester town.
It seems a worthless thing to hold so carefully in store,
This poor, old, faded bridal dress, which no bride ever wore;
Cut in the curious style of half a century ago,
With scanty skirt and 'broidered bands—my own hands shaped it so.
Niece Hester, spread it on my bed—my eyes grow blind with tears;
I touch its limp and yellow folds, and lo! the long dead years
Come trooping back like churchyard ghosts. This was my wedding-gown—
'Twas made the year the equinox brought woe to Gloucester town.

Ah, I remember well the night I walked the beach with him—
The moon was rising just above the ocean's purple rim,
And all the savage Cape Ann rocks shown in her mellow light;
The time was spring, and heaven itself seemed close to us that night.

The nearer to the central insertions of the muscles the initial impulses take effect, so much the longer the lines they fling, the acuter the angles they subtend, the vaster the segments they cut and the areas they sweep. This suggests to the spectator's imagination, without his knowing the meaning or ground of it, a godlike dignity and greatness.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

We heard the cool waves beat the shore, the seabird's
startled cry;
Like spirits in the dark, we saw the coasters flitting by.
High in their towers the beacons burned, like wintry embers red,
From Ipswich, down the rough sea-line, to crag-girt Marblehead.
"I love you, Nan!" Joe said, at last, in his grave, simple way—
I'd felt the words a-coming, child, for many a long, glad day.
I hung my head, he kissed me—oh, sweetest hour of life!
A stammering word, a sigh, and I was Joe's own promised wife.

But fishing-folks have much to do; my lover could not stay—
The gallant Gloucester fleet was bound to waters far away,
Where wild storms swoop, and shattering fogs muster their dim, gray ranks,
And spread a winding-sheet for men upon the fatal Banks.
And he, my Joe, must go to reap the harvest of the deep,
While I, like other women, staid behind to mourn and weep;
And I would see his face no more till autumn woods were brown.
His schooner *Nan* was swift and new, the pride of Gloucester town;
He called her by my name. "'Tis sure to bring me luck," said Joe.
She spread her wings, and through my tears I stood and watched her go.

The transparent beauties of art cannot be contemplated except by that clearness of vision which belongs only to the pure in heart.—DELSARTE.

The days grew hot and long; I sewed the crisp and shining seams
Of this, my wedding-gown, and dreamed a thousand happy dreams
Of future years and Joe, while leaf and bud and sweet marsh-flower
I fashioned on the muslin fine, for many a patient hour.
In Gloucester wood the wild rose bloomed, and shed its sweets and died,
And dry and tawny grew the grass along the marshes wide.
The last stitch in my gown was set; I looked across the sea—
"Fly fast, oh, time, fly fast!" I said, "and bring him home to me;
And I will deck my yellow hair and don my bridal gown,
The day the gallant fishing-fleet comes back to Gloucester town!"

The rough skies darkened o'er the deep, loud blew the autumn gales;
With anxious eyes the fishers' wives watched for the home-bound sails
From Gloucester shore, and Rockport crags, lashed by the breakers dread,
From cottage doors of Beverly, and rocks of Marblehead.
Ah, child, with trembling hand I set my candle at the pane,
With fainting heart and choking breath, I heard the dolorous rain—
The sea that beat the groaning beach with wild and thunderous shocks,
The black death calling, calling from the savage equinox;

The inner temper of the soul tends to show itself in the outer expression of the visage, and the outer expression tends, in return, to deepen and prolong in the traits of the character the quality of the mood it reveals.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

The flap of sails, the crash of masts, or so it seemed to me,
And cries of strong men drowning in the clutches of the sea.

I never wore my wedding-gown, so crisp and fine and fair;
I never decked with bridal flowers my pretty yellow hair,
No bridegroom came to claim me when the autumn leaves were sere,
For there was bitter wailing on the rugged coast that year;
And vain was further vigil from its rocks and beaches brown
For never did the fishing-fleet sail back to Gloucester town.

'Twas fifty years ago. There, child, put back the faded dress,
My winding-sheet of youth and hope, into the oaken press.
My life hath known no other joy, my heart no other glow,
Feeble and worn, it still beats on in faithful love for Joe;
And, like some hulk cast on a shore by waters sore distressed,
I wait until he calls me from his own good place of rest.

* * * * * * * * *

She woke at dawn and lifted up her head so old and gray,
And stared across the sandy beach, and o'er the low blue bay.
It was the hour when mists depart and midnight phantoms flee,
The rosy sun was blushing red along the splendid sea.
A rapture lit her face. "The bay is white with sails!" she cried,
"They sweep it like the silver foam of waves at rising tide—

What is usually given the name of instruction in the matter of art proceeds only from an instinct badly defined and arbitrarily interpreted.— DELSARTE.

Sails from an unknown sea. Oh, haste and bring my wedding-gown—
It is the long-lost fishing-fleet come back to Gloucester town!
And look! his *Nan* leads all the rest. Dear Lord, I see my Joe!
He beckons from her shining deck—haste, friends, for I must go.
The old, old light is in his eyes, the old smile on his lips;
All grand and pale he stands among the crowding, white-winged ships.
This is our wedding-morn. At last the bridegroom claims his bride.
Sweetheart, I have been true; my hand—here—take it!"
Then she died.

WHAT WAS IT?

SIDNEY DAYRE.

GUESS what he had in his pocket.
Marbles and tops and sundry toys
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leathern ball?—
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble pipe, and a rusty screw,
A brassy watch-key, broken in two,

Some few organisms seem a mass of electric sensibility, all alive, and, in response to the touches of ideas within, giving out fitted tones and articulations through the whole diapason of humanity. This is a result of the complete combination of instinctive sensibility in the mind and developed elocutionary apparatus in the body.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

A fish-hook in a tangle of string?—
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Ginger-bread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two and a rubber gun?—
Neither one.

What *did* he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole!

MEN'S WICKED WAYS.

HE kissed me, and I knew 'twas wrong,
For he was neither kith nor kin—
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand; that wasn't right—
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It wasn't for a minute quite,
But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go—
I meant it, too, I almost think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame;
  He took the kiss. I do think men
Are quite without a sense of shame—
  I wonder when he'll call again!

THE BIRD AMONG THE BLOOMS.

MARION SHORT.

THE apple-blooms come falling down,
  Falling, falling, falling;
A little bird among the blooms
  Keeps calling, calling, calling:
"Come hither, Rob, come hither, May,
Chee-chee, I've waited all the day
To hear what Robert has to say,
  P-r-r-link, p-r-r-link, chee-chee."

Adown the lane the lovers come
  Slowly, slowly, slowly;
He whispers something in her ear,
  Lowly, lowly, lowly.
At length they reach the rustic seat,
Then birdie sings: "Repeat, repeat,
Repeat for me those speeches sweet,
  P-r-r-link, p-r-r-link, chee-chee."

Says Robert, then: "I love you, May,
  Dearly, dearly, dearly!"
Sings birdie, then: "He loves you, May,
  Clearly, clearly, clearly."

All action from the distal extremities of the nerves is feverish, twitching, anxious, with a fidgety and wasteful expensiveness of force, while action from their central extremities is steady, harmonious, commanding, economical of force.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

Says she: "I know not what to say!"
Says Robert: "Darling, name the day!"
Sings birdie, then: "Without delay!
P-r-r-link, p-r-r-link, chee-chee."

* * * * * * *

The apple-blooms come falling down,
Falling, falling, falling;
The years have passed, but still the bird
Keeps calling, calling, calling;
"Come hither, Rob, come hither, May,
And bring the youngsters out to play,
Chee-chee, I've waited all the day,
P-r-r-link, p-r-r-link, chee-chee."

A SISTERLY SCHEME.

H. C. BUNNER. ARRANGED BY ELIZA A. MCGILL.

[From *Puck*, by special permission.]

AWAY up in the very heart of Maine there is a mighty lake among the mountains. Up in this wild region you will find a fashionable summer hotel, with electric bells, and seven-course dinners, and guests who dress three times a day. On the beach near this hotel, where the canoes were drawn up in a line, there stood one summer morning a curly-haired, fair young man—not so young either—whose cheeks were comfortably red as he looked first at his own canoe, high and dry, loaded with rods and landing-net and luncheon-basket, and then at another canoe fast disappearing down the lake, wherein sat a young man and woman.

As long as the work of God has not been altered, disfigured, coarsened by man under pretext of progress, he passes by it, a cold and indifferent spectator.—DELSARTE.

"Dropped again, Mr. Morpeth?"

The young man looked up and saw a saucy face laughing at him. A girl was sitting on a string-piece of the dock.

"Your sister," replied the young man, with dignity, "was to have gone fishing with me; but she remembered at the last moment that she had a prior engagement with Mr. Brown."

"She hadn't," said the girl. "I heard them make it up last evening, after you went to bed."

The young man clean forgot himself.

"She's the most heartless coquette in the world!"

"She is all that," said the young person on the string-piece of the dock, "and more too. And yet, I suppose, you want her all the same?"

"I'm afraid I do," said the young man, miserably.

"Well," said the girl, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Morpeth. You've been hanging around Pauline for a year, and you are the only one of the men she keeps on a string who hasn't snubbed me. Now, if you want me to, I'll give you a lift."

"A—a—what?"

"A lift. You are wasting your time. Pauline has no use for devotion. It is a drug in the market with her—has been for five seasons. There is only one way to get her worked up. Two fellows tried it and they nearly got there; but they weren't game enough for that. I think that you're game enough, and I'll tell you,—you've got to make her jealous."

"Make her jealous of me?"

"No!" said the friend, with infinite scorn; "make her jealous of the other girl. O! but you men are so stupid!"

Every passion has its natural law of expression, and all these laws are related and consistent in an honest, earnest character, incoherent only in a discordant or hypocritical character.—REV. W. R. ALGER.

The young man pondered a moment.

"Your scheme is a good one. Only it involves the discovery of another girl. Well, doesn't it strike you that if I were to develop a sudden admiration for any one of these other young ladies whose charms I have hitherto neglected, it would come tardy off, lack artistic verisimilitude, so to speak?"

"Rather," was Miss Flossy's prompt reply; "especially as there isn't one of them fit to flirt with."

"Well, then, where am I to find this girl?"

"What's the matter with—me?"

"With you?"

"Yes! Perhaps I am not good looking enough?"

"You are good looking enough," replied Mr. Morpeth, recovering himself, "for anything—" and he threw a convincing emphasis into the last word as he took what he called his first real inspection of his adored one's junior—"but aren't you a trifle—young?"

"How old do you suppose I am? Eighteen years old."

"Eighteen years old!" said the young man. "The deuce! Well, what's your plan of campaign? I am to discover you?"

"Yes," said Miss Flossy, calmly, "and to flirt with me like fun."

"And may I ask what attitude you are to take when you are—discovered?"

"Certainly, I am going to dangle you!"

"To dangle me?"

"As a conquest, don't you know. Let you hang around and laugh at you."

"Oh, indeed!

It is in the solitude, which we disdainfully abandon, that the supreme artist works and produces his most adorable master-pieces.—DELSARTE.

"There, don't be wounded in your masculine pride. You might as well face the situation. You don't think that Pauline is in love with you, do you?"

"No!" groaned the young man.

"But you've got a lot of money. Mr. Brown has got lots more. You're eager. Brown is coy. That's the reason that Brown is in the boat and you are on the cold, cold shore, talking to little sister. Now if little sister jumps at you, why, she's simply taking big sister's leavings; it's all in the family, anyway, and there's no jealousy, and Pauline can devote her whole mind to Brown. There, don't look so limp. You men are so silly. Now, after you've asked me to marry you—"

"Oh, I'm to ask you to marry me?"

"Certainly. You needn't look frightened, I won't accept you. But you go around like a wet cat, and mope, and hang on worse than ever. Then big sister will see that she can't afford to take that sort of thing from little sister, and then there's your chance."

"Oh, there's my chance, is it?"

"There's your only chance," said Miss Flossy, with decision.

Mr. Morpeth meditated. He looked at the lake, where there was no longer sign or sound of the canoe, and he looked at Miss Flossy, who sat, calm and careless, on the string-piece of the dock.

"I don't know how feasible," he began.

"It's feasible," said Miss Flossy. "Of course, Pauline will write to mamma, and mamma will write and scold me. But she's got to stay in New York, and nurse papa's gout; and the Miss Redwingtons are all the chaperones we've got

In an ascending movement of the arm the hand falls from the wrist; when the arm descends, the hand points upward.—DELSARTE.

up here, and they don't amount to anything, so I don't care. Mr. Morpeth, I'm two years behind the time-table, and I've got to make for liberty or die. And besides," she added, "if you are nice, it needn't be such an awful trouble."

Mr. Morpeth laughed.

"I'll try to make it as little of a bore as possible," he said, extending his hand. The girl didn't take it.

"Don't make any mistake," she cautioned him, searching his face with her eyes; "this isn't to be any little-girl affair. Little sister doesn't want any kind, elegant, supercilious encouragement from big sister's young man. It's got to be a real flirtation, devotion no end to it, and you've got to keep your end way, way, way up!"

The young man smiled.

"I'll keep my end up," he said; "but are you certain that you can keep your's up?"

"Well, I think so! Pauline will raise an awful row; but if she goes too far, I'll tell my age, and hers too."

Mr. Morpeth looked in Miss Flossy's calm face. Then he extended his hand once more.

"It's a bargain, so far as I am concerned," he said.

This time a small and soft hand met his with a firm and friendly pressure.

"And I'll refuse you," said Miss Flossy.

* * * * * * * * *

Within a few weeks, Mr. Morpeth found himself entangled in a flirtation such as he never dreamed of. Miss Flossy's scheme had succeeded only too brilliantly. The whole hotel was talking about the outrageous behavior of

Pass suddenly from one great emotion to another. All great actors do.
—DELSARTE.

"that little Belton girl" and Mr. Morpeth, who certainly ought to know better.

Mr. Morpeth had carried out all his instructions. Before the week was out, he found himself giving the most life-like imitation of an infatuated lover that ever delighted old gossips of a summer resort. And yet he had done only what Flossy told him to do. He got his first lesson just about the time that Flossy, in the privacy of their apartment, informed her elder sister that if she, Flossy, found Mr. Morpeth's society agreeable, it was nobody's concern but her own, and that she was prepared to make some interesting additions to the census statistics if anybody thought different. The lesson opened his eyes.

"Do you know," she said, "that it wouldn't be a bit of a bad idea to telegraph to New York for some nice candy and humbly present it for my acceptance."

He telegraphed to New York and received, in the course of four or five days, certain marvels of sweets in a miracle of an upholstered box. The next day he found her on the veranda flinging the bonbons on the lawn for the children to scramble for.

"Awfully nice of you to send me these things," she said, languidly, but loud enough for the men around her to hear, for she had men around her already; "but I never eat sweets, you know. Here, you little mite in the blue sash, don't you want this pretty box to put your doll's clothes in?"

And Maillard's finest bonbonniere went to a yellow-haired brat of three. But this was the slightest and lightest of her caprices.

And did such conduct pass unchallenged? No. Paul-

Notice the different ways in which people scold. The schoolmaster moves his head from above downward; the boy threatens back, tossing his head upward.—DELSARTE.

ine scolded, raged, and raved. She wrote to mamma. Mamma wrote back that she could not leave papa. His gout grew worse. Pauline scolded; the flirtation went on; and the people at the big hotel enjoyed it immensely. And there was more to come. Four weeks had passed. Mr. Morpeth was hardly on speaking terms with the elder Miss Belton; and with the younger Miss Belton he was on terms which the hotel gossips characterized as "simply scandalous." Brown glared at him when they met, and he glared at Brown. Brown was having a hard time of it. Miss Belton the elder was not pleasant of temper in those trying days.

"And now," said Miss Flossy to Mr. Morpeth, "it's time you proposed to me, Muffets."

They were sitting on the hotel veranda, in the evening darkness. No one was near them, except an old lady in a Shaker chair.

"There is Mrs. Melby. She's pretending to be asleep but she isn't. She's just waiting for us. Now walk me up and down and ask me to marry you so that she can hear you. It'll be all over the hotel inside of an hour. Pauline will just rage."

With this pleasant prospectus before him, Mr. Morpeth marched Miss Flossy Belton up and down the long veranda. He had passed Mrs. Melby three times before he was able to say, in a choking voice:

"Flossy, I—I—I love you!"

Flossy's voice was not uncertain nor choking. It rang out clear and silvery in a peal of laughter.

"Why, of course you do, Muffets, and I wish you didn't. That's what makes you so stupid all the time."

Lower the voice to fix attention.—DELSARTE.

"But—" said Mr. Morpeth, vaguely; "but I—"

"But, you silly boy," returned Miss Flossy; and she added in a swift aside: "You haven't asked me to marry you!"

"W—w—w—will you be my wife?" stammered Mr. Morpeth.

"No," said Miss Flossy, "I will not. You are too utterly ridiculous. The idea of it! No, Muffets, you are charming in your present capacity; but you are not to be considered seriously."

They strolled on into the gloom.

"That's the first time," he said, with a feeling of having only the ghost of a breath left in his lungs, "that's the first time I ever asked a woman to marry me."

"I should think so, from the way you said it. And you were beautifully rejected, weren't you. Now look at Mrs. Melby, will you. She's scudding off to spread the news."

And before Mr. Morpeth went to bed, he was aware of the fact that every man and woman in the hotel knew that he had "proposed and been beautifully rejected."

* * * * * * * * *

Two sulky men and one sulky woman and one radiant girl started out in two canoes, reached certain fishing grounds and began to cast for trout.

"You have done everything I have wanted you to do," said Flossy; "but you have not saved my life yet, and I am going to give you a chance."

Before he knew what had happened, Morpeth was swimming toward the shore, holding Flossy's arm and fighting for life in the icy waters of a Maine lake. He struggled up on shore with her, and when he got breath enough, he burst out:

The stronger the emotion, the higher the shoulders should be raised.—DELSARTE.

"Why did you do it? It was wicked!"

"There," she said, as she reclined composedly in his arms, "that will do. I don't want to be scolded."

At five o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Morpeth presented himself at the door of the parlor attached to the apartments of the Belton sisters. Miss Belton senior was just coming out of the room. She received his inquiries after her sister's health with a white face and a quivering lip.

"I should think, Mr. Morpeth," she began, "that you had gone far enough in playing with the feelings of a m-m-mere child, and—that—oh, I have no words to express my contempt for you!"

And in a most unladylike rage Miss Pauline swept down the corridor. She had left the door ajar behind her. Morpeth heard a voice, weak but cheery, addressing him from the far end of the parlor.

"You've got her," it said. "She's crazy mad. She'll make up to you to-night, see if she doesn't."

Mr. Morpeth looked up and down the long corridor. It was empty. He pushed the door open and entered. Flossy was lying on the sofa, pale but bright-eyed.

"You can get her now," she whispered, as he knelt beside her.

"Flossy," he said, "don't you know I love you? Oh, Flossy, is it possible that you don't understand?"

Flossy stretched out two weak arms and put them around Mr. Morpeth's neck.

"Why have I had you in training all summer?" said she. "Did you think it was for Pauline?"

Vitality is expressed by raising the outer part of the eyebrows.—DELSARTE.

THE WAY TO ARCADY.

H. C. BUNNER.

[By permission of the author.]

OH, what's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry?

Oh, what's the way to Arcady?
The spring is rustling in the tree—
The tree the wind is blowing through—
It sets the blossoms flickering white.
I knew not skies could burn so blue
Nor any breezes blow so light.
They blow an old-time way for me,
Across the world to Arcady.

Oh, what's the way to Arcady?
Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,
Quit mocking of the song-bird's note.
How have you heart for any tune,
You with the way-worn russet shoon?
Your scrip, a-swinging by your side,
Gapes with a gaunt mouth hungry-wide.
I'll brim it well with pieces red,
If you will tell the way to tread.

Oh, I am bound for Arcady,
And if you but keep pace with me
You tread the way to Arcady.

And where away lies Arcady,
And long yet may the journey be?

Ah, that (quoth he) I do not know—
Across the clover and the snow—
Across the frost, across the flowers—
Through summer seconds and winter hours.
I've trod the way my whole life long,
  And know now where it may be;
My guide is but the stir to song,
That tells me I can not go wrong,
  Or clear or dark the pathway be
  Upon the road to Arcady.

But how shall I do who cannot sing?
  I was wont to sing once on a time—
There is never an echo now to ring
  Remembrance back to the trick of rhyme.

'Tis strange you cannot sing (quoth he),
The folk all sing in Arcady.

But how may he find Arcady
Who hath nor youth nor melody?

What, know you not, old man (quoth he)—
  Your hair is white, your face is wise—
  That love must kiss that mortal's eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady?
No gold can buy you entrance there;
But beggared love may go all bare—
No wisdom won with weariness;
But love goes in with folly's dress—
No fame that wit could ever win;
But only Love may lead love in
  To Arcady, to Arcady.

Ah, woe to me, through all my days
  Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
And fame and name, and great men's praise;
  But love, ah, love! I have it not.

There was a time, when time was new—
  But far away, and half forgot—
I only know her eyes were blue;
  But love—I fear I knew it not.
We did not wed, for lack of gold,
And she is dead, and I am old.
All things have come since then to me,
Save love, ah, love! and Arcady.

Ah, then I fear we part (quoth he),
My way's for love and Arcady.

But you, you fare alone, like me;
  The gray is likewise in your hair.
  What love have you to lead you there,
To Arcady, to Arcady?

Ah, no, not lonely do I fare;
  My true companion's memory,
With love he fills the spring-time air;
  With love he clothes the winter tree.
Oh, past this poor horizon's bound
  My song goes straight to one who stands—
Her face all gladdening at the sound—
  To lead me to the spring-green lands,
  To wander with enlacing hands.
The songs within my breast that stir
Are all of her, are all of her.
My maid is dead long years (quoth he),
She waits for me in Arcady.

Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
  To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
  Where all the leaves are merry.

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

STANLEY SCHELL.

SCENE: Intelligence Office, Mrs. Anderson's, Lexington Avenue.

[*Enter hurriedly Mrs. Fitzhugh-Morris looking flushed and nervous. Starts across stage to centre where Mrs. Anderson is supposed to be sitting at desk; halts abruptly on seeing an acquaintance, and smiles half-heartedly; puts out hand for fashionable shake.*]

MY dear Mrs. Nichols-Delancy, howdy?

[*High-hand shake; face brightens; sinks into chair.*]

A cook? Me too. A whole year? Can it be possible? I have felt myself lucky when mine stayed six months. Talk about your down-trodden poor! It's the down-trodden rich who need all the sympathy. You should have seen my kitchen this morning. Have you secured one? That one over there? Oh, how could you!

I—I—really, I—could never eat the things she cooked. Her face?—ugh!—Have you a good clock in your kitchen? Eh-heh? [*Nod head and smile.*] You'd better turn its face to the wall. If your clock once sees her it will never go again. [*Lean back and laugh until tears seem to come.*]

You have to get that kind? Your husband a sad flirt? Really? Well, I'd give him something better to flirt with. Wouldn't do? tut, tut. Try it once. He won't spend so much time at his club, if you do. Yes, I've tried it, and it pays. Men are such simpletons. Always caught by a pretty face. It pays to have lots of pretty faces around you. Don't think so? You funny child. Well, take her along quick. I'm glad she's not mine. Good-bye. Come soon and see me. Ah, yes, do! You have no little ones

to bother you. Thanks, awfully, I shall expect you. Good-bye. [*Shake hands with sweet smile. Turn to Mrs. Anderson; look at watch, begin to act anxious. Look bright suddenly as if Mrs. Anderson had discovered you. Move toward Mrs. Anderson.*]

Good afternoon, Mrs. Anderson. No, another cook. [*Nod head.*] That last girl! You don't remember? Why, yes you do. I got her here only last week and you said she was a jewel—a jewel! [*Indignantly.*] I remember your very words. Yes, I do. And she gets drunk. Yes, drunk every night. Astonished? You knew as well as could be she was that sort of girl, for Mrs. Chauncey says she sent her away the week before I got her and—do I know Mrs. Chauncey? I think I do, for she's my husband's sister. Ah—you do remember Katie now? Thought you would. And she had a book on the "Rights of Servants." She started reading it on the train going out. Asked me if she would have a brass bedstead to sleep in, lace curtains to her windows, a Persian rug, gas to read with and a parlor for company.

By the time we reached New Rochelle she seemed all wrought up and that night she began to show herself. Told me she was as good as I, if she did cook, and that she'd have many more privileges if she stayed. It was awful. [*Begin to look for handkerchief to wipe away tears.*] Why, I've lost, yes, I've lost my handkerchief—the one Charley gave me when we were married. [*Fuss all around, looking on floor, chairs, etc., as if in hopes of finding it.*] Real lace—Point [*looks under chair*] d'esprit—Brussels. [*Act as if thinking.*] Let me see, I had it on the train, and in the car, for I took it out to dust my face when I saw Mrs. Jordan looking at me; and I had it in my hand when I went into Madam Recamier's. I distinctly remember laying it on the counter. Did I pick it up? Yes, no,

I must have left it there. [*Sorrowfully.*] Oh, I can't afford to lose it. Have you a 'phone? So glad. But send me in a girl quick. [*Go L., ring up, then say*] 2—2—3—6—Nineteenth, please.—Yes, 2—2—3—6—Nineteenth in an awful hurry. [*Hold receiver to ear and converse with Mrs. Anderson.*] Be sure and tell her about the country. No, I know, but they always say anything outside of New York is country. Yes, strong and good-looking. [*Turn to 'phone.*] Is this 2—2—3—6—Nineteenth? No? Please hang up. [*Shake bell ringer.*] Central, Central, please give me 2—2—3—6—Nineteenth. No, you didn't. It was wrong. Yes, I told her to hang up. [*Turn toward Mrs. Anderson, who has entered with a girl. Look at servant and begin to open mouth as if to speak, when servant interrupts.*]

Yes, I wish a girl to do cooking. Plain cooking. My husband, his mother, myself and five children. That's enough? Why, you surely don't object to children? No? Old lady? Why, she's not old. She always goes away every summer. Place wouldn't suit you? Oh, just wait a moment, please. [*Turn to 'phone.*] Is this 2—2—3—6—Nineteenth? Is it Madam Recamier's? I'm so glad. Will you ask Madam to come to the 'phone? Yes, please. [*Turn to speak to servant who has gone out. Look surprised to find her gone.*]

Well, I never,—she didn't even have the politeness to wait a second. There you are, Mrs. Anderson, what shall I do? It's my mother-in-law this time. I'm glad for once it's not the children. [*Turn to 'phone.*] Is this Madam Recamier? Yes? Mrs. Fitzhugh-Morris. Fitzhugh-Morris—Fitzhugh—Yes. Hold the 'phone a moment, please. [*Turn to Mrs. Anderson.*] You must find one—I want to catch that 2:30 train home. [*Turn to 'phone again.*] No, Madam, I was talking to some one else.

Pardon me a moment [*turns to Mrs. Anderson*]. You must, to take the place of that awful Katie. Do hurry. My husband brings a friend to dinner, and I must have one. [*Turn to 'phone.*] Madam, hello. You remember I was in your shop this morning. You don't? Why, yes, near the window—bleached—yes, roots touched up. Yes, blonde. That's right. Well, I put my handkerchief on the counter—just a bit of lace—left it there—yes, I'll wait. [*Turn toward new girl.*] Good afternoon. Ever lived out before? General housework? Long in last place? Two weeks? Didn't dress the ducks to suit the lady? Dressed them in clothes? Ha ha, ha ha. I beg your pardon, but I really couldn't help it—dressed the ducks in clothes? Did she dismiss you for that? No? Didn't like the way you aired the baby? How? You aired it good out of the window? Shook it? Like the bedclothes? Oh, dear, dear, dear! I feel as though I'll die. [*Hold hand over heart and laugh heartily.* Dressed ducks in clothes and shook baby out of window to air it—ha, ha, ha, ha—no, I couldn't take you under any circumstances—Sorry. [*Turn to 'phone.*] Waiting, Central, yes.

[*Turn and laugh heartily.*] Oh, dear, I must tell that to Charley. [*Bow slowly off R.*]

Did Mrs. Anderson send you to me? You wish a place as cook? Suburbs? Oh, no, just about thirteen miles out. Oh, no, it's more; I wouldn't live out an unlucky number of miles either. Ten minutes by train. It's lovely—when you get there. Can see the boats go up and down Long Island Sound. Lovely all the time. Six dollars a week. Assist laundress on Mondays. A waitress and an upstairs girl. Yes, gas in kitchen. No, lamps for girls' room. One afternoon every other Thursday, and one afternoon every other Sunday. Evenings?

I never give any of them out. I often have company and need refreshments, etc. Not go? Oh, I wish you would; I like you, and think we would get along. No? Please try. You won't? [*Watch her go. Stand despondent; turn to 'phone.*] Yes, it would have seemed a long time, only I've been busy. Find it? Thank heaven. No, I love it because my husband gave it to me when we were married. Yes, I am sentimental—just a little. [*Laugh a little in 'phone.*] Send it here? That's so kind of you. No. 79 Lexington. Thank you, so much. Good-bye. [*Hang up receiver, turn to girl waiting off L.*]

Place as cook? [*Smile a sickly smile.*] Yes, five, but they're all small. You won't waste my—[*Watch girl go. Sigh deeply, drop into a chair and look round as if distracted.*]

[*Suddenly look up and off front, bow.*]

Good afternoon. Yes. Can you cook? At Mrs. Grady's, on Forty-seventh Street? Away now? Oh, very well, I can look that up later. Six dollars a week. Yes, assist laundress on Mondays. Husband, mother-in-law—five children. Like children? I'm so glad. What street? Oh, I live just a little way out of city. About thir—fourteen miles and ten minutes' walk from station. Lovely. You like the country? That's just lovely. Well, then consider yourself engaged. Not so fast? Have I a dog? Oh, yes, two of them—Little Fido, who lives in the house; and Rolfe, a great Dane, who lives out of doors. You wouldn't work in a place where a dog is kept in the house? Why, he never goes into the kitchen. No difference? You wouldn't go? Oh—please change your mind. Please do. Fido is a lovely dog, and never gives—you won't go under any—You won't——

[*Watch girl go. Sit and sigh. Look up a second, then down. Look at watch, spring to feet.*]

EVE OF ST. AGNES.

By D. Maclise.

"Again I caught my father's voice."

I must hurry. But I can't go without a cook. We shall have to go supperless to bed—and the baby—how the little darling must miss me.

[*Look up suddenly; let face light up with a happy, relieved smile.*]

Are you looking for a place? Never went out to cook before? Brought up on a farm? Been sick? So sorry. Want to try such work until you get stronger? In the country? Glad? Yes? So am I. Six dollars a week and two afternoons out a month. Five children. The more the merrier? Oh, I could kiss you. You don't mind dogs? Love them? Glad of the change from city life and work? Will come at once? Please say yes [*look at watch*]. Do. We have just ten minutes to make our train. Your trunk? Leave that until to-morrow. My husband will get it for you. What's that? You'll go now. Oh, I'm so happy. You like me? Then we'll get along together. Come along; we'll have to run for the train. [*Exit.*]

IN BOHEMIA.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

I'D rather live in Bohemia than in any other land;
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness of force or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.

Here pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,

Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of that dear Bohemian land.

The scholar first, with his book; a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—
And the player is king when the door is past,
The plowman is crowned, and the lord is last!

I'd rather fail in Bohemia, than win in another land;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard of hope for the brainless heir;
No guilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn,
Bohemia has none but adopted sons.
Its limits, where fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.

To the empty hearts in a jeweled breast
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
But the thirsty of souls soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show:
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast,
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant
Where a friend in need is a friend in want;

Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.

Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the grasp
of a friendly hand!
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land!

DOROTHY'S MUSTN'TS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"I'M sick of 'mustn'ts,'" said Dorothy D;
"Sick of 'mustn'ts' as I can be.
From early morn till the close of day,
I hear a 'mustn't' and never a 'may.'
It's 'You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head;'
And 'You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed;'
'You mustn't cry when I comb your curls;'
'You mustn't play with those noisy girls;'
'You mustn't be silent when spoken to;'
'You mustn't chatter as parrots do;'
'You mustn't be pert and you mustn't be proud;'
'You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud;'
'You mustn't rumple your nice clean dress;'
'You mustn't nod in place of a yes.'

"So all day long the 'mustn'ts' go,
Till I dream at night of an endless row
Of goblin 'mustn'ts,' with great big eyes
That stare at me in shocked surprise—
Oh! I hope I shall live to see the day
When some one will say to me, 'Dear, you may;'
For I'm sick of 'mustn'ts,'" said Dorothy D;
"Sick of 'mustn'ts' as I can be."

WHAT WILLIAM HENRY DID.

J. L. HARBOUR.

WHAT William Henry would do next was a problem that kept his aunt, Dorinda Hatch, in a state of constant unrest, for, as she expressed it, "What William Henry does next is always so much worse than what he did last that I can't be prepared for it, no matter what it is."

She had often been heard to add, "If he wasn't the only child of my only sister and she dead and in her grave, I'd pack him off to some orphan asylum, where he'd be likely to get the discipline I'm not able to give him."

There was nothing mean or vicious about William Henry; but he was woefully heedless, and had a surprising capacity for mischief, although only ten years of age and hardly as large as the average boy of eight.

One day in May Aunt Dorinda fell to worrying because William Henry had led a blameless life for three whole days.

"When William Henry doesn't do anything upsetting for three whole days he's either going to come down with a sick spell or he's going to do something extraordinary," she said.

The day was rainy, and William Henry was up in the attic, examining the varied contents of some old trunks. He had probed to the bottom of a small red chest containing nothing but old papers and letters and books, when he picked up a faded yellow pasteboard card about six or eight inches long by five or six in width. On the card in large black letters was printed:

SMALL POX HERE.

On the back of this gruesome relic was written in Aunt Dorinda's angular hand: "This card was tacked to my Father's front door from Jan. 10th, 1845, to Apr. 16th, 1845 durin whitch time my father and two of my ants and two brothers and one sister had smallpox. One ant died but all the others got well."

William Henry took the card to the one cobwebbed window of the attic, brushed the dust from it with his sleeve and slowly spelled out the words. Then he buttoned the card under his jacket.

"I'm going to show that card to Jack Hooper," he thought. "He was bragging the other day that he had had two uncles die of yellow fever, and he acted as if he didn't believe it when I said I'd had an aunt die of smallpox. I'll show him if I didn't! I wish I could find something up here to prove how one of my great-uncles was blown up in a boiler explosion—he acted as if he didn't believe that either."

Unable to find such evidence, and the sun having suddenly shone forth, William Henry went down-stairs, where his aunt set him to sweeping the rain and some drifted cherry blossoms from the front porch. He had begun to perform this task when the card slipped from under his jacket to the floor of the porch. William Henry picked it up, punched a little hole in it and hung it on a nail driven into a pillar of the porch, on which his aunt daily hung the card to call the iceman.

When the front porch was swept, the side porch needed William Henry's attention. Just as he had finished sweeping it Dan Covel came running up to him and reported that the heavy rains had caused the river to rise like "all fury," so that there was the delightful prospect of an overflow in the lower part of the town. At this exciting news William Henry hurried away to the river with Dan.

The forgotten smallpox card was left hanging on the post.

An hour later Aunt Dorinda was seated by an upper front window sewing, when she saw old lady Draper come in at the front gate.

"Dear me!" she thought, "I hope she hasn't come to stay all day. She's deaf as a post, and it hoarses me all up to screech to her the way I have to."

But when she went down to the front door to admit her visitor she was amazed to see the old lady turn on the lower step of the porch and go hurrying toward the gate, screaming in affright:

"Go back, go back, 'Rindy Hatch! Don't you come nigh me! Oh, my land! I'll ketch it, sure as shootin'! Go back!"

"Well, I'll be switched! If that don't beat me! I've heard before that there was insanity in her family. It's saved me screaming my lungs out, anyhow!"

She had hardly taken up her sewing when she saw a man, unmistakably an agent of some sort, enter the gate.

"I'll make short shift of him. I don't want any book, or furniture polish, or patent nutmeg-grater, or soap, or imperishable lamp-wick, or nothing! And I'll tell him so!"

But just as she opened the door the man turned and fled so precipitately that he slipped on the wet boards of the walk and fell headlong. He sprang up with all possible speed, and the latch of the gate not working readily, he jumped over the fence and ran down the road without a word.

"Well, upon my word! I wish I could get rid of all agents that easy. I declare if the fellow isn't running still!"

Half an hour later an extremely dirty tramp came shuffling down the road and stopped at the gate. Aunt Dorinda watched him from her seat by the window,

intending to call out that she had nothing for him as soon as he was near enough to hear. He came half way up the walk, but when she raised the window he, too, turned and fled without even looking back.

"There must be something skeery about me; I'll see." She went to a mirror in the room and looked at herself.

"I don't see but what I look as I always look. I know I'm rather homely, but I never knew that I was homely enough to scare a tramp out of his senses."

Soon after the disappearance of the tramp, she saw Teddy Jaynes, a boy of thirteen, come up the road. When he reached the gate he began to scream at the top of his voice, "S-a-a-a-y! S-a-a-y there! Mis' H-a-a-tch!"

Mrs. Hatch raised the window, whereupon Teddy threw a good-sized stone with such violence that it dented the front door badly. "There's a note tied to the stone," he called out.

"What do you mean by acting so? Come here and tell me!"

"Not much I won't! Ma said for me not to go inside the gate or I might ketch it! She said for me to run like lightning soon as I'd thrown the note, and I'm going to!" and away he sped.

"Another lunatic abroad," said Mrs. Hatch grimly, as she went down-stairs to get the note. Smoothing out the crumpled bit of paper, she read:

"Dear Mrs. Hatch: We are very sorry to know of the dreadful affliction that has been visited upon you and would be only too glad to do anything in our power, if there was anything we could do at such a time. We are extremely anxious to know who has it, and if it is Mr. Hatch will you please hang a red cloth out of your upper south window, which we can see plainly from our side porch. If it is William Henry please hang out a

white cloth, and if it is your dear old mother hang out both a white and a red cloth. You can't tell how sorry we are for you, and we sincerely hope that all will come out well. MARY C. JAYNES."

"Well, I'm beat! I've no more idea than the man in the moon what Mary Jaynes means! I'd like to see myself hanging out red and white rags without knowing what I'm hanging them out for! I know what I'll do! I'll go straight down to the Jaynes's and ask them what they mean, that's what I'll do!"

A few moments later Mrs. Hatch went down the road, holding her calico skirts well up out of the mud. She looked anxious and irritated.

Teddy Jaynes was swinging on the front gate, and when he saw her approach he sped into the house. The next moment half a dozen frightened Jaynes faces appeared at the front window.

Mrs. Hatch had just entered the gate when Mrs. Jaynes raised a window and said, in a tone of entreaty:

"Please don't come any nigher, Mrs. Hatch! If there is anything we can do for you, say so, and we'll do it gladly, but don't expose us all by coming into the house!"

"Nonsense! I'm coming in to find out what you meant by sending me that silly note! I'm going to——"

She started toward the house, when not only the window but all of the shades were pulled down, and all the response she got to her knocking on the door came from Mrs. Jaynes, who seemed to be speaking from some place of safety and seclusion up-stairs.

"Go away, Mrs. Hatch! I want to be neighborly and do what's right, but I can't and won't have you come into the house. Please go away!"

This made Mrs. Hatch so indignant that she said hotly: "Well, I'll go, Mary Jaynes, and I'll stay gone, and I'll

thank you never to darken my door again!" And Mrs. Hatch departed, angrier and more puzzled than before.

She entered her own domain by a side gate and door and thus failed to discover the smallpox placard.

She had been at home about half an hour when she saw Miss Nancy Dart, a warm-hearted, elderly woman who lived in the village, approaching the house. She walked boldly to the door and rang the bell. When Mrs. Hatch hurried down, the somewhat emotional Nancy exclaimed:

"I've heard about it, Mrs. Hatch, and I've come right up to stay with you and see you through it. You know I'm a born nurse, and I've had the disease, and I haven't forgot how good you were to me when I had typhoid fever five years ago. I've brought things enough in my bag to do me a month and I'm going to stay and help you out, and don't you feel so dreadful over it all. Everybody's dreadful sorry for you, and I don't think that the town authorities will insist on any of you being carried to the pest-house, for you live so far out and kind of isolated. I met Jonas Dyke, one of the selectmen, on my way here, and he said he didn't think you'd need to go if you was properly quarantined here. Now, who's got it?"

"Got what, Nancy Dart?"

"I'd say 'what' with a smallpox card on my front porch, Dorindy Hatch!"

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say! Do you mean to say that you don't know that there is a smallpox card on your front porch post?"

"Where?" asked Mrs. Hatch, faintly.

She stepped out on to the porch, and when Nancy pointed to the card Mrs. Hatch stared long at it before she said:

"It's some of William Henry's doings. I knew something awful would come of his being so good three whole days."

"And you haven't any smallpox here?"

"No more than you have."

"Well, it's all over town that you have."

Mrs. Hatch groaned and said sternly: "I'll settle with William Henry!"

The fact that William Henry had had no intention of causing so much trouble did not save him from his aunt's wrath.

"A boy like you never gets a punishment amiss," she said, "and I've let you go many a time when I ought to have whipped you. So just take off your jacket, William Henry Myers!"

HOW DEACON TUBMAN AND PARSON WHITNEY KEPT NEW YEAR'S.

W. H. H. Murray.

"HAPPY New Year!" exclaimed Deacon Tubman as he bounced out of bed on a bright New Year's morning. "This is going to be a fine day, and I must see what I can do to make some one happy. There's Parson Whitney now; guess I'll take him for a ride and see if I can thaw him out a bit. He's sort of all frozen up latterly, and I can see that the young folks are afraid of him, and the church too—and that won't do—that won't do. Perhaps I can get him to go and see the young folks at their fun. It'll do him good, and them good, and me good, and everybody good." Saying which the deacon hurried through his work and out to harness Jack into the worn, old-fashioned sleigh.

Now Jack was a horse of a great deal of character, and had a history, but of this, none in that section, save the deacon, knew a word. The deacon's son had bought him from an impecunious horse jockey and sent him as a present to his father.

He was an animal of most unique and extraordinary appearance. In the first place, he was quite seventeen hands in height and long in proportion. He was also the reverse of shapely, for his head was long and bony, and his hip bones protuberant; his tail was what is known among horsemen as a "rat-tail," being but scantily covered with hair, and his neck was even more scantily supplied with a mane, while in color he could easily have taken the premium for homeliness.

A huge, bony horse he was, with a loose shambling gait, and the smart village chaps, riding along in their jaunty turn-outs, used to chaff the good deacon on the character of his steed and satirically challenge him to a brush.

The deacon always took the badinage in good part, although he inwardly said more than once, "If I ever get a good chance, when there ain't too many around, I'll let Jack out on them"; for Dick had given the deacon a hint of the horse's pedigree, and told him that he could knock the spots out of thirty. Such was the horse, then, that the deacon had ahead of him and the old-fashioned sleigh when with the parson alongside he struck into the principal street of the village.

On this particular day the sleighing was perfect, and every one was out. The deacon reached the corner of the street and turned just at the point where the course of an amateur race-track terminated, and at the precise moment when the dozen or twenty horses that had come flying down were being pulled up preparatory to returning

at a slow gait to the customary starting-point at the head of the street half a mile away.

The old-fashioned sleigh was quickly surrounded by the light fancy cutters, and old Jack was shambling along in the midst of the high-spirited steeds.

"Hillow, Deacon," shouted one of the boys who was driving a trim-looking bay, "aren't you going to shake out old Shamble-heels and show us fellows what speed is?"

"I don't know but what I will—I don't know but what I will, if the parson don't object and you won't start off too quick to begin with; for this is New Year's day, and a little extra fun won't hurt any one."

"Do it! do it! we'll hold up for you," answered a dozen merry ones. "Do it, Deacon, it'll do old Shamble-heels good to do a ten-mile-an-hour gait for once in his life, and the parson needn't fear of being scandalized by any speed you'll get out of him."

Now Jack was a knowing old fellow and had "scored" at too many races not to know that the return was to be taken leisurely, but when he came to the "turn" his head and tail came up, his eyes brightened, and with a playful movement of his huge body, without the least hint from the deacon, he swung the cumbersome sleigh into line and began to straighten himself for the "brush."

Jack needed steadying at the start, but the deacon had no experience with the "ribbons," and was utterly unskilled in the matter of driving, and so it came about that Jack was so confused that he made a most awkward effort to get off, and his flying rivals were twenty rods away before he got fairly started. But at last he got his huge body in a straight line and squared away to his work; with head and tail up he went off at so slashing a gait that it fairly took the deacon's breath away and caused the crowd that had been hooting him to roar their

applause, while the parson grabbed the edge of the old sleigh with one hand and the rim of his tall silk hat with the other.

With muzzle lifted well up, tail erect, one ear pricked forward and the other turned sharply back, the great horse swept grandly along at a pace which was rapidly bringing him even with the rear line of the flying group.

It was fortunate for the deacon and the parson that cheers such as "Good Heavens! see the deacon's old horse!" "Look at him! look at him!" "What a stride!" ran ahead of them, for the drivers saw them coming, or there would surely have been more than one collision, for the old sleigh was of such size and strength, the deacon so unskilled at the reins, and Jack, who was adding to his momentum at every stride, going at so determined a pace, that had he struck the rear line with no gap for him to go through, something serious would surely have happened. As it was, they pulled out in time to save themselves.

The deacon had become somewhat alarmed, for Jack was going at a nigh to thirty clip—a frightful pace for an inexperienced driver—so he began to put a good strong pressure on the bit, not doubting that Jack, ordinarily the easiest horse in the world to manage, would take the hint and slow up. But although the horse took the hint it was exactly in the opposite manner that the deacon intended he should, for he interpreted the little man's steady pull as an intimation that his driver was getting over his flurry, and beginning to treat him as a horse ought to be treated in a race, and that he could now go ahead. And go ahead he did. The more the deacon pulled, the more the horse felt himself steadied and assisted. The deacon began to cry "Whoa, Jack, whoa, old boy, I say!" "That's a good fellow!" but the horse only under-

stood this as so many signals to go ahead. So, with the memory of a hundred races stirring his blood, the crowds cheering him to the echo, the steadying pull, the encouraging cries of his driver in his ears, his only rival, the pacer, whirling along a few rods ahead of him, the monstrous animal let out another kick, and tore along after the pacer at such a terrific pace that within the distance of a dozen lengths he lapped upon him, and the two were going it nose and nose.

No sooner was old Jack fairly lapped, and the contest seemed doubtful, than the spirit of old Adam himself entered into the deacon and the parson; they fairly forgot themselves and entered as wildly into the contest as two ungodly jockeys.

"Deacon Tubman, Deacon Tubman," asked the parson, "do you think the pacer will beat us?"

"Not if I can help it! not if I can help it!" yelled the deacon in reply, as with something like a reinsman's skill he lifted Jack to another spirit. "Go it, old boy!" he shouted, "go along with you, I say!"

This was the very thing and the only thing that the huge horse needed. He put forth his collected strength with such tremendous energy and suddenness that the deacon, who had risen and who was standing erect in the sleigh, fell back into the arms of the parson, while the horse rushed over the line amid such cheers and roars of laughter as were never heard in that village before.

"I wrote an article on cow's milk once for a magazine."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes, and would you believe it, when it appeared in print it was condensed!"

WHEN ANGRY, COUNT A HUNDRED.

E. CAVAZZA.

THE dining-room of a house in Fifth Avenue.

Personages: Host, hostess, guests, politely engaged in conversation—all but Mr. Alfred Ames and Miss Eva Rosewarne, who, seated side by side at the table, regard in silence their respective bouquets on the tablecloth.

ALFRED [*slightly embarrassed*]. I hope, Miss Rosewarne, that you will believe me when I say that until I entered the house I had no idea you were to be here. Our short-lived engagement was quite unknown to any one but ourselves, and Mrs. Le Clerc, kind hostess that she is, supposes she is doing me a great favor by giving me a place next you. I confess that when I read your name I felt a sudden unreasonable sort of a thrill, but I've not forgotten that a fortnight ago you said you would never speak to me again. I don't ask you to talk to me, but may I beg as a favor—not to me—to our hostess, that you will appear to be on ordinary terms of acquaintance with me? I'll gladly do more than my share of the conversation; you never gave me much chance at that, but I dare say I shall succeed. By the way, I once heard of a man who had nothing to say at a dinner-party, so he turned to his neighbor and began to count with expression. You are angry with me, but you know philosophers advise one: "When angry count one hundred." Might I beg you to count your hundred aloud for the sake of our hostess?

[*Eva assents with a bend of her golden head.*]

ALFRED. Thank you—if I may presume so far. I'm glad I never vowed not to speak to you again. It seems to me there is a good deal to be said, and as I expect to sail for Europe in a day or two, to be gone—indefinitely—

perhaps like any other condemned man, I may be allowed a few last words?

EVA. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

ALFRED. You know that I loved you with my whole heart—

EVA [*with haste*]. Eight, nine—

ALFRED. And now, at this moment, I can think of no reason why you and I should be as far apart as if the Atlantic already rolled between us.

EVA [*pensively*]. Ten, eleven, twelve.

ALFRED. You are still angry with me, but I shall always be grateful to you. For a few days I lived in Paradise, and if one must be driven out of Eden, it is at least more bearable to be evicted by Eve—it was her name quite some time before it was yours—than to be driven out of it by the serpent. There was no serpent in my Eden.

EVA [*cynically*]. Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen.

ALFRED. Ah, you are right. Or course; he was there, glittering with—orders of merit. Also, he waltzed like an angel of light. So you said that night at the Casino. But if you preferred Count von Waldberg to my humble self, you might at least have said so frankly. I wouldn't have stood in the way of your happiness.

EVA [*reproachfully*]. Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.

ALFRED. Mrs. Le Clerc is looking at us. Say something kind to me—for her sake!

EVA [*cheerfully*]. Twenty-one. twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight!

ALFRED. A thousand thanks. She is quite satisfied that we are enjoying ourselves.

EVA [*with a shade of coquetry*]. Twenty-nine, thirty?

ALFRED. Oh, immensely—that is to say, not precisely.

RESPONSE TO CALL OF MERCY.

ARIADNE.

However, I mean to improve my opportunity, such as it is.

EVA [*carelessly*]. Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six.

ALFRED. I think that neither you nor I can ever forget those evenings on the river. That yellowish light, half sunset, half moonrise; the stately white swans floating past us. I remember telling you that swan might be a sister of yours, under some enchantment. I, too, was under the enchantment. Yes. But it made me appear like a goose instead of a swan. On the whole, you need not remember that occasion, Miss Rosewarne!

EVA [*sadly*]. Thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one.

ALFRED. And in the morning, as I waited on the cliff for you, I understood how the earth waits for the dawn to illuminate it. Well, I have had my day; it was bright, but the sunset came too soon.

EVA [*dreamily*]. Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four.

ALFRED. The sea sang of you, the waves sparkled for you, all the sirens had given their magic to you, and their harping must have been like the sound of the sea-wind in your hair.

EVA [*with an effort at mockery*]. Forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty.

ALFRED. If you really think me comic, let me go on. I dreamed of you—don't you like the present way of arranging the flowers low, so that one hasn't to peep this side and that of a mountain of roses?

EVA [*with surprise*]. Fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six.

ALFRED. Major Starr was listening. He's talking again now. Yes, I dreamed of you and of you only. I still dream—

EVA [*hurriedly*]. Fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight—

ALFRED. Don't be disturbed. I quite understand that dreams are illusions. I am awake; very thoroughly.

EVA [*softly*]. Sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two.

ALFRED. It is better to wake than to dream; but if one has no more pleasure in either—then best to sleep soundly.

EVA [*puzzled, slightly alarmed*]. Seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five?

ALFRED. Business is a good opiate. I expect to sail in a few days for Europe.

EVA [*with resignation*]. Seventy-six.

ALFRED. It was at that Casino ball I first began to suspect the presence of that inconvenient third party in our legend of Eden. You remember, the night you wore that adorable gown the color of a plush rose and trimmed with tape?

EVA [*with horror*]. Seventy-seven!

ALFRED. How stupid of me! Of course, it wasn't tape. I used to be posted on those things in the days when you were so good as to explain them to me. At all events, that was a delicious gown.

EVA [*with conviction*]. Seventy-eight, seventy-nine.

ALFRED. You told me to come early. Well, I'd been earlier if Dickey Vane, poor old chap, hadn't asked me to stop in so he could see how a fellow looked in evening dress going off for a good time. Great good time I had that evening! You let me take your program of dances; the trail of the serpent—pardon me, I should say the autograph of Count von Waldberg—was over it all.

EVA [*deprecatingly*]. Eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two.

ALFRED. I know. It's quite true that I had a lancers, a

quadrille, and the fag-end of a mazurka. But the waltz—our waltz—you danced with the Count.

EVA [*protestingly*]. Eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five.

ALFRED. Of course, he asked for it. But you have a thousand pretty ways of saying no.

EVA [*poignantly*]. Eighty-six, eighty-seven, eighty-eight.

ALFRED. Reserved! If I had understood! Now, I dare not even hint my thanks for what—I did not have.

EVA [*with recovered composure*]. Eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five.

ALFRED. By the way, Count von Waldberg has gone back to his own country, and rather suddenly. I like that about him; it's a case where the absent is in the right. You must have given him leave of absence.

EVA [*reprovingly*]. Ninety-six, ninety-seven.

ALFRED. I have no right to guess at what may have taken place between yourself and Count von Waldberg. It was impertinent, but decidedly agreeable, that surmise of mine.

EVA [*with increased coldness*]. Ninety-eight.

ALFRED. Oh, it seems to me I must speak—and then forever after be silent.

EVA [*mockingly*]. Ninety-nine!

ALFRED. That's a quotation from—from—in—fact—something that I was interested, a while ago, to coach myself upon.

EVA [*with marked indifference*]. One hundred.

ALFRED. You have reached the hundred. And you are still angry, I'm afraid. Ah! if by chance it seems to you that you have said anything which you would rather have left unsaid,—we all do that sometimes, you know,—you could retract it by counting that same hundred backward.

EVA [*assenting*]. Ninety-nine, ninety-eight, ninety-seven, ninety-six.

ALFRED. Oh, this is a comedy that we are playing! But for me it is also a tragedy. I had built so many castles in air, and you were chatelaine of them all. But my life has ceased to be logical; it has gone all to pieces. I shall pick up the pieces,—I'm not a whimpering boy,—and glue them, screw them, clamp them, tie them together. I don't pretend that it will be as good as it was before it was broken up.

EVA [*with remorse*]. Ninety-five, ninety-four, ninety-three, ninety-two.

ALFRED. 'Twas not your fault. I did not deserve you; only I loved you with all my soul, as—heaven help me! I love you, I love you now!

[*Eva, very pale, rattles off the numbers down to sixteen, and stops for want of breath.*]

ALFRED. Poor beautiful child, do not be afraid. I will not offend in this way again. I mean to tell you only that amid the ruins of my fallen castle, there blossoms an imperishable flower—my affection for you. See, Mrs. Le Clerc is about to rise.

[*Eva counts desperately, gets to three.*]

ALFRED. And so, it is good-by. When we meet in future, it will be as mere acquaintances who have nothing to say to each other except the commonplaces of society. We, who were to have been united, must henceforward be—[*he stops short, surprised by an emotion that chokes his voice of a man of the world*].

EVA [*boldly skipping a number*]. One! [*She recklessly drops her bouquet as she rises with the other women*].

ALFRED [*stoops to pick up her bouquet, kisses her hand under the table, and says in a rapturous undertone*]. One forever!

GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN.

GILBERT PARKER.

IT was in that northern country—Labrador. The place was the home of a hunter, a low hut with parchment windows. Outside was the drifting snow. Inside a huge wood-fire flecked the walls and windows with a velvety red and black.

On a bed of wolf-skins lay a boy of nine years. Beside the bed sat the hunter.

"Why don't mother come back, father?"

The man shook his head and made no reply.

"She'd come if she knew I was hurted, wouldn't she?"

The father nodded and then turned restlessly toward the door as if expecting some one.

"Suppose the wild-cat had got me, she'd be sorry when she comes, wouldn't she?"

There was no reply. The man's uncouth hand felt for a place in the bed where the lad's knee made a lump under the robe, which he softly lifted, folded back, and slowly uncovered the knee. The leg was worn away almost to skin and bone, but the knee itself was swollen; so was the shoulder. Both bore the marks of teeth—where a huge wild-cat had made havoc—and the body had long, red scratches. After bathing the wounds, the hunter again covered up the small disfigured body.

"Father, what does it mean when you hear a bird sing in the middle of the night?"

"It hasn't no meaning, Dominique. There ain't such a thing on the Labrador Heights as a bird singin' in the night. That's only in warm countries where there's nightingales."

"Well, I guess it was a nightingale—it didn't sing like anything I ever heard."

"What did it sing like, Dominique?"

"So it made you shiver. You wanted it to go on and yet you didn't want it. It was pretty, but you felt as if something was going to snap inside of you."

"When did you hear it, my son?"

"Twice last night—and—I guess it was Sunday the other time. I don't know, for there hasn't been no Sunday up here since mother left—went away—has there?"

"Mebbe not."

"'Twas just the same as Father Corraine's being here, when mother had Sunday, wasn't it?"

The man made no reply, but a gloom drew down his forehead and his lips doubled in as if he endured physical pain. For weeks he had listened to the same kind of talk from his wounded and, as he thought, dying son, and he was getting less and less able to bear it.

They sat there for a long time, each busy in his own way. At last the boy closed his eyes and seemed about to fall asleep, but presently looked up and whispered: "I haven't said my prayers, have I?"

The father shook his head in a sort of rude confusion.

"I can pray out loud if I want to, can't I?"

"Of course, Dominique."

"I forget a good deal, but I know one prayer all right, for I said it when the bird was singing. It isn't one out of the book Father Corraine sent mother; it's one she taught me out of her own head. P'rhaps I'd better say it."

"P'rhaps, if you want to." The voice was husky.

The boy began:

"O bon Jesu, Who died to save us from our sins, listen to Thy child. When the great winds and rains come down from the hills, do not let the floods drown us, nor

the woods cover us, nor the snowslide bury us—" His finger twisted involuntarily into the bullet hole in the pelt, and he paused a moment. "Keep us from getting lost, O gracious Saviour." Again there was a pause, his eyes opened wide, and he said: "Do you think mother's lost, father?"

"Mebbe so—mebbe so."

"And if mother's lost, bon Jesu, bring her back again to us, for everything's going wrong."

Again he paused and then went on with the prayer as it had been taught him. "O Christ, hear us. Lord, have mercy upon us. Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mercy upon us. Amen." Then, making the sign of the cross, he lay back and went to sleep.

The man sat for a long time looking at the pale, shining face. The longer he sat the deeper did his misery sink into his soul. His wife had gone he knew not where, his child was wasting to death, and he had for his sorrows no inner consolation. His life had been spent in the wastes, and a youth of danger, hardships, and almost savage endurance had given him a half-barbarian temperament, which could strike an angry blow at one moment and fondle to death the next.

When he married sweet Lucette Barbond his religion reached little farther than the superstitions of the North. His wife had at first striven with him, mourning, yet loving. Sometimes the savage in him had broken out over the little creature, merely because barbaric tyranny was in him—torture followed by the passionate kiss. And how was she to understand him?

When she fled from their home one bitter day, as he roared some wild words at her, it was because her nerves had all been shaken, and his violence drove her mad. She had run out of the house, and on, and on, and on—

and she had never come back. That was weeks ago, and there had been no word or sign of her since. The man was now busy with it all.

Hours passed. All at once, without any motion or gesture, the boy's eyes opened wide with a strange, intense look.

"Father, when you hear a sweet horn blow at night, is it the Scarlet Hunter calling?"

"P'rhaps. Why, Dominique?"

"I heard one blowing just now, and the sounds seem to wave over my head. P'rhaps he's calling some one that's lost."

"Mebbe."

"And I heard a voice singing—it wasn't a bird to-night."

"There was no voice, Dominique."

"Yes, yes. I waked, and you were sitting there thinking, so I shut my eyes again, and then I heard the voice; and I wonder what it means when you hear a voice like that, father? There! There it is again! Don't you hear it? Don't you hear it, daddy?"

"No, Dominique; it's only the kettle singing."

"Daddy—I saw a white swan fly through the door over your shoulder when you came in to-night."

"No, no, Dominique; it was a flurry of snow blowing over my shoulder."

"But it looked at me with two shining eyes."

"That was two stars shining through the door, my son."

The man's voice was anxious; his eyes had a hungry, hunted look. The legend of the White Swan had to do with the passing of a human soul. The Swan had come in—would it go out alone? He touched the boy's hand—it was hot with fever; he felt the pulse, it ran high; he watched the face, it had a glowing light. He got to his feet and with a sudden blind humility lit two candles,

placed them on a shelf in the corner before a porcelain figure of the Virgin, as he had seen his wife do. Solemnly he touched the foot of the Christ on the cross with his finger-tips and brought them to his lips with an indescribable reverence. After a moment, standing with eyes fixed on the face of the crucified figure, he said in a shaking voice:

"Pardon, bon Jesu! Save my child! Leave me not alone!"

The boy murmured an "amen" and fell asleep.

Outside two figures were approaching the hut—a man and a woman.

"Have patience, my daughter," said the man. "Do not enter till I call you." So saying he raised his hand as in a kind of benediction, passed to the door, and after tapping very softly, opened it and entered.

"Peace be to this house," said the man gently, as he stepped forward from the door. The father, startled, turned shrinkingly on him, as if he had seen a spirit. "Monsieur le curé!" he exclaimed.

"The wife and child, Bagot? Ah, the boy! Dominique is ill?"

"A wild-cat, and then fever, Père Corraine."

The priest felt the boy's pulse softly.

"Your wife, Bagot?"

"She is not here, Monsieur."

"Where is she, Bagot?"

"I do not know, Monsieur. When did you see her last, Monsieur?"

"That was September, this is October—winter. On the ranches they let thin cattle loose upon the plains in winter, knowing not where they go, yet looking for them to return in the spring. But a woman—a woman and a wife is different. Bagot, you have been a rough, hard

man, and you have been a stranger to your God, but I thought you loved your wife and child."

The hunter's hands clenched and a wicked light flashed up into his eyes. The priest sat down on the couch where the child lay and took the fevered hand in his. "Stay where you are, Bagot," he said; "just where you are, and tell me what your trouble is."

Bagot began: "I don't know how it started. I—I laid my powder-horn and whiskey-flask—up there!" He pointed to the little shrine of the Virgin, where his candles were now burning, and continued: "I didn't notice it, but she had put some flowers there. She said something with an edge, threw the things down and called me a heathen and a wicked heretic—I don't say now but she'd a right to do it, but I said something pretty rough, and made as if I was going to break her in two."

"Yes, that was what you did. What was it you said that was 'pretty rough'?"

"I said that there was enough powder spilt on the floor to kill all the priests in heaven."

A fire suddenly shot up into Father Corraine's face, and his lips tightened for an instant, but presently he was as before, and he said: "Go on. What else?"

"Then I said, 'And if virgins have it so fine, why didn't you stay one?'"

"Blasphemer! To the mother of your child—shame! What more?"

"She threw up her hands to her ears with a cry a bit wild, ran out of the house, down the hills and away. I've hunted and hunted, but I can't find her."

Once again the priest glanced toward the lighted candles, and then he said: "You asked me if I had heard anything of your wife. Listen. Three weeks ago I was camped on the Sandust Plains. In the morning, as I was lighting

a fire outside of my tent, I saw coming over the crest of a land-wave a band of Indians. Well, as they came near, I saw that they had a woman with them."

"A woman!—my wife!"

"Your wife."

"Quick! Quick! Go on—oh, go on, Monsieur——"

"She fell at my feet begging me to save her. I waved her off."

"You wouldn't—wouldn't save her—you coward!"

"Hush! I asked the chief where he had got the woman. He said he had found her on the plains—she had lost her way. I told him I wanted to buy her. He said that he had found her, and she was his, and that he would marry her when they reached the great camp of the tribe. I was patient. It would not do to make him angry. I wrote on a piece of bark the things that I would give for her: An order on the company at Fort O'Sin for shot, blankets, and beads. He said no. I added some things to the list. But no, he would not. Once more I put many things down. God knows it was a big bill—it would keep me poor for ten years. To save your wife, John Bagot, you who drove her from your door, blaspheming and railing at such as I! He shook his head and said he must have the woman for his wife. I said: 'She is white and the white people will never rest till they have killed you all if you do this thing.' Then he said: 'The whites must catch me before they kill me!' What was there to do?"

"You let her stay with them—you, with hands like a man?"

"Hush! I was one man, they were twenty."

"Why didn't you offer rum—rum! They'd have done it for that—one—five—ten kegs of rum!"

"You forget that it is against the law, and that as a

priest of my order, I am vowed to give no rum to an Indian."

"A vow! A vow! Son of God, what is a vow to a woman—to my wife!"

"Perjure my soul! Offer rum! Break my vow in the face of the enemies of God's Church! What have you done for me that I should do this for you, John Bagot?"

"Coward! Christ Himself would have broken a vow to save her!"

"Who am I that I should teach my Master? What would you give Christ, Bagot, if He had saved her to you?"

"Give—give! I would give twenty years of my life!"

"On your knees and swear it, John Bagot!"

The tall hunter dropped to his knees and repeated the words. The priest turned to the door and called, "Lucette!"

The boy hearing, waked and cried, "Mother! mother!" as the door flew open.

The mother came to her husband's arms, laughing and weeping, and an instant afterward was pouring out her love and anxiety over her child.

"John Bagot, in the name of Christ, I demand twenty years of your life—of love and obedience to God. I broke my vow, I perjured my soul, I bought your wife with ten kegs of rum!"

The tall hunter dropped again to his knees, and the priest, laying the crucifix against his lips, said in his rich, soft voice, "Peace be unto this house!"

"Oh, my mother, I saw the White Swan fly through the door when you came in." She clasped the boy to her breast protectingly and whispered a prayer.

And there was peace, for the child lived and the man has kept his vow.

NAMED BY PROXY.

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.

I'D been working on the Ellis ranch about three months when along come a man that looked like old man Trouble's only son. He made any other human countenance I ever see look like a nigger-minstrel show. His name was Ezekiel George Washington Scraggs.

Up to this time Smithy had enjoyed a cinch on the mournful act. He'd had a girl some time durin' the Mexican war, and she'd borrowed Smith's roll and skipped with another man. So, if we crowded Smithy too hard in debate, he used to say, "Oh, well! You fellers will know better when you've had more experience," although we might have been talkin' about what's best for frost-bite at the time.

He noticed this new man Scraggs seemed to hold over him a trifle in sadness, and he thought he'd find out why.

"You appear to me like a man that's seen trouble," says he.

"Trouble!" says Scraggs. "Trouble!"

"I've met with misfortune myself," says Smithy.

"Ah!" says Scraggs, and Smithy warmed up. He'd been blew up in mines; squizzled down a mountain on a snow-slide; chawed by a bear; caught under a felled tree; sunk on a Missouri River steamboat; shot up by Injuns and personal friends; mistook for a horse thief by the committee, and much else, closing the list with right bower. "And, Mr. Scraggs, I have put my faith in woman, and she done me to the tune of all I had."

"*Have* you?" says Scraggs, still perfectly polite. "*Have* you?" And then he slid the joker atop of Smithy's play. "Well, I have been a Mormon," says he.

"What?" says all of us.

"Yessir! a Mormon; none of your tinkerin' little Mormonettes. I was ambitious; hence E. G. W. Scraggs as you now behold him. In most countries a man's standin' is regulated by the number of wives he ain't got; in Utah it's just the reverse. I wanted to be the head of the hull Mormon kingdom, so I married right and left. Every time I added to the available supply of Mrs. Scraggs, I went up a step in the government. I ain't all the persimmons for personal beauty, so I had to take what was willin' to take me, and they turned out to be mostly black-eyed women with peculiar dispositions. Gentlemen, I was once as lively and happy a little boy as ever did chores on a farm. See me now! This is the result of mixin' women and politics. If I should tell you all the kinds of particular and general devilment (to run 'em alphabetically, as I did to keep track of 'em) that Ann Eliza Scraggs, and Bridget Scraggs, and Honoria and Helen Scraggs, and Isabelle Scraggs, and so on up to zed, raised with me, it would go through any little germs of joy you may have in your constitutions like Sittin' Bull's gang of dog soldiers through an old lady's sewing bee. Trouble! I'm bald as a cake of ice; my nerves is ruined. If the wind makes a noise in the grass like the swish of skirts, I'm a mile up the track before I get my wits back. Trouble—I wisht nobudy'd mention that word in my hearin' again."

Well, he had us all right. But Scraggs was a gentleman; now that he'd had his say, he loosened up considerable, and every now and then he'd even smile.

Then come to us the queerest thing in that whole curiosity-shop of a ranch. It's name was Alexander Fulton. I reckon Aleck was about twenty-one by the almanac, and anywheres from three to ninety by the way you figure a man. Aleck stood six foot high as he stood, but

if you ran the tape along his curves he was about six-foot-four.

He weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, of which twenty-five went to head and fifty to feet. Feet! You never saw such feet. They were the grandest feet that ever wore a man, and hung to Aleck's running gear, they reminded you of the swinging jigger in a clock. They almost made me forget his hands. When Aleck laid a flipper on a cayuse's back, you'd think the critter was blanketed.

His complexion consisted of freckles. His eyes were white, and so was his hair, and so was poor old Aleck—as white a kid as they make 'em. How he come to drift out into our country was a story all by itself. He was disappointed in love—he had to be. One look at him and you'd know why. So he sailed out to the wild West, where he was about as useful as a trimmed nighty.

First off he was still, then findin' himself in a confidential crowd, and bustin' to let us know his trouble, he told us all about it. He'd never spoke to the girl, it seems, more'n to say, "How-d'ye-do, ma'am," and blush, and sit on his hat, and make curious moves with them hands and feet; but there come another feller along and Alexander quit.

"You got away?" says Scraggs. "Permit me to congratulate you, sir!"

"But I didn't want to come away!" stutters Alexander.

"Didn't want to?" cries Scraggs, letting the pipe fall out of his mouth. Then he turns to me and taps his brow with his finger, casting a pitying eye on Aleck.

As time went on Aleck got worse and worse. He had a case of ingrowing affection; it cut his weight down to ninety pounds. With him leaving himself at that rate,

you could take pencil and paper and figure to the minute when Alexander Fulton was booked to cross the big divide. And we liked the kid. We got worked up about the matter, and talked it over considerable when he was out of hearing. It come to this: there was no earthly use in trying to get Aleck to go back and make a play at the girl. He'd ha' fell dead at the thought of it. That left nothing but to bring the girl to Aleck. We weren't going to let our pardner slip away without an effort anyhow. Then come the problem of who was the proper party to act as messenger. And we decided on Scraggs, because if he didn't know Woman and her Ways the subject belonged to the lost arts.

But, man, didn't he r'ar when we told him!

"ME go after a woman!" says he. "ME!!!—Take another drink." But we labored with him. Told about what a horrible time he'd had—he always liked to hear about it—and how there wasn't anybody else fit to handle his discard in the little game of matrimony—and so forth and so forth, till we had him saddled and bridled and standing in the corner of the corral as peaceful as a soldier's monument, for he was the best-hearted old fellow under his crust that ever lived.

"All right," says he. "I'll do it."

So that night E. G. W. Scraggs took his cayuse and made for the railroad station, bound east.

Aleck had give us full details. Yes, sir; we knew that little East Dakota town as well as if we'd been raised there; but we were some shy on details concerning the girl. I swear I don't believe Aleck had ever looked her full in the face. She was medium height, plump, blue eyes, brown hair, and that ended the description.

Well, we suffered any quantity from impatience before E. G. W. S. showed up.

But one evening about half-past eight here comes Scraggs. He was riding and a buggy trailed behind him.

We chased Aleck over to the main house, where the old man was to keep him busy until called for.

Then up pulls E. G. W. S. and the buggy.

"Here we are," says Scraggs. "Check the outfit—one girl and one splicer. Have you kept holt of Aleck?"

"Yes," I says. "We've got him. Come in, folks."

Soon's they got inside I lugged him to the corner. "Tell me about it," I says.

"Short story," says he. "Moment I got off the choo-choo I spotted the house. Laid low in the daytime and scouted round as soon as night come. Girl goes down to the barn and comes back with a pail of milk. I grabbed her and put my hand over her mouth. 'Now, listen,' I says. 'There's a friend of mine wants to marry you. When I let you go, you'll skip into the house and pick up what clothes is handy, and you'll vamoose this ranch at quarter of eleven, sharp, so we can make the next train west. If you ain't there, or if you say a single word to a human being—you see this?' and I stuck the end of my hoss-pistol under her nose. 'Well, I'll blow the head clean off your shoulders with it.' Then I laid back my ears and rolled my eyes around.

"Well, sir, she was scart so's she didn't know anything but what I said. I hated to treat a lady like that, but if I've learned anything concerning handlin' the sect, it's this—you got to be firm. There's where I made my mistake formerly. Then I let go of her and went back to the deppo. What she thought I couldn't even guess, but I knew I was goin' to have company, and, sure enough, 'bout three minutes before train time, here comes our friend. When I got her safe aboard I told her she needn't be scart. Lots worse things could happen to her than

marryin' Aleck, and she says 'Yessir,' and she kept on sayin' 'Yessir' to all I told her. Wisht I could have found one like that, instead of eighty of 'em that stood ready to jump down my throat the minute I opened my mouth. She told me she'd had a middlin' hard time of it and didn't mind a change. That surprised me a little, because I jedged from Aleck's talk she was an upstandin' critter—but, pshaw! Aleck would think a worm was a sassy thing if it squirmed in his direction."

Then I went after Aleck.

"Friend of yours here," I told him.

"That so?" says he. "Who is it?"

"Lady," I says, kind of gay.

He stopped in his tracks.

"Come along, here, now!" says I. "You ain't goin' to miss your happiness if main strength can give it to you." His toes touched about once to the rod. I run him into the place.

"There," says I, "is somebody you know."

Well, sir, Aleck looked at the gal, and the gal looked at Aleck, and the rest of us looked at each other. Soon's the kid got his breath he yells, "I never laid eyes on that lady before!"

Oh, hivins, Maria! That was the awfullest minute I ever lived through. Poor ole E. G. W. S! We all turned away from him out of pity. He grabbed aholt of the minister and swallered and swallered, unable to chirp.

At last he rallied. "You mean to tell me, Aleck, that I've made a mistake?"

Aleck was always willing to believe he was wrong. "I'm pretty sure, Zeke—I ain't never seen you, have I, Miss?"

"No, sir—not that I know of."

E. G. W. S. rubbed his brow.

"Will you make good, anyhow, Aleck? I got the minister and all right here—it won't take a minute."

I'd let go of Aleck in the excitement. At these words he made one step from where he stood in the house, through the window, to ten foot out of doors, and a few more steps like that and he was out of the question.

Then the girl put her face in her hands and begun to cry. She was a mighty pretty little thing, and we'd rather have had most anything than that she should stand there cryin'. But we were all wandering in our minds.

Then, sir, up gets Ezekiel George Washington Scraggs, master of himself and the situation.

"Young lady," says he, "I have got you out here under false pretenses. I'm as homely as a hedge fence, and my record is dotted with marriages worse than a 'Pache outbreak with corpses and burning homes. I ain't any kind of proposition to tie up to a nice girl like you, and I swear by my honor that nothing was further from my thoughts than matrimony—not meanin' any slur on you, for if I'd found you before, I might have been a happy man. Well, here I stand; if you'll marry me, say the word!"

By thunder, we gave him a cheer that shook the roof.

The girl reached out her left hand. She liked him.

You wouldn't think that threatenin' to blow her brains out was just the touch that would set a maiden's heart tremblin' for a man, but if a woman takes a fancy to you, your way of doing things generally is only a little matter of detail.

"How will this figger out legally?" E. G. W. S. asked the minister.

The minister was a cheerful, practical sort of lad.

"Do you renounce the Mormon religion?" he asks.

"Bet your life," says Scraggs. "And all its works."

"That settles it," says the minister.

"One minute," says Scraggs, and he turned to the girl very gentle. "Are you doing this of your own free will, and not because I lugged you out here?"

"Yessir," says she.

"You want me, just as I stand?"

"Yessir."

I won't forget it. Then he put his hand on her head, took off his hat, and raised his face.

"O God," he prays, "you know what a miserable time I've had in this line before. I admit it was nine-tenths my fault, but now I call for an honest deck and the hands played above the table. And make me act decent for the sake of this nice little girl. Amen."

Then he pulled a twenty-dollar gold piece out of his pocket and plunked her down before the minister.

"Shoot," says he.

And so Scraggs celebrated his eighty-first marriage, and they lived as happy ever after as any story book.

And now, what do you think of Aleck? The scare we threw into him that night wound up his moanin' and grievin' about the other girl. He never cheeped once after that, and when I left the ranch he was makin' up to a widow with four children, as bold as brass. There was more poetry in E. G. W. S. than there was in Aleck, after all.

"What were you before you married?"

"I was a lecturer."

"Is that so? What made you drop it?"

"Oh, my wife took it up."

DE CUSHVILLE HOP.

BEN KING.

I'SE gwine down to de Cushville hop
An' dar ain' no niggahs gwine ter make me stop;
Missus gwine to deck me all up in white,
So watch de step dat I'se gettin' in ter night.
Um-hm, my honey, 'tain' no use;
Um-hm, my honey, turn me loose,
Um-hm, my honey, watch me shine
When mah foot am a-shakin' in de ole coonjine.

No black niggahs come foolin' roun' me,
I'se jes' to look at, any one can see;
I'se jes' a orniment, an' I mus' 'fess
No niggah put 'is ahm roun' mah snow-white dress.
Um-hm, niggah, keep away, understand?
Um-hm, niggah, look out fo' yo' head;
I'se jes' ter gaze at I mus' 'fess,
So don't put yo' ahm roun' mah snow-white dress.

Bring out de banjo, plunk-plank-pling,
Watch de motion of mah step 'an mah swing;
Don't yo' pestah me or make me stop
When I git in motion at de Cushville hop.
Um-hm, niggah, keep away, keep away!
Um-hm, niggah, not ter day!
Keep away from me kase I done kain't stop;
I'se jes' caught mah motion fo' de Cushville hop.

DEATH OF CRAILEY GRAY.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

[Crailey Gray, the ne'er-do-weel and light-o'-love; Crailey Gray, wit, poet, and scapegrace, the well-beloved scamp of Rouen, lies dying, shot through the breast by the father of Betty Carewe, to whom he was making love in the guise of his friend, Tom Vanrevel. It was the eve of the beginning of the Mexican War, and a company with Vanrevel for captain and Crailey for corporal had enlisted from the little town and were about to start for the front. Crailey, with Fanchon Bareaud, his fiancée, kneeling by the side of the bed, is lying near the window in a room in the Carewe home.]

NOT long after sunrise Crailey asked to be left alone with Tom.

"Give me your hand, Tom," he said faintly. "Tell me—I want to hear it from you—how many hours does the doctor say?"

"Hours, Crailey?"

"I know it's only a few."

"They're all fools, doctors!" exclaimed Vanrevel, fiercely.

"No, no. I know that nothing can be done. It frightens me, I own up, to think that so soon I'll be wiser than the wisest in the world. Yet I always wanted to know. I've sought and I've sought—but now to go out alone on the search for the Holy Grail—I——"

"Please don't talk," begged Tom, in a broken whisper.

Crailey laughed weakly. "There's one thing I want, Tom. I want to see all of them once more, all the old friends that are going down the river at noon. I want them to come by here on their way to the boat, with the band and the new flag. But I want the band to play *cheerfully*. Ask 'em to play 'Rosin the Bow,' will you? I've never believed in mournfulness, and I don't want to see any of it now. I want to see them as they'll be when they come marching home—they must look gay!"

"Ah, don't, lad, don't!"

The volunteers gathered at the court-house two hours before noon. They met each other dismally, speaking in undertones as they formed in lines of four. Not so with the crowds of country folks and townspeople who lined the streets to see the last of them. For these, when the band came marching down the street and took its place, set up a royal cheering that grew louder as Jefferson Bareaud, the color-bearer, carried the flag to the head of the procession.

Jefferson unfurled the flag; Marsh gave the word of command, the band began to play a quickstep, and the procession moved forward down the cheering lane of people, who waved little flags and handkerchiefs and threw their hats in the air as they shouted. But, contrary to expectation, the parade was not directly along Main Street to the river. "Right wheel! March!" commanded Tappingham, hoarsely, waving his sword, and Jefferson led the way into Carewe Street.

"For God's sake, don't cry now!" said Tappingham, with a large drop streaking down his own cheek. "That isn't what he wants. He wants to see us looking cheery and smiling. We can do it for him this once, I guess! I never saw *him* any other way."

"You look damn smiling yourself!" snuffled one of the boys.

"I will when we turn in at the gates. On my soul, I swear I'll kill every sniffling idiot that doesn't!—In line, there!"

The lively strains of the band and the shouting of the people grew louder and louder in the room where Crailey lay. His eyes glistened and he smiled merrily, like a child.

"Hail to the band!" Crailey chuckled, softly. "How

the rogues keep the time! It's 'Rosin the Bow' all right! Ah, that is as it should be."

"Hark to 'em! They're very near! Only *hear* the people cheer them! They'll 'march away so gaily,' won't they?—and how right that is!"

Over the hedge gleamed the oncoming banner, the fresh colors flying out on a strong breeze.

"There's the flag—look, Fanchon, *your* flag!—waving above the hedge; and it's Jeff who carries it. Doesn't it always make you want to *dance?*"

The procession halted for a moment in the street and the music ceased. Then, with a jubilant flourish of brass and the roll of drums, the band struck up "The Star-spangled Banner," and Jefferson Bareaud proudly led the way through the gates and down the driveway, the bright silk streaming overhead. Behind him briskly marched the volunteers, with heads erect and cheerful faces.

"Here they come! do you see, Fanchon? They are all there. God bless and grant them all a safe return! What on earth are they taking off their hats for?—Ah, good-by, boys, good-by!"

They saw the white face at the window and the slender hand fluttering its farewell, and Tappingham halted his men.

"Three times three for Corporal Gray!" he shouted, "and may he rejoin his company before we enter the Mexican capital!"

He beat the time for the thunderous cheers that they gave; the procession described a circle on the lawn, and then, with the band playing and colors flying, passed out of the gates and took up the march to the wharf.

"The flag, the flag!" whispered Crailey, following it with his eyes. "It's so beautiful. Ah, Tom, they've said we abused it, sometimes—it was only that we loved it

so well we didn't like to see any one make it look silly or mean. But, after all, no man *can* do that—no, nor no group of men, nor party. They'll take our banner across the Rio Grande, but that is not all—some day its stars must spread over the world! Don't you all *see* that they will?"

He closed his eyes with a sigh; the doctor bent over him quickly, and Miss Betty unconsciously cried out.

The bright eyes opened again.

"Not yet," said Crailey. "Miss Carewe, may I tell you that I am sorry I could not have known you sooner? Perhaps you might have liked me for Fanchon's sake—I know you care for her."

"I do—I do!" she faltered. "I love her and—ah!—I do like you, Mr. Gray, for I know you, though I never—met you until—last night. God bless you—God bless you!"

The day passed, and the shadows slanted strongly to the east, when the stillness was broken by a sound, low and small at first, then rising fearfully, a long, quavering wail of supreme anguish that clutched and shook the listener's heart. No one could have recognized the voice as Fanchon's, yet every one who heard it knew that it was hers, and that the soul of Crailey Gray had gone out upon the quest for the Holy Grail.

THE VIRGINIAN'S FINAL VICTORY.

OWEN WISTER.

[From "The Virginian." Copyright, 1902, by Macmillan Company.]

[The Virginian—called so because of his birthplace—a horesman of the plains, has after long waiting won the woman he loves, fair-haired Molly Stark Wood of Vermont. She has been in Wyoming teaching school for three years, but has never become accustomed to its wild ways. It is the day before their wedding-day and they have journeyed twelve miles to the town where the well-beloved Bishop awaits them. There, to his disgust, the Virginian finds that his only enemy, Trampas, has preceded him. The Virginian is the noblest type of cowboy, as Trampas is the vilest, and there have been several struggles between them, in which the Virginian has always come out victorious. Therefore Trampas hates him with a deadly hatred; and now, on this the happiest day of the Virginian's life, Trampas orders him to leave town before sundown and be branded a coward or fight a duel with him. The Virginian's friends, the Bishop among them, beg him for Molly's sake to leave town, but they all know in their hearts that the crisis must be met.]

THE Virginian unlocked the room in the hotel where he kept his many accoutrements for the bridal journey in the mountains. From among his possessions he took quickly a pistol, wiping and loading it, for fifteen of the forty minutes were gone.

"The Bishop is wrong," he said. "There is no sense in telling her." And he turned to the door just as she came to it herself.

"Oh!" she cried and rushed to him.

He swore as he held her close.

"Who had to tell you this?" he demanded.

"I don't know. Somebody just came and said it."

"This is mean luck" [he murmured, patting her].

"I wanted to run out and find you; but I didn't! I stayed quiet in my room till they said you had come back. How could you be so long? Never mind, I've got you now. It is over."

NOTE.—The words inclosed in brackets [ ] the reader may omit.

"I might have known some fool would tell you."

"It's all over. Never mind."

"I know it is a heap worse for you" [he pursued, speaking slowly]. "I knew it would be."

"But it is over!"

He kissed her. "Did you think it was over? There is some waiting still before us. I wish you did not have to wait alone. But it will not be long. I did my best. I let him say to me before them all what no man has ever said, or ever will again. I kept thinking hard of you. And I gave him a show to change his mind. But he stood to it. He went too far in the hearing of others to go back on his threat. He will have to go on to the finish now."

"The finish?"

"Yes" [he answered very gently].

Her dilated eyes were fixed upon him.

"But—" [she could scarce form utterance]—"but you?" "What, are you going—" [She put her two hands to her head.] "Oh, God! you are going—" He made a step, and would have put his arm around her, but she backed against the wall, staring at him.

"I am not going to let him shoot me" [he said quietly].

"But you can come away! It's not too late yet. Everybody knows that you are brave. What is he to you? I'll go with you anywhere. Oh, won't you listen to me?" [She stretched her hands to him.] "Won't you listen?"

He took her hands. "I must stay here."

"No, no, no. There's something else. There's something better than shedding blood in cold blood. Why, it's what they hang people for! It's murder!"

"Don't call it that name," he said sternly. "Listen to me. Are you listening?"

She nodded.

"I belong here. If folks came to think I was a coward——"

"Who would think you were a coward?"

"Everybody."

"When it was explained——"

"There'd be nothing to explain."

"There is a higher courage than fear of outside opinion."

"Cert'nly there is. That's what I'm showing in going against yours."

"But if you know that you are brave, and if I know that you are brave, oh, my dear, my dear, what difference does the world make? How much higher courage to go your own course——"

"I am goin' my own course. If any man happened to say I was a thief, and I heard about it, would I let him go on spreadin' such a thing of me? What men say about my nature is not just merely an outside thing. For the fact that I let 'em keep on sayin' it is a proof I don't value my nature enough to shield it from their slander and give them their punishment. Can't you see how it must be about a man?"

"I cannot,—when I think of to-morrow, of you and me, and of—if you do this, there can be no to-morrow for you and me."

"Do you mean—this would be the end?"

Her head faintly moved to signify yes.

"Will you look at me and say that ?" [he murmured at length]. She did not move. "Can you do it?"

She gazed at him across the great distance of her despair.

His hand closed hard.

"Good-by, then," he said.

At that word she was at his feet. "For my sake," she begged him. "For my sake."

A tremble passed through his frame. Looking up, she

saw that his eyes were closed with misery. Then he unclasped her hands, raised her to her feet and was gone. She was alone.

The Virginian, for precaution, did not walk out of the front door of the hotel. He went through back ways, and paused once. Against his breast he felt the wedding-ring where he had it suspended by a chain from his neck. He drew it out and looked at it, and his arm went back to hurl it from him as far as he could. But he stopped, kissed it with one sob, and thrust it in his pocket. Then he walked out into the open, watching. He soon gained a position where no one could come at him except from in front.

"It is quite a while after sunset," he heard himself say.

A wind seemed to blow his sleeve off his arm; he replied to it, and saw Trampas pitch forward. He looked at his pistol and saw the smoke flowing upward out of it.

"I expect that's all," he said aloud. "Both of mine hit. His must have gone mighty close to my arm. I told her it would not be me."

He had scarcely noticed that he was being surrounded and congratulated. His heart was like lead within him.

"If anybody wants me about this," he said to the men around him, "I will be at the hotel."

"Who'll want you?" said his friend. "Three of us saw his gun out. You were that cool! That quick!"

"I'll see you boys again," said the Virginian, heavily. He walked to the hotel and stood on the threshold of his sweetheart's room.

"You have to know it," said he. "I have killed Trampas."

"Oh, thank God!" she cried; "thank God!" and he found her in his arms.

The next day, with the Bishop's blessing, the Virginian departed with his bride into the mountains.

THE WIDOW'S REVENGE.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE widow Keswick and Mr. Brandon, an elderly lawyer, had once been friends,—lovers, indeed, in the days that were gone by,—but a few years after she had refused him and married Mr. Keswick. Trouble about some land, which she believed the lawyer had cheated her out of, arose between them and created an irreconcilable breach which had never healed, and ever since one had constantly been trying to get the better of the other.

Mrs. Keswick always spoke of Mr. Brandon in the most biting and contemptuous tones, and he regarded her with holy horror, for great had been the change both in Mrs. Keswick's appearance and tongue since he first knew and loved her. This being the case, the servants of Mr. Brandon's household were thrown into a state of amazement when one bright morning the widow drove up into the yard and announced that she had come to see Mr. Brandon. She presented rather a remarkable figure as she descended from the cart in which she had driven over. In one hand she firmly clasped a large purple umbrella. Her dress was a plain calico, blue spotted with yellow, and was very narrow and short in the skirt, barely touching the tops of her boots—the very shortest and most serviceable she could procure in the village. Her shoulders were covered with a small red shawl fastened with a large somewhat tarnished silver broach. On her head was a sunbonnet whose age dated back several years.

"Where is your Master?" she asked one of the servants.

"Mars Roberts is in de liberary. Who shall I tell Mars Roberts is come?"

"There is no need to tell him; just take me to him."

Mr. Brandon was seated by a table in an arm-chair in front of a good fire, enjoying his morning paper; but when he heard the door open and looked up to find the widow Keswick standing in the room, every idea of comfort and satisfaction seemed to vanish from his mind.

"What, Madam, so it is you, Mrs. Keswick?"

The old lady did not immediately reply, her head dropped a little on one side, a broad smile bewrinkled the lower part of her well-worn visage; and with her eyes half closed behind her heavy spectacles she held out both her hands, the purple umbrella in one of them, and exclaimed:

"Robert, I am yours."

Mr. Brandon, having recovered from his first surprise, had made a step forward to go round the table and greet his visitor, but at these words he stopped as if he had been shot.

"Don't you understand me, Robert? Don't you remember the day, many a good long year ago, it is true, when we walked together down there by the brook and you asked me to be yours? I refused you, Robert. Although you went down on your knees in the damp grass and besought me to give you my heart, I would not do it. That heart is yours now, Robert. *I* am yours."

"Madam, what are you talking about?"

"Of the days of our courtship and of your love, Robert. My love did not come then, but it is here now—here now."

"Madam, you must be raving crazy. Those things to which you allude happened nearly half a century ago, and since that you have been married and settled and——"

"Robert, you are mistaken. It is not quite forty-five years since that morning, and why should hearts like ours allow the passage of time or the mere circumstance of

what might be called an outside marriage come between them."

"Mrs. Keswick—Madam, you will drive me mad."

"Robert, do not try to crush emotions which always were a credit to you, although in those days I did not tell you so. Your hair was black then, now it is gray, Robert, and I remember I had on a white dress with a broad ribbon about the waist and neither of us wore specs. What you said to me was very fresh and sweet, Robert, and it all comes to me now as it never came before. You have never loved another, Robert, and you don't know how happy it makes me to know that, and to know that I can come to you and find you the same true constant lover that you were forty-five years ago. After all these years I have learned what a prize your true love is, and I return it—I am yours."

Mr. Brandon made a wild attempt to leave the room, but Mrs. Keswick was too quick for him. With two sudden springs she reached the door and put her back against it, saying "Don't leave me, Robert. I have not told you all. Don't you remember this breastpin? You gave it to me, Robert, and there were tears of joy in your eyes the first day I wore it. Where are those tears now, Robert? I have kept it all these years, though in the lifetime of Mr. K. it was never cleaned, and I wore it to-day, Robert, that your eyes might rest on it again, and that you might speak to me the words you spoke to me the day after I let you pin it on my white neckerchief. You waited then, Robert, a whole day before you spoke, but you needn't wait now. Let your heart speak out, dear Robert."

With a stamp of his foot and a kick at a chair which stood in his way, dear Robert precipitately left the room by another door and shortly after Mrs. Keswick saw him ride

out of the yard. As the widow drove home that night alone a suppressed chuckle burst from her.

"Well, I reckon the old scapegrace has got his money's worth this time. G'lang."

A week or so later, on New Year's day, Mr. Brandon was sitting in his library with Colonel Macon, an elderly gentleman of social habits and genial temperament. They were telling anecdotes of by-gone days, and were in excellent humor, when a servant came in with a note for Mr. Brandon. The old gentleman looked at the address and then let the missive fall with an angry ejaculation.

"It's from that old witch, the widow K. I've a great mind to throw it into the fire without reading it."

"Don't do that; it's a New Year's present she is sending you. Read it, sir; read it by all means. I'd like to know what sort of congratulations she offers you."

"Congratulations, indeed; you needn't expect anything of that sort." But he opened the note and read:

"'My dear Robert'—Confound it, sir, did you ever hear such impertinence?

"'It is not for me to suggest anything of the kind, but I write this note simply to ask you what you think of our being married soon. We are no longer young, Robert, and think how happy we might be beginning this year together. Remember, I do not propose this, I only lay it before your own kindly and affectionate heart. Your own

"'MARTHA ANN KESWICK.'

"Did you ever hear anything like that? Marry her? The old shrew, does she imagine that anything in this world would induce me to marry her?"

"Why, my dear sir, of course she don't. I know the widow Keswick as well as you do. She wouldn't marry you to save your soul, sir. All she wants is to worry and

torment your senses out of you in revenge for your once having gotten the best of her. Now, take my advice, sir, and don't let her do it."

"I'd like to know how I am going to hinder her."

"Hinder her! Nothing easier in the world. You just turn right square round and face her, sir; and youll', see she stops short, sir, and what is more, she'll run, sir."

"But I have faced her and I assure you *she* didn't run."

"That was because you didn't do it in the right way. Now, if I were in your place, sir, this is what I would do. I'd say to her, 'Madam, I think your proposition is an excellent one; I am ready to marry you to-day or at the very latest to-morrow morning.' Now, sir, a note like that would frighten the old woman so she would go away and wouldn't be back in six weeks."

Mr. B. considered a moment.

"Yes, by Jove, that is a royal idea. I will face her, and scare her out of her five senses."

Pen, ink, and paper were at hand, and the letter was soon written, though very carefully constructed. He stated that nothing would give him greater pleasure than an immediate wedding, and that he intended starting for the city the next day and would be rejoiced to meet her at eleven o'clock in the covered bridge connecting the Exchange and Ballard Hotels and there arrange all the details for an immediate wedding. The letter was signed "Your devoted Robert."

"By which I mean I am devoted—to her destruction."

The next day the two old fellows, chuckling at the way they had scared the widow, went at the appointed hour to the bridge. There seated in a conspicuous place was the widow, umbrella and all.

"Robert, I knew how true and faithful you would be. It has just struck eleven. How do you do, Colonel Macon?"

Colonel Macon was pale, yet he retained his presence of mind.

"I'm glad to meet you again, Mrs. Keswick. Let us go to one of the parlors; you will find it more comfortable."

The Colonel did not stay long in the parlor, however; there was that in the air of Mrs. Keswick which plainly told his company might be much more welcome elsewhere. In about half an hour there came down-stairs a man who somewhat resembled Mr. Brandon. Colonel Macon made five strides towards him.

"What—how——"

"It is all over."

"Over—have you settled it, then? Is she gone?"

"It's settled—we are to be married."

"Married! Good heavens man what do you mean?"

In low quavering tones Mr. Brandon told his friend that it was inevitable.

"It was a mistake, sir, to suppose she merely wished to torment me. She wished to marry me—and she is going to do it."

The Colonel bowed his face upon his hands and groaned.

"Do not reproach yourself, sir," said Mr. Brandon. "We thought we were acting for the best."

Little more was said, and soon afterward the two crushed old gentlemen retired to their rooms.

The widow Keswick, as usual, took all the arrangement for the wedding into her own hands. She decided that it should be in the church, and that all her old friends and those of Mr. Brandon should be invited to be present. Accordingly, when the day she had set arrived the church was well filled with old colonels, old majors, old judges, with their wives and daughters, all anxious to witness the marriage of the ancient lovers. When, in the course of the marriage service, the clergyman asked the bride-

groom if he would have this woman to be his wedded wife, to love and keep her for the rest of her life, the answer, "I will," came forth in a feeble tone not wholly divested of a tinge of despondency. With the lady it was quite otherwise. When the like question was put to her, she stepped back and in a loud clear voice exclaimed:

"Marry him! Not I, not for the world sir!" and with these words she turned and walked quickly down the isle to the door, where again her voice rang out:

"Now, Mr. Robert Brandon, our account is balanced."

MR. TRAVERS'S FIRST HUNT.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

YOUNG Travers, who had been engaged to a girl down on Long Island for the last three months, only met her father and brother a few weeks before the day set for the wedding. The brother is a master of hounds near Southampton, and shared the expense of importing a pack from England with Van Bibber. The father and son talked horse all day and until one in the morning; for they owned fast thoroughbreds, and entered them at the Sheepshead Bay and other race-tracks. Old Mr. Paddock, the father of the girl to whom Travers was engaged, had often said that when a young man asked him for his daughter's hand he would ask him in return, not if he had lived straight, but if he could ride straight. And on his answering this question in the affirmative depended his gaining her parent's consent. Travers had met Miss Paddock and her mother in Europe, while the men of the

family were at home. He was invited to their place in the fall when the hunting season opened, and spent the evening most pleasantly and satisfactorily with his fiancée in a corner of the drawing-room. But as soon as the women had gone, young Paddock joined him and said, "You ride, of course?" Travers had never ridden; but he had been prompted how to answer by Miss Paddock, and so said there was nothing he liked better. As he expressed it, he would rather ride than sleep.

"That's good," said Paddock. "I'll give you a mount on Satan to-morrow morning at the meet. He is a bit nasty at the start of the season; and ever since he killed Wallis, the second groom, last year, none of us care much to ride him. But you can manage him, no doubt. He'll just carry your weight."

Mr. Travers dreamed that night of taking large, desperate leaps into space on a wild horse that snorted forth flames, and that rose at solid stone walls as though they were hayricks.

He was tempted to say he was ill in the morning—which was, considering his state of mind, more or less true—but concluded that, as he would have to ride sooner or later during his visit, and that if he did break his neck it would be in a good cause, he determined to do his best. He did not want to ride at all, for two excellent reasons—first, because he wanted to live for Miss Paddock's sake, and, second, because he wanted to live for his own.

The next morning was a most forbidding and doleful-looking morning, and young Travers had great hopes that the meet would be declared off; but just as he lay in doubt the servant knocked at his door with his riding things and his hot water.

He came down-stairs looking very miserable indeed.

Satan had been taken to the place where they were to meet, and Travers viewed him on his arrival there with a sickening sense of fear as he saw him pulling three grooms off their feet.

Travers decided that he would stay with his feet on solid earth just as long as he could, and when the hounds were thrown off and the rest had started at a gallop he waited, under the pretense of adjusting his gaiters, until they were all well away. Then he clenched his teeth, crammed his hat down over his ears, and scrambled up on to the saddle. His feet fell quite by accident into the stirrups, and the next instant he was off after the others, with an indistinct feeling that he was on a locomotive that was jumping the ties.

Satan was in among and had passed the other horses in less than five minutes, and was so close on the hounds that the whippers-in gave a cry of warning. But Travers could as soon have pulled a boat back from going over the Niagara Falls as Satan, and it was only because the hounds were well ahead that saved them from having Satan ride them down. Travers had taken hold of the saddle with his left hand to keep himself down, and sawed and swayed on the reins with his right. He shut his eyes whenever Satan jumped, and never knew how he happened to stick on; but he did stick on, and was so far ahead that no one could see in the misty morning just how badly he rode. As it was, for daring and speed he led the field, and not even young Paddock was near him from the start. There was a broad stream in front of him, and a hill just on its other side. No one had ever tried to take this at a jump. It was considered more of a swim than anything else, and the hunters always crossed it by the bridge, toward the left. Travers saw the bridge and tried to jerk Satan's head in that direction; but Satan kept right on as straight

as an express train over the prairie. Fences and trees and furrows passed by and under Travers like a panorama run by electricity, and he only breathed by accident. They went on at the stream and the hill beyond as though they were riding at a stretch of turf, and, though the whole field set up a shout of warning and dismay, Travers could only gasp and shut his eyes. He remembered the fate of the second groom and shivered. Then the horse rose like a rocket, lifting Travers so high in the air that he thought Satan would never come down again; but he did come down, with his feet bunched, on the opposite side of the stream. The next instant he was up and over the hill and had stopped panting in the very center of the pack that were snarling and snapping around the fox. And then Travers showed that he was a thoroughbred, even though he could not ride, for he hastily fumbled for his cigar-case, and when the field came pounding up over the bridge and around the hill, they saw him seated nonchalantly on his saddle, puffing critically at a cigar and giving Satan patronizing pats on the head.

"My dear girl," said old Paddock to his daughter as they rode back, "if you love that young man of yours and want to keep him, make him promise to give up riding. A more reckless and more brilliant horseman I have never seen. He took that double jump at the gate and that stream like a centaur. But he will break his neck sooner or later, and he ought to be stopped." Young Paddock was so delighted with his prospective brother-in-law's great riding that that night in the smoking-room he made him a present of Satan before all the men.

"No," said Travers, gloomily, "I can't take him. Your sister has asked me to give up what is dearer to me than anything next to herself, and that is my riding. You see, she is absurdly anxious for my safety, and she has asked

me to promise never to ride again, and I have given my word."

A chorus of sympathetic remonstrances rose from the men.

"Yes, I know," said Travers to her brother, "it is rough, but it just shows what sacrifices a man will make for the woman he loves."

AT THE SIGN OF THE CLEFT HEART.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

[From *Smart Set*, by permission of the publishers.]

Time: afternoon. The season: May.
The scene: Love's Shop, Arcadian Way.
Love at the counter; Maiden at the door.

NOTE.—Passages enclosed in [ ] may be omitted in reciting.

MAIDEN

IS this the place?—I've not—been here—before——

LOVE [*aside*]

Ah, a new customer—I know the blush—
[Poor child! She's all a-quiver as a thrush
Thrills before singing. [*Bowing*] Sweetheart, from your face]
I can assure you that this *is* the place,
The Sign of the Cleft Heart. Hearts, old and new,
Always in stock; repairing done here, too.
Exchanges made and offered——

MAIDEN

Nay, sir, I
Have only come——

LOVE [*aside*]

That blush again.

MAIDEN

—to buy.

LOVE

[Good! Look about you. Here are hearts a score]—
Choose any one——

MAIDEN

Think you I wanted more?
One's almost too expensive. Mother prayed——

[LOVE [*aside*]

Venus! these mothers—how they help the trade?]

MAIDEN

—Prayed me—to—be content a year or two
With none—or let her choose for me.

LOVE

Yet you——

MAIDEN

I came alone, because I thought that she—
That I—in fact, our tastes might not agree.

LOVE

Quite so. [In fact, when ancient ladies call
I often find their tastes the worst of all
And yet they're suited easily, but you—
You youngsters puzzle me.] [*Picking up a heart.*] Will this one do?

MAIDEN [*reflecting*]

Um! yes; it's large, but then it seems so green.

LOVE

Yes, it is fresh, but then it's just nineteen
And full of poetry. [Why, it could speak
An hour about the dimples in your cheek.
And then how pure it is!—no spot, no stain]——

MAIDEN

Uninteresting! Put it back again.

LOVE [*aside*]

[So *that* to girlhood is what boy love means?
I'll put this by for someone beyond—teens.]
Well, look at this one.

MAIDEN

Oh, but that's so small.

[LOVE

And yet so heavy. Quick, don't let it fall!

MAIDEN]

So small, yet heavy that I scarce can hold——

LOVE

It's brimmed quite to the very top with gold.
[No romance left; no touch of hope or fire,
But hard, bright gold.]

MAIDEN

[It's not what I desire,]
The horrid, heavy thing, yet——

LOVE

Be confessed.

MAIDEN

I think mamma would have me like it best.

LOVE

It's not for sale; left for an exchange.

MAIDEN

For what?

LOVE

A tender, maiden heart.

MAIDEN

How strange——

LOVE

Not strange at all—[exchange of pounds and pence
For youth and purity and innocence.
The thing's done every day.]

MAIDEN

But you—but *you*—?

LOVE

Not strictly in my line, you mean. Quite true—
A side branch of the trade, not really mine;
It only bears my signature and sign,
And they wear off. But see, will this one do?

MAIDEN

Why, Love, how *can* you? Look, it's broken through!

LOVE

Of course, of course; yet, if you really cared
To have the thing, it's easily repaired,
[And no one's wiser. Treat it thus and so,
And in a month the crack will scarcely show.

MAIDEN

But still I'd know it.

LOVE

True, but think what wit
And cleverness you'd show in mending it.]

MAIDEN

Well, I'll consider that; but this one, see!
So nicked and cracked——

LOVE

Oh, handle carefully!
It's fragile, but in good condition.

MAIDEN

True,
Yet I prefer the one that's broken through
To this one, with its horrid, hundred cracks.

LOVE [*aside*]

There spake the woman! This one, then; this lacks
Nothing to make it what you most desire.
A perfect article, complete, entire.

MAIDEN

But it looks shopworn.

LOVE

Well, the fact appears
It's been for sale for something like ten years.

MAIDEN

Ugh! No, a thing like that would never do.
I want a heart—that—others covet, too.
[Now let me see—is not this one——

LOVE

That's black
In certain lights, and damaged. Put it back;
It's not the thing you're looking for at all.]
Now this one——

MAIDEN

That's too cold.

LOVE

And this?

MAIDEN

Too small.

LOVE

Well, really, I have nothing else to show.
You might stop in to-morrow, say——

MAIDEN

Oh, oh!
Look there!

LOVE

Look where?

MAIDEN

Why, there, upon the shelf,—
The very thing—I'll take it down myself—
Indeed, the nicest one you have in store.

LOVE

That's not for sale.

MAIDEN

Oh, get it, I implore!
I'll give you anything you ask—and more.

LOVE

It's not for sale. I'm storing it, that's all,
Until that day a certain maid shall call
And claim it.

MAIDEN

Was't not I?

LOVE

No, no, my dear,
The owner's last instructions were too clear.

MAIDEN

Alas, what were they?

LOVE

"Take this heart," he said,
"And put it by with hearts uncomforted.
Show it to none, until a maid one day
Comes searching for a heart she threw away.
Then take this down, and if it be the same,
Across and through it will be writ her name."

MAIDEN

Alas, what more?

LOVE

He said, "Her eyes are blue——"

MAIDEN

And mine are brown—but would not brown eyes do?

LOVE

He said, "Her hair is golden as the track
Of sunshine on the sea."

MAIDEN

And mine is black.
But she has never come?

LOVE

Not yet.

MAIDEN

Then oh,
Give me the heart? I want it, want it so.
Dear Love, give me the heart.

LOVE

I should not dare.

MAIDEN

She has forgotten it—she would not care.
Give it to me——

LOVE

It is not meant for you.
Here are so many others—won't they do?
Take two or three——

MAIDEN

I only want that one.

LOVE

Really, I'm sorry, but it can't be done.

MAIDEN [*in tears*]

Please, Love, oh, please, oh, cruel——

LOVE

No—no—no!

MAIDEN

You horrid, horrid, cruel thing! I'll go
Straight home and tell my mother. What is more,
I'll *have* that one!

LOVE [*solus*]

Whew! How she slammed the door
And how she begged! Poor child, she'll know some day
The tricks Love plays to make the business pay.
Why, bless me, look at this—a happy find!
Poor little soul, she's left her heart behind
Instead of taking one away. Dear, dear,
Give me the steps and let me store it here
Close by the other—so, beneath the rose—
And when she comes to-morrow—well, who knows?

MORIAH'S MO'NIN'.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.

MORIAH was a widow of a month, and when she announced her intention of marrying again, the plantation held its breath. Then it roared with laughter.

Not because of the short period of her mourning was the news so incredible, but Moriah had put herself upon record as the most inconsolable of widows. After her husband Numa's funeral Moriah had rashly cast her every garment into the dye-pot, sparing not even so much as her underwear.

Moriah was herself as black as a total eclipse, and when it became known that her black garb was not merely a thing of the surface, the plantation folks were profoundly impressed.

"Moriah sho' does mo'n for Numa. She mo'ns f'om de skin out." Such was popular comment.

And this woman it was who, after eight years of respectable wifehood and but four weeks of mourning her lost mate, calmly announced that she was to be married again.

"O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me."

FEAR.

The man of her choice was a neighbor whom she had always known, a widower whose bereavement was of three months' longer standing than her own.

The courtship must have been brief and to the point, for he and his fiancée had met but three times in the interval when the banns were published.

He had been engaged to whitewash the kitchen in which she pursued her vocation as cook.

The whitewashing was done in a single morning, but a second coating was found necessary, and it was said by one of her fellow-servants that while Pete was putting the finishing-touches to the bit of chimney back of her stove, Moriah, who stooped at the oven door beside him, basting a roast turkey, lifted up her stately head and said, archly, breaking her mourning record for the first time by a gleaming display of ivory and coral as she spoke:

"Who'd 'a' thought you'd come into my kitchen ter do yo' secon' co'tin', Pete?"

At which the whitewash brush fell from the delighted artisan's hands, and in a shorter time than is consumed in the telling, a surprised and smiling man was sitting at her polished kitchen table chatting cosily with his mourning hostess.

It was discovered that the kitchen walls needed a third coating. This took an entire day, "because," so said Pete, "de third coat hit takes mo' time ter soak in."

And then came the announcement. Moriah herself, apparently in nowise embarrassed, bore the news to us.

"Mis' Gladys," she said, simply, "I come ter give you notice dat I gwine take fo' days off, startin' nex' Sunday."

"I hope you are not in any new trouble, Moriah?" I said, sympathetically.

"Well, I don' know ef I is or not. Me an' Pete Pointdexter, we done talked it over, an' we come ter de con-

clusion ter marry. Dey ain't no onrespec' ter de dead, Mis' Gladys, in marryin'. De onrespec' is in de carryin's on folks does when dey marry. Pete an' me, we 'low ter have eve'ything quiet and solemncholy. De organ-player he gwine march us in chu'ch by de same march he played fur Numa's fun'al, an' look like dat in itse'f is enough ter show de world dat I ain't forgot Numa. An', tell de trufe, Mis' Gladys, ef Numa was ter rise up f'om his grave, I'd sen' Pete a-flyin' so fast you could sen' eggs ter market on his coat-tail.

"You see, de trouble is I done had my eye on Pete's chillen ever sence dey mammy died, an' ef dey ever was a set o' onery, low-down, sassy, no-'count little niggers dat need takin' in hand by a able-bodied step-mammy, dey awaitin' fur me right yonder in Pete's cabin. My hand has des nachelly itched ter take aholt o' dat crowd many a day—an' ever sence I buried Numa of co'se I see de way was open. An' des as soon as I felt like I could bring myse'f ter it, I—well—dey warn't no use losin' time, an' so I tol' you, missy, dat de kitchen need' white-washin'."

"And so you sent for him—and proposed to him, did you?"

"P'opose ter who, Mis' Gladys? I'd see Pete in de sinkin' swamp 'fo' I'd p'p p'opose ter him!"

"Then how did you manage it, pray?"

"G'way, Mis' Gladys! Any wide-awake widder 'oman dat kin get a widder man whar he can't he'p but see her move round at her work fur two days hand-runnin', an' can't mesmerize him so' she'll ax her ter marry him—Um—hm!"

"And so, Moriah, you are going to marry a man that you confess you don't care for, just for the sake of getting control of his children? I wouldn't have believed it of you."

"Well—partly, missy. Partly on dat account, an' partly on his'n. Pete's wife Ca'line, she was a good 'oman, but she was mighty puny an' peevish; an' besides dat, she was one o' deze heah niggers, an' Pete is allus had a purty hard pull, an' I lay out ter give him a better chance. Co'se I don't say I loves Pete, but I looks ter come roun' ter 'im in time. Ef I didn't, I wouldn't have him."

"And how about his loving you?"

"Oh, Mis' Gladys, you is so searchin'! Co'se he say he loves me already better'n he love Ca'line, but of co'se a widder man he feels obleeged ter talk dat-a-way. An' ef he didn't have de manners ter say it, I wouldn't have him, ter save his life; but ef he meant it, I'd despise him. But of co'se, Mis' Gladys, I ca'culates ter outstrip Ca'line in co'se o' time. Ef I couldn't do dat—an' she in 'er grave—an' me a cook—I wouldn't count myself much."

"Can I help you with your wedding-dress, Moriah?"

"Bless yo' heart, Mis' Gladys, I ain't gwine out o' mo'nin'! I gwine marry Pete in des what I got on my back. I'll marry him, an' I'll take dem little no-'counts o' his'n, an' I'll make folks out'n 'em 'fo' I gits th'ough wid 'em, ef Gord spares me; but he nee'n't ter lay out ter come in 'twix' me an' my full year o' mo'nin' fur Numa. When I walks inter dat chu'ch, 'cep'n' fur de owange wreaf, which of co'se in a Christian ma'iage I'm boun' ter wear, folks 'll be a heap mo' 'minded o' Numa 'n dey will o' de bridegroom. An' dem chillen o' his'n, which ain't niver is had no proper mo'nin' fur dey mammy—I gwine put 'em in special secon' mo'nin', 'cordin' ter de time dey ought ter been wearin' it; an' when we walks up de island o' de chu'ch, dey got ter foller, two by two, keepin' time ter de fun'al march.

I wished her joy, and bade her to be careful to make no mistake.

"Missy, I don't believe I gwine make no mistake. I been surveyin' de lan'scape o'er tryin' ter think about eve'ything I can do ter start right. I'm a-startin' wid dem chillen, puttin' 'em in mo'nin' fur Ca'line. Den, fur Pete, I gwine ring de changes on Ca'line's goodness tell he ax me, for Gord sake, ter stop, so, in years ter come, he won't have nothin' ter th'ow up ter me. An' you know de reason I done tooken fo' days off, missy? I gwine on a weddin'-trip down ter Pine Bluff, an' I wants time ter pick out a few little weddin'-presents to fetch home ter Pete."

"Pete! Pete is going with you, of course?"

"Pete gwine wid me? Who sesso? No, ma'am! Why, missy, how would it look fur me ter go a-skylarkin' roun' de country wid Pete—an' me in mo'nin'?

"No, indeedy! I gwine leave Pete home ter take keer dem chillen, an' I done set him a good job o' whitewashin' ter do while I'm gone, too. De principles' weddin'-present I gwine fetch Pete is a fiddle. Po' Pete been wantin' a good fiddle all his life, an' he ain't niver is had one. But, of co'se, I don't 'low ter let him play on it tell de full year o' mo'nin' is out. No, ma'am!"

THE MARSEILLAISE OF THE GREEKS.

CONSTANTINE RHIGAS.

1753–1798.

CHILDREN of heroic Greece,
Liberty flames in our eyes.
If you would pay heed to its magic voice
You must prove worthy of your sires.
An implacable tyranny
Dared to crush us beneath its law.
But, O country of ours, we are ready
To avenge thee. Arise! Arise!

Sons of Greece, to arms;
May our tyrants, overwhelmed,
Mingle their blood with our tears,
As it flows beneath our feet.

Give new life to your illustrious ashes,
O generous spirits of our heroes!
Leave your funereal homes,
Shake off the dust of the tombs!
Seek ye the City of Seven Hills,
The city of old-time splendor!
Arise boldly over the ruins,
And, when I summon, go forth and conquer!

Why slumber, Sparta, so illustrious,
When the day dawns so brightly?
Oh, raise high your queenly head
And call Athens to your side!
Come, come, my brave fatherland,
Gather the prizes of battles;
Break the chains which have b'ighted you!
Remember Leonidas!

Yonder, yonder at Thermopylæ
His war-cry has sounded!
In vain nimble troops of Persians
Dash themselves against him!
With the utmost daring he defies them.
Backed by the Three Hundred, he charges them,
And, like a maddened lion,
He scatters death through their ranks!

Sons of Greece, to arms!
May our tyrants, overwhelmed,
Mingle their blood with our tears,
As it flows beneath our feet.

BERYL'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

THE Gardines and the Glyndons assembled in full force, and, arrayed in wedding garments, stood on the platform of the railway station at Pineville, concentrating their attention upon two young people at a window of a parlor-car.

"Be sure and not take cold, Beryl."

"Write often, won't you?"

"And, John, if you should happen to see Cousin Thomas, give him my love."

"And mine to Cousin Anne, Beryl."

"And a kiss to dear little Charlie."

"And remember to give my kindest regards to old Dr. Mason."

"Oh, Beryl, the aconite and nux are in a corner of your dressing-case."

"Take care of yourself, old fellow."

"And take good care of Beryl."

"And write often."

"Don't take cold."

And, above the whirling fragments, the voice of Aunt Susan Glyndon rang out, clear and commanding as a war-trumpet, "Children, come home for Thanksgiving!"

Mr. and Mrs. John Gardine, but two hours previously pronounced man and wife, he twenty-one, dark, a genuine Gardine; she seventeen, fair, a true Glyndon, now fairly off, gave one long look into each other's eyes, and broke into a hearty laugh.

"If Aunt Susan only knew!" began Beryl, as soon as she could speak.

"If any of them knew!" returned Jack.

"Thanksgiving, indeed! The most dreadful day!"

"Thanksgiving *is* the family," Jack chimed in.

"And such a family!"

"And when we consider," reflected her husband, "that it's not the etiquette of the Spanish court, but purely affectionate interest which has——"

"Watched over us, and followed us, and accompanied our goings-out and comings-in, and listened to every word we've spoken, and repeated it to twenty-six Glyndons——"

"And twenty-seven Gardines."

"And suffocated us with sympathy so closely that we've never been really alone together until now."

"I can't yet realize that we've escaped, and that some of them won't appear in a moment—Cousin Carry with her eternal cup-cake."

"Or mamma with a shawl."

"Or Harry wanting help with his algebra."

"Or Aunt Susan simply and literally hanging round."

"Yes, Beryl, she was the worst."

"To think that even when you first told me that you loved me, and we did suppose we were quite alone."

"And it was just dusk, and you looked like an angel in your white dress."

"And there we stood on the back piazza—and my heart was beating so fast!"

"And I began to fear you liked Bob."

"Oh, Jack! *Bob?*"

"And it was so still——"

"When suddenly Aunt Susan coughed quite distinctly at the second-story window, and called out: 'Well, Beryl, don't dilly-dally. Speak up and say you'll have him, and then hurry in to tea, or the muffins will fall.' Oh, Jack!"

Everybody knew that this conspicuously blissful young couple had tickets for Boston. Yet as the train went on, after a brief stop at a certain obscure little station, in the very middle of the car stood two empty chairs. The train steamed on and bore to Boston two ownerless trunks, each marked with a large G., but Mr. and Mrs. John Gardine, in a country chaise, fled through November twilight mists, their faces turned seaward.

No seclusion could be more complete than that of the shooting-box in which Jack and Beryl sought refuge from the clamorous attentions of their friends. The small rough house stood on a bleak point, which, for all romantic purposes, sufficiently resembled the traditional desert island, being surrounded on three sides by wild waves, while its approach from land was at most seasons submerged enough to necessitate wading. Jack's deceased uncle had left him the key to this shooting-box, with some more valuable possessions, in his will.

Pipes and card-tables, prehistoric cigar-stumps, and eloquent bits of broken wine-glasses met Beryl's glance of innocent surprise as she entered the first low, roughly plastered room.

A stag's head raised its proud antlers over the door, and on a shelf perched a graduated row of owls, twelve in number.

John had sent out fuel, as well as a huge supply of Albert biscuit, canned meats, fruits and vegetables, pickles and sardines. What more could two fond hearts, seeking a prolonged tête-à-tête, desire?

For weeks Beryl had longed for this moment, but no lofty sentiment occurred to either of them, as John, breathless and a little grimy, after having made the fires in the disused stoves, turned and embraced his bride.

"*Alone*—at last!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," responded Beryl, "and how pleasant it is! Jack, how did your uncle look? Was he tall and terribly pale?"

"What a joke! He was rather short and stout, and awfully jolly."

"How he must have suffered!" she murmured, pensively. "Jack, how long did he ever stay in this place alone at any one time?"

"Oh, I don't know. Six weeks, perhaps. But he liked it."

"Oh, Jack! is that gun loaded?"

"If it is, it won't go off. It's too damp."

"Oh, don't go near it; it might burst. Oh, please don't trifle with it. Can't you take it up gently and throw it out of the window?"

"Why, Beryl, I didn't know you were afraid of a gun."

"Every sensible person is afraid of a gun," she rejoined, with a touch of asperity born of fear.

Jack looked wonderingly at her, and was silent.

"Jack, if burglars should attack us!"

"Burglars! Why, there isn't a burglar in the world mean enough to show himself in a hole like this."

The sea sounded angry and threatening. The feeble lamp-flame was burning on one side of the wick, and struggling painfully for existence. Suddenly Beryl leaned forward. The next instant she was poised on a chair, tightly clutching her skirts and holding them high.

"Oh, Jack! oh, Jack! oh, Jack!" she screamed.

"For Heaven's sake, Beryl——"

"Oh, can't you see? Oh, Jack, it's a *mouse!* There!"

He gave one glance at the corner indicated by her desperate gesture, another at her convulsive attitude, then broke into laughter.

Beryl cast one exhaustive glance at the corner, sprang

down, and bursting into tears, threw herself upon the sofa. .

They began their picnic life the next morning with much sprightliness. Getting breakfast presented certain difficulties, which they enjoyed. It rained hard, apparently "setting in for a long November storm."

After breakfast they seated themselves on the ascetic sofa, the long rainy day stretching on before them. Silence reigned in the cottage.

"You didn't happen to put a pack of cards in your traveling-bag?" asked Jack presently.

"No, dear; certainly not."

"Or a book?"

"No, Jack. Why, you don't want to read, do you?"

"Not at all—not at all, my dear. I simply inquired."

Beryl smiled brightly at him. He smiled brightly at her. Presently she walked across the room and searched her traveling-bag.

"What are you looking for?"

"Oh, nothing of any importance. I merely thought one of the girls might have dropped my lace-work in here."

"You surely don't want to sew to-day?"

"Certainly not, dearest Jack. I was only looking."

Again they valiantly exchanged their smile of perfect satisfaction.

The hours crept laboriously on, and this was but the beginning.

Meanwhile all the Gardines and Glyndons were in a state of most painful agitation; for the two ownerless trunks had arrived in Boston, and been blankly gazed upon by Cousin Thomas and old Dr. Mason, each of whom, prevented from accepting the proffered Gardine and Glyndon hospitality, had hastened to the station, not to

intrude upon the felicity of the young people—bless my soul! but merely to wish them good-speed.

Cousin Thomas and old Dr. Mason looked for the conductor, but he had escaped. They gravely decided to drive to the hotel, where they found that rooms for the young couple had been duly ordered. The dove-cot was ready, but where were the doves?

The old gentleman decided that it would be best to telegraph down to Pineville.

Before ten the next morning all the Gardines and Glyndons were fluttering to and fro, and the air was thick with ominous fancies.

At noon a small Glyndon of a practical turn of mind suddenly inquired: "Papa, will they recover the bodies?" At this ghastly picture Beryl's sisters burst into tears, and rushed frantically from the room.

No thinking person outside of the afflicted families hesitated to call the disaster by its name. It was suicide—nothing less. And the Pineville *Evening Bassoon* devoted a column to it, with monumental headings and a forest of exclamation-points. They sold five extra editions of that paper, and the reporter's salary was doubled the next day.

It was raining steadily.

The sixth day after Jack Gardine's wedding, as the train from Pineville to Boston stopped at a small way-station, two figures emerged from the gloom, and a man's voice applied in a subdued tone for a compartment, into which the figures quickly and quietly passed.

No conscience-stricken runaway couple could have shunned the public gaze more completely than this pair; but from the moment they boarded the car their spirits rose. They whispered, laughed, sympathized, and each found the other the cleverest and most entertaining of mortals.

Blithe, eager, confidential, they steamed on to Boston. Then Jack, having shuffled Beryl as fast as possible into a carriage, went to give up his checks, and as the man who secured the trunks knew no more of the great Pineville tragedy than did Jack himself, the pilgrims safely rounded this dangerous point. Jack decided that it would be wiser to choose instead a hotel never patronized by the Gardines and Glyndons.

"Now we are safe!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands gleefully, as the door closed behind the man who had shown them to their pleasant rooms.

"Now we are at rest and happy," cried Beryl, ringing for a pitcher of ice-water. "Jack, suppose we go down and have a nice hot supper in the dining-room, where it is very light and there are a great many people?"

"And no canned things to ruin one's appetite!"

"But we must change our toilets, for we both look as if we'd been through the wars. Those blessed trunks! They'll be up directly, won't they?"

Neither of them had observed the bell-boy's face.

He now entered the room, a tray in one hand, a newspaper in the other.

"Look-a-here. Ain't you them?" he demanded, planting his index-finger on a certain spot of the paper.

"Is the boy an idiot?" said Jack, seizing the paper. It was the Pineville *Evening Bassoon.*

"Beryl," he exclaimed, "read this!"

"Oh, Jack, dear Jack, it is terrible! Let us hurry home and beg them to forgive us."

But Jack Gardine was in no melting mood. On the contrary, for the first time in his life he was in a towering passion.

"Confound the *Bassoon's* impudence! Am I not of age? Hasn't a man the right to go where he pleases

on his wedding journey, and stay as long as he wishes? Boy, is there a reward offered for information about us?"

"There is."

"If you'll hold your tongue and help us get off instantly to the Boston and Albany station, I'll double the reward, whatever it is. I'll start you in business. I'll be your friend."

"Oh, I'll help yer for nothin'," said the enthusiastic boy. "I never was in anything of this sort before. I never knew any suiciders."

"It seems to me," said Beryl, "that we ought to telegraph something to comfort them—something loving."

"Nothing of the sort," returned Jack. He was in Chicago, and felt masterful. See; and he wrote: "*Want five hundred dollars.*—Jack."

"Why, you don't, do you?"

"Of course not, but father's acquainted with the style."

While awaiting Judge Gardine's reply, the runaways arrayed themselves in charming costumes, and prepared to look the world in the eye. Jack chuckled when his father's answer came:

"*Have advised Bacon Brothers. Draw freely. Are you ill? What has happened?*"

The following message was immediately sent to the agitated parent:

"*Certainly not. What should happen? B. and I never so well and happy.*"

To which the good old judge replied, simply, "*God bless you, my children.*"

A brisk correspondence now took place between the young couple and the family. Judge Gardine ventured to inquire, in the most guarded and delicate manner,

if they had lost their trunks. Jack responded that if the family had the privilege of observing the effect produced by Beryl's bewitching toilets, they would entertain no doubts whether she were in possession of her wardrobe. At the same time he would like on his own account to protest against any further imputations of imbecility, and was at a loss to know why he should be followed on his wedding journey by hysterical telegrams and most unflattering doubts of his ability to take care of himself and his wife.

"I don't blame the boy," commented Judge Gardine—"I don't blame him."

"I presume nothing could be more annoying than our attitude," returned Dr. Glyndon, "as they have no suspicion of its cause. This last letter of his demands a full explanation."

Accordingly the judge broke the unpleasant news to his dear boy tenderly, almost as if he alone were at fault.

When Jack's answer finally came, tears of proud affection moistened the old gentleman's eyes. Anything more high-toned than Jack's attitude could scarcely be imagined. He wrote briefly, but in a restrained manner begged one service of his father as the only reparation that could be made—silence, absolute and enduring silence, in regard to the wedding journey; for any innocent questions about their harmless little trip to Chicago would awaken in him and Beryl painful memories and suggestions of the odious crime imputed to them.

All the Gardines and Glyndons now begged and implored Jack and Beryl to return for Thanksgiving; and they deigned to be appeased, and to arrive the eve of the great day.

Had they been in reality raised from the dead, they could not have been welcomed with warmer demonstration.

At the Thanksgiving dinner Jack made a speech the like

of which for warmth and eloquence was never heard in Pineville. If now and then his eyes twinkled with mischief when he glanced at Beryl, real feeling trembled in his voice as he lauded the time-honored customs and traditions of the day.

The Gardines and Glyndons were proud of him, and remembering all that had happened since the wedding, with tears and tender laughter they responded to Jack's fervent "God bless Thanksgiving Day! God bless the family."

BOY'S BEAR STORY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

W'y wunst they wuz a Little Boy went out
In the woods to shoot a Bear. So, he went out
'Way in the grea'-big woods—he did—An' he
Wuz goin' along—an' goin' along, you know,
An' purty soon he heerd somepin' go "Wooh!"—
Ist that away—"Woo-ooh!" An' he wuz skeered,
He wuz. An' so he runned an' climbed a tree—
A grea'-big tree, he did,—a sicka-more tree.
An' nen he heerd it ag'in: an' he looked round,
An' 'twuz a Bear!—a grea'-big shore-muff Bear—
No; 'twuz two Bears, it wuz—two grea'-big Bears—
One of 'em wuz—ist one's a grea'-big Bear.—
An' they ist boff went "Wooh!"—An' here they come
To climb the tree an' git the Little Boy
An' eat him up!

An' nen the Little Boy
He 'uz skeered worse'n ever! An' here come

The grea'-big Bear a'climbin' th' tree to git
The Little Boy an' eat him up—Oh, no!—
It 'uzn't the Big Bear 'at clumb the tree—
It 'uz the Little Bear. Nen when
He git wite clos't to the Little Boy, w'y nen
The Little Boy he ist pulled up his gun
An' shot the Bear, he did, an' killed him dead!
An' nen the Bear he falled clean on down out
The tree—away clean to the ground, he did—
An' lit wite side o' where the Big Bear's at.

An' nen the Big Bear's awful mad, you bet!—
'Cause—'cause—'cause the Big Bear
He—he 'uz the Little Bear's Papa.—An' so here
He come to climb the big old tree an' git
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' when
The Little Boy he saw the grea'-big Bear
A-comin', he 'uz badder skeered, he wuz,
Than any time! An' so he think he'll climb
Up higher—'way up higher in the tree
Than the old Bear kin climb, you know.—But he—
He can't climb higher 'an the old Bear kin climb,—
'Cause Bears kin climb up higher in the trees
Than any Little Boys in all the Wo-r-r-ld!

The Little Boy he clumbed on higher, an' higher,
An' higher up the tree—an' higher—an' higher—
An' higher'n iss-here house is!—An' here come
Th' old Bear—clos'ter to him all the time!—
An' nen—first thing you know,—when th' old Bear
Wuz wite clos't to him—nen the Little Boy
Ist jabbed his gun wite in the old Bear's mouf
An' shot an' killed him dead!—No; I forgot,—
He didn't shoot the grea'-big Bear at all—

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie."

SAINT CECILIA.

Evermore to her rapt ear
Celestial music came, and strains unknown
To mortal sense amid the throng of life
Hushed all the lower tones and noise of earth
With heavenly harmonies.

'Cause they 'uz no load in the gun, you know—
'Cause when he shot the Little Bear, w'y, nen,
No load 'uz any more nen in the gun!

But th' Little Boy clumbed higher up, he did—
He clumbed lots higher—tel he ist can't climb no higher,
'Cause nen the limbs 'uz all so 'ittle, 'way
Up in the teeny-weeny tip-top of .
The tree, they'd break down wiv him ef he don't
Be keerful! So he stop an' think. An' nen
He look around. An' here come th' old Bear!
An' so the Little Boy make up his mind
He's got to ist git out o' there some way!—
'Cause here come the old Bear!—so clos't, his bref's
Purt 'nigh so's he kin feel how hot it is
Aginst his bare feet—ist like old "Ring's" bref
When he's ben out a-huntin' an's all tired;
So when th' old Bear's so clos't—the Little Boy
Ist give a grea'-big jump fer 'nother tree—
No!—no, he don't do that!—I tell you what
The Little Boy does:—W'y, nen—w'y, he—Oh, yes—
The Little Boy he finds a hole up there
'At's in the tree—an' climbs in there an' hides—
An' nen th' old Bear can't find the Little Boy
At all! But, purty soon th' old Bear finds
The Little Boy's gun 'at's up there—'cause the gun
It's too tall to be tooked wiv him in the hole.
So, when the old Bear find' the gun, he knows
The Little Boy's ist hid 'round somers there,—
An' th' old Bear 'gins to snuff an' sniff around,
Out where the Little Boy's hid at.—An' nen—nen—
Oh, yes!—W'y, purty soon the old Bear climbs
'Way out on a big limb—a grea'-long limb,—
An' nen the Little Boy climbs out the hole

An' takes his ax an' chops the limb off! . . . Nen
The old Bear falls k-splunge! clean to the ground
An' bust an' kill hisse'f plum dead, he did!

An' nen the Little Boy he git his gun an' 'menced a-climbin'
Down the tree again—
No!—no, he didn't git his gun—'cause when
The Bear falled, nen the gun falled, too—An' broked
It all to pieces, too!—An' nicest gun!—
His Pa ist buyed it!—An' the Little Boy
Ist cried, he did; an' went on climbin' down
The tree—when he 'uz purt'-nigh down,—w'y, nen,
The old Bear he jumped up again!—an' he
Ain't dead at all—ist 'tendin' thataway,
So he kin git the Little Boy an' eat
Him up! But the Little Boy he 'uz too smart
To climb clean down the tree.—An' the old Bear
He can't climb up the tree no more—'cause when
He fell, he broke one of his—He broke all
His legs!—an' nen he couldn't climb!—But he
Ist won't go 'way an' let the Little Boy
Come down out of the tree. An' the old Bear
Ist growls 'round there, he does—ist growls an' goes
"Wooh!—woo-ooh!" all the time! An' Little Boy
He haf to stay up in the tree—all night—
An' 'thout no supper neither!—Only they
Wuz apples on the tree!—An' the Little Boy
Et apples—ist all night—an' cried—an' cried!
Nen when 'tuz morning th' old Bear, oh! he's mad!—
He ist tear up the ground! an' go "Woo-ooh!"
An'—Oh, yes!—purty soon, when morning's come
All light—so's you kin see, you know,—w'y, nen
The old Bear finds the Little Boy's gun, you know,
'At's on the ground.—(An' it ain't broke at all—

I ist said that!) An' so the old Bear think
He'll take the gun an' shoot the Little Boy—
But Bears they don't know much 'bout shootin' guns;
So when he go to shoot the Little Boy,
It shot the Bear, it did—an' killed him dead!
An' nen the Little Boy clumb down the tree
An' chopped his old woolly head off:—Yes, an' killed
Boff the bears, he did—an' tuk 'em home
An' cooked 'em, too, an' et 'em.

—An' that's all.

HIS NEW BROTHER.

JOE LINCOLN.

SAY, I've got a little brother.
Never teased to have him nuther,
But he's here;
They just went ahead and bought him,
And, last week, the doctor brought him.
Wa'n't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause, you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him
And then mamma, course, would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,
"Why!" I says, "My sakes, is *that* him?

Just that mite!"
They said, "Yes," and, "Ain't he cunnin'?"
And I thought they must be funnin',—
He's a *sight!*

He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red;
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar!
All he does is cry and holler
More and more;
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him,—
I don't see why pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't *need* him
More'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd *good* deal ruther
Have a dog?

THE GALLANT FRENCH SERPENT AND EVE.

LE Monsieur Adam vake from hees nap une fine day,
In ze beautiful gardaine and see
Une belle demoiselle fast asleep, and he say,
"Voilà, la chance! here ees something zat may
Be mooch interesting to me."

Ven he open hees eye to admire ze view,
  Viz her fan madame covaire her face.
Zen monsieur to madame say: "Bon jour; voulez vous,
Go for une promenade?" And zey valk out, ze two,
  In zat very mooch beautiful place.

Vhere Monsieur le Serpent he sit in ze tree,
  Zey come, and ze ma'me she cry:
"Oh, Monsieur le Serpent, voulez vous not have ze
Bonté for to peek some fine apple for me?"
  "Certainement!" ze Serpent reply.

"Hold, hold, mon ami!" zen Monsieur Adam speak,
  "Vat madness ees zis? Don't you know
It ees wrong to eat from ze tree vich you seek?"
But ze snake in ze branches ees pretty and sleek,
  And he smile on ze madame below.

"Oh, Monsieur Adam! vat you say is not true,
  For do you not know," say ze snake,
"Dere ees notting vatevaire prohibited to
Ze ladies? Madame, let me offaire to you
  Ze fruit." And ze madame she take.

Une courtesy she make; zen ze Serpent he fill
  Her apron viz apples and say:
"Monsieur Adam, eat of zis fruit, zin you vill
Be vise like un god; know ze good and ze ill;
  Ze tings of ze night and ze day.

"But as for ze lady she nevaire could be—"
  Here ze snake make hees grandest salaam—
"More lak une vise, beautiful goddess," say he
(And smiling and bowing his sweetest), "zan she
  Ees now!" And zat fineesh madame.

HINTS FOR STATUE-POSES.

NO prettier, more popular, and at the same time more æsthetically educational entertainment can be arranged than a series of statue-poses modelled after classic works of art. The work, though in no way a part of the Delsarte System as formulated by François Delsarte, is a natural outgrowth of a study of its principles, both as exemplified in existing historic art-works and as applied to the living human form. Taken in this sense, statue-poses are appropriately included in any work treating on the Delsarte System. It is, however, a misnomer to call anything of the sort "Delsarte."

Some of the photographs scattered through this book are taken directly from the original classic works of art. They have been selected from the numerous statue-poses given by Delsartians as being among the most effective and graceful of these plastic pictures.

To properly give statue-poses, the auditorium should be darkened, and the stage lighted by a strong calcium light, white or colored. A background of drapery, either black or dark red, brings out the pose to best advantage. No stage-setting or furniture, except pedestals when necessary, is advisable.

The costume for these poses is a loose Greek robe, one that shows the curves of the form without in any way constricting its movements. A beautiful and historically correct dress, with illustrations, is described in *Werner's Magazine* for May, 1893.* Drapery around the legs should be avoided. The only underskirt permissible is one of cheese-cloth. Cream-colored cheese-cloth, while inexpensive, is at the same time quite as pretty and lends itself quite as readily to statuesque effects as heavier or more costly material. A white wig may be worn, if desired; but

* Sent for 25 cents.

the natural hair, arranged in a loose knot at the back of the head and powdered thickly with cornstarch, is quite as effective.

The five different poses of the Niobe may be given singly or all together in a group.

In cases like Hebe, Melpomene, Ganymede, and others, where vases, jars, discs, flowers and other accessories are used to round out the original art-work as a picture, these accessories need not, and generally do not, appear in the poses as given by the human form. But the arms and all the parts of the body are to be posed exactly as if actually holding the article. If desired, the jar, flower, or whatever is in the picture, may be included in the pose. This, however, interferes with the passing from one pose to another in quick succession. The poses will then have to be given as a series of classic tableaux, the groups being arranged each time before the curtain is raised. Without the accessories, the poses may merge into one another in full view of the audience, care being taken to make the transitions without losing in any degree a perfect and harmonious poise of the body, and with graceful, sinuous curves of the body and limbs. This is very difficult to do well, requiring much practice and a perfect control of all the muscles. No trace of effort should be apparent either in the transition from one pose to another or in holding the pose. But the result is well worth the effort, not only because of the increased beauty of the scene, but also because of the muscular benefit to the performer. Of course the face should be in harmony with each pose. This may seem unnecessary to say; but the frequent meaningless expression—if anything meaningless may be called expression—of the face in poseurs calls for a word of warning.

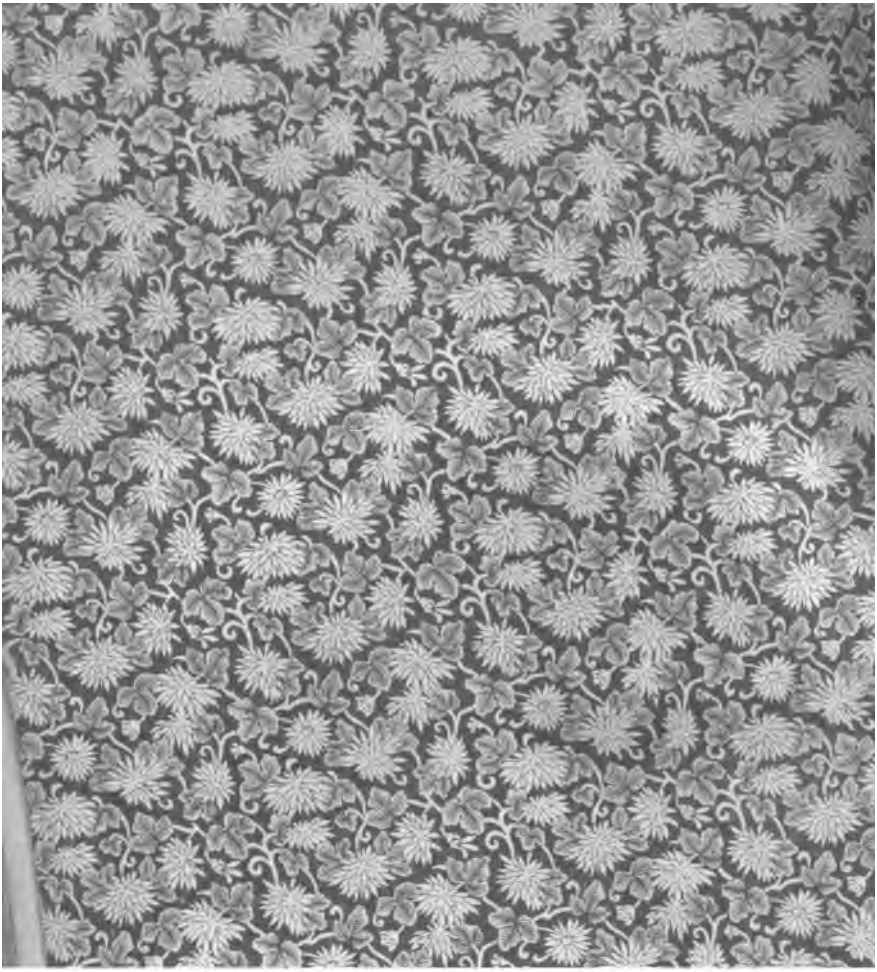
An idea that is new and has been successfully tried is the

giving of a series of poses based wholly on athletic subjects. Sculpture is full of such themes. The following statues, partly of single figures and partly of groups, are excellent examples:

Combat between a Greek and a Centaur.
Centaur Overpowering a Greek.
Dying Gladiator.
The Pugilists.
Discobolus.
Laocoön.
Wrestlers.
Diana Shooting with Bow.
Combat between Hercules and Warrior.
Boxers Nos. 1 and 2.
Borghese Gladiator.

These are particularly interesting, inasmuch as they are specially suited for young men, who, hitherto, have been allowed no place in statue-posing. To produce the greatest effect, nothing but a complete suit of tights should be worn, and a short curly white wig. The result is beautiful.

THE
WHITE HOUSE
SAN FRANCISCO



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